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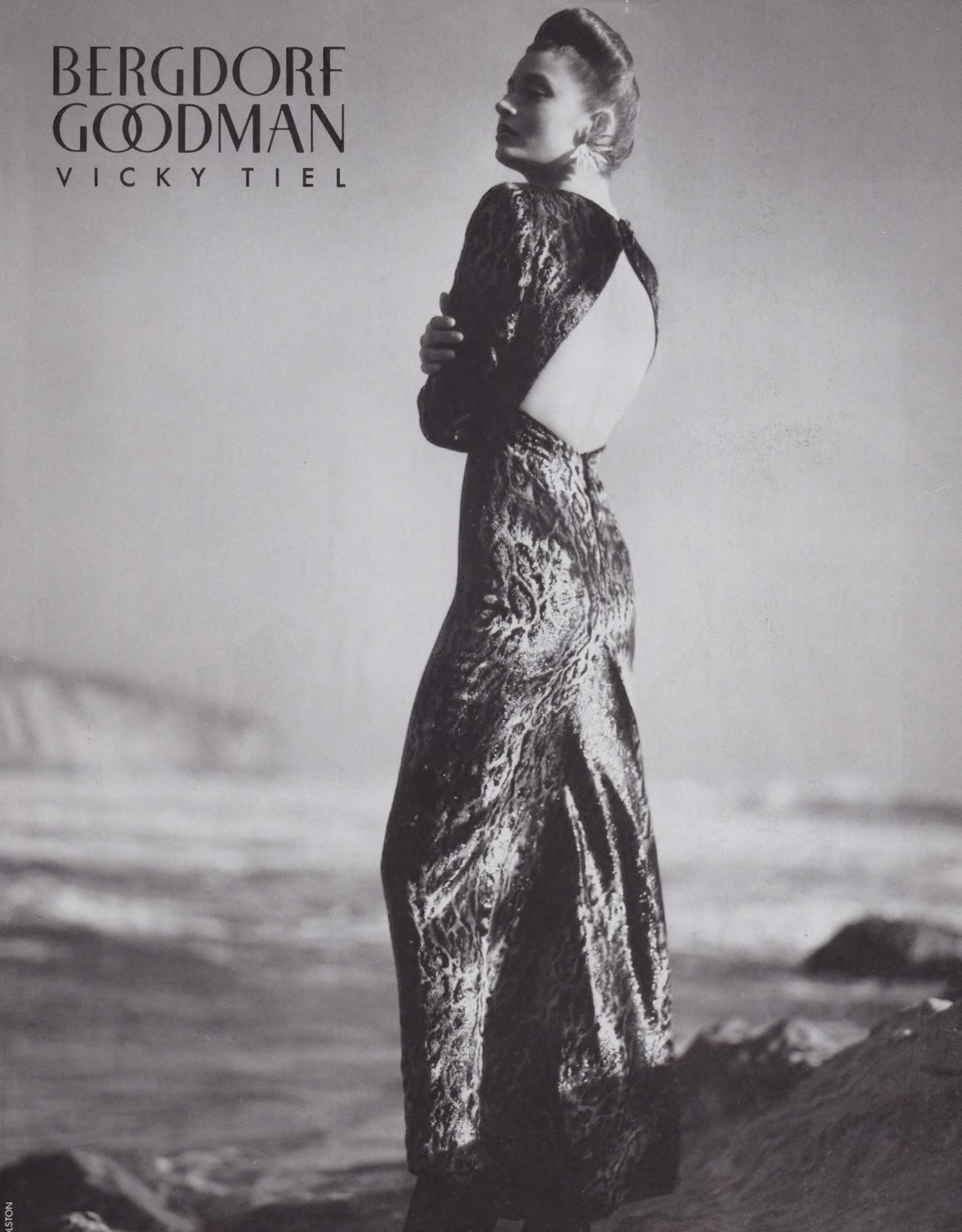

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COVER LOOK **Rich color—in the hot new suit from Paris and in makeup with an unexpectedly deep, velvety finish—on model Kara Young. Chanel's Creme Lipstick in Coco Coral, Les Tentations Quadra Eye Shadow. Suit, bag, gloves, and jewelry by Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. Details, last pages. Hair, Sam McKnight for La Coupe; makeup, Laura Mercier. Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele. Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier.**

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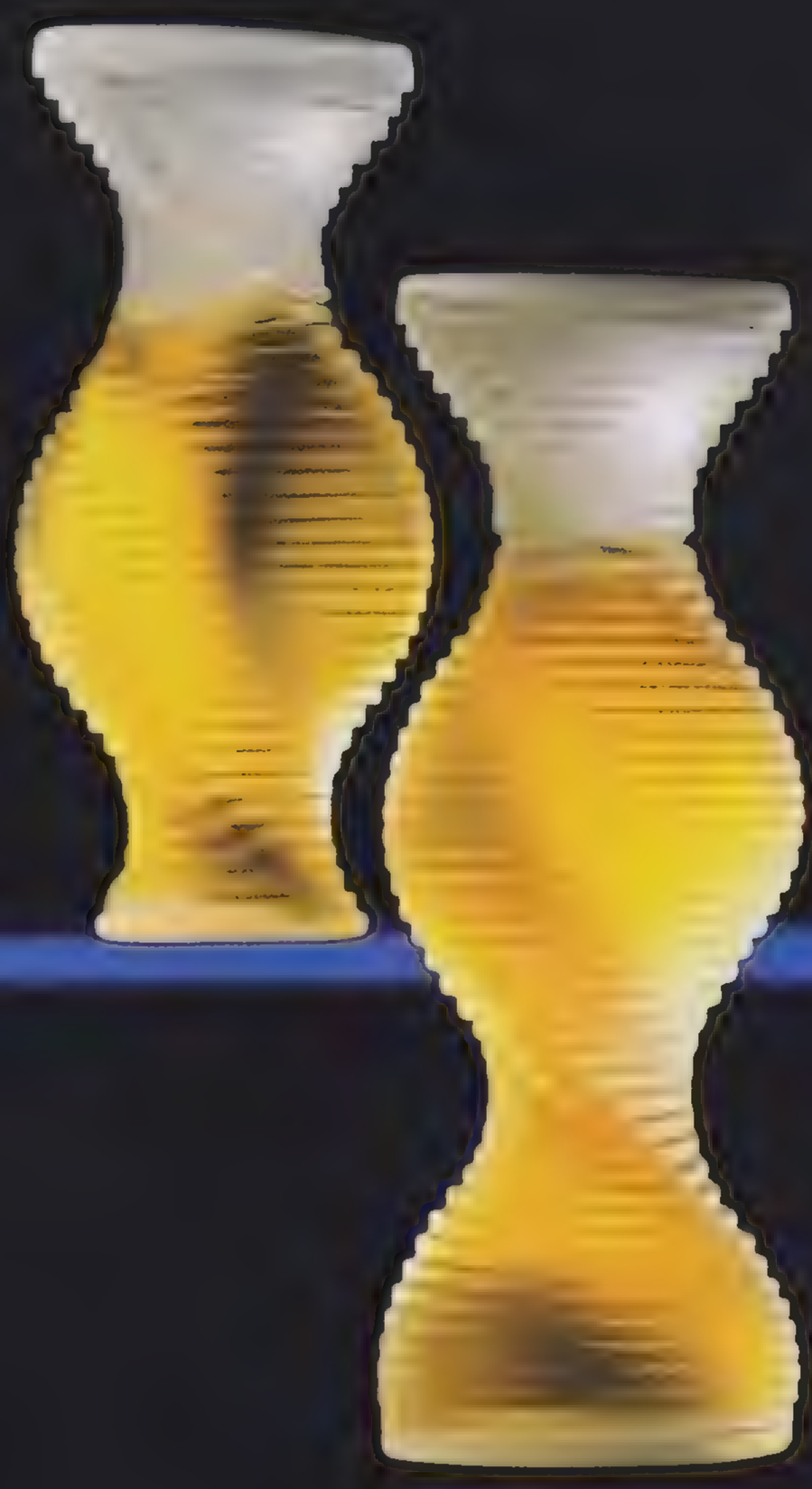

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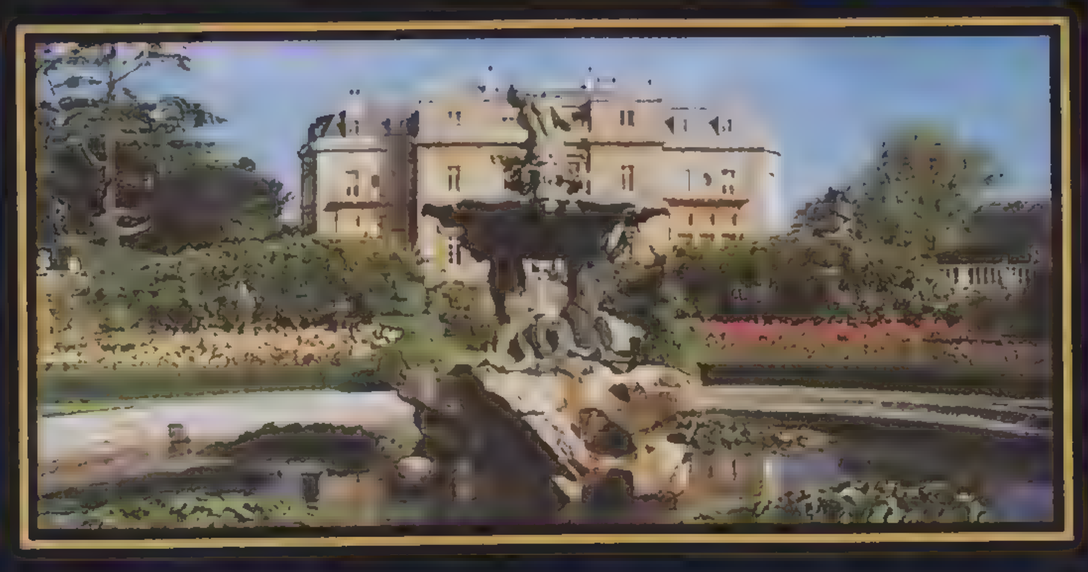

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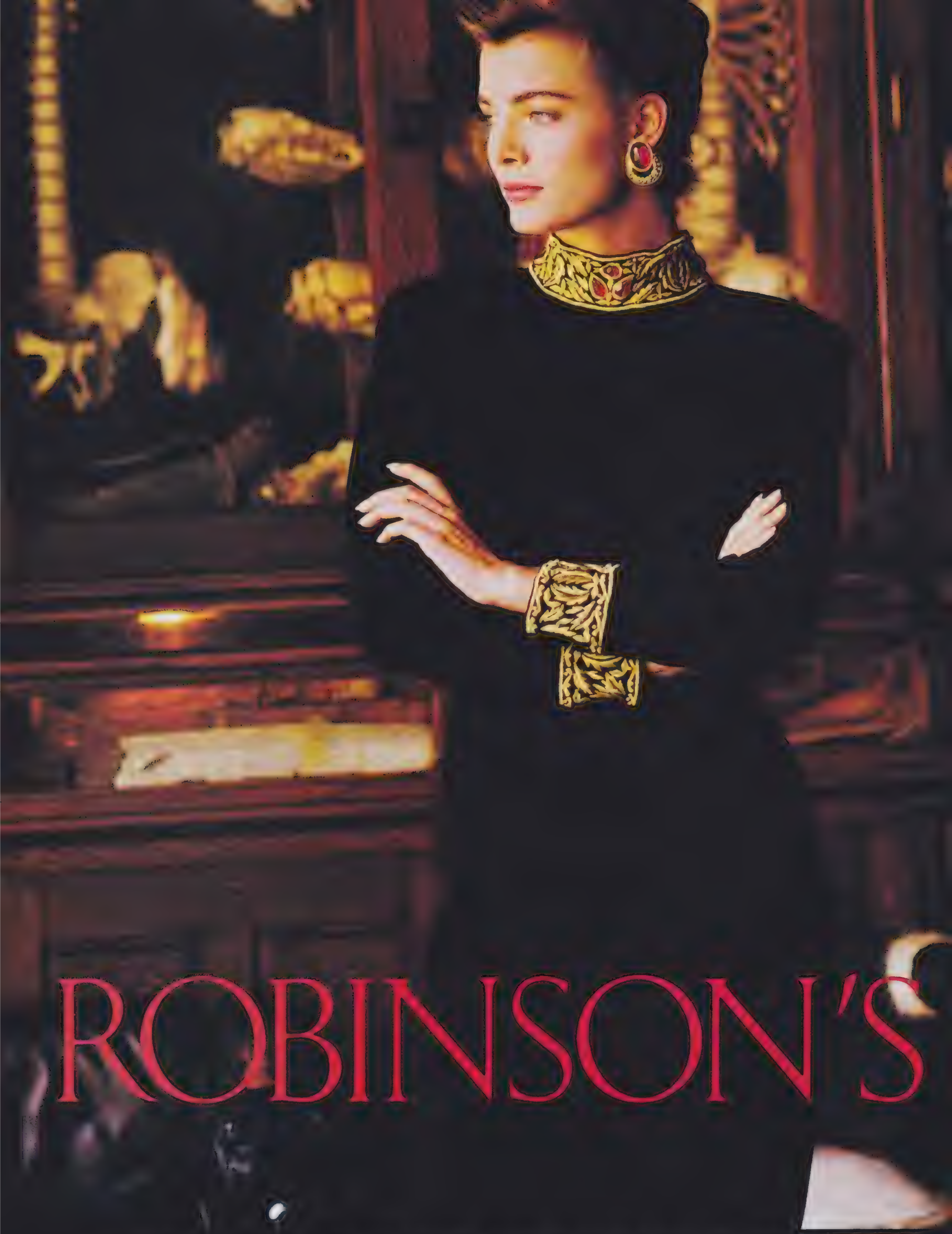

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Beautiful, young-looking skin. All women want it. But few are certain of the best way to achieve it.

Complexion-conscious American women have been through the rigid, time-consuming rituals that involve as many as ten creams and tonics to be used in a precise succession. They've tried the super-basic, three-step treatment lines, and puzzled over products so science-oriented that a degree in biochemistry seemed required to fully understand the benefits of a moisturizer! Now, enfin!, Yves Saint Laurent's Soins de Beauté has arrived, defining the future of skincare as the luxury of simplicity.

For nearly five years, the most elegant women in France have enjoyed the ease, efficacy, and sumptuousness of this exclusive range of skin treatments. Now their secret is out. Soins de Beauté is skin care that makes sense for today's women who simply don't have time for complicated regimens, who expect results yet appreciate beautiful formulations.

Simplicity

Soins de Beauté consists quite simply of nine products divided into three product groups: the Basics, the Indispensables, and the Intensive Treatments. And, predicated on the idea that women today are very much attuned to their own skin's needs, Soins de Beauté keeps things flexible. For example, the range offers a choice between two equally effective but different textured cleansing methods. Depending purely on a woman's preference, she'll use the mild formula **Gentle Cleanser** followed by the alcohol-free **Soft Tonique**, or **Foaming Cleanser** applied with the **Soft Brush**, for an agreeable sensation of freshness and purity.

This anti-regimen attitude extends to the Soins de Beauté moisturizers, too. A woman with dryer skin will appreciate the richness of **Creme Majeure Enriched Moisturizing Creme**, while others will prefer the fluency of **Fluid Noble Balancing Fluid**. How's that for simplicity: Five basic, quick-response products that clean, clarify and retexturize skin, preparing it for the complementary treatments to be applied afterwards.

Science

It would be impossible to ignore the strides science has made in understanding the biology of skin and the process of its aging. All of the Soins de Beauté treatments are built on scientifically-proven, effective components. Take, for example, Hydroreflectan.

This ingredient, exclusive to Yves Saint Laurent, is present in high concentration in the Soins de Beauté Indispensibles—**Fluide Noble** and **Creme Majeure**: both treatments are state-of-the-art skin retexturizers, uniquely positioned to help the complexion battle contemporary environmental assaults.

Luxury

There is an essential elegance about Soins de Beauté treatments that adds appeal to their daily use. It's immediately evident in the stylish packaging, and carries through to the sensuality of the treatment formulations themselves.

And it isn't surprising that Yves Saint Laurent whose couture designs are unrivalled in fashion, offers the ultimate luxury of custom-care treatments. Soins de Beauté Intensive Treatments—**Serum Vitalisant**, **Principe Actif**, and **Masque Double Effet**—are special-use products geared to the extremely active, varied life of today's time-pressured women.

Custom care

Fatigue, stress, climatic changes, exposure to sun, wind, pollution—these are inescapable factors of contemporary existence. And they're murder on skin. But Intensive Treatments are designed to fight these negative influences, with maximum efficacy and efficiency. For example, a business trip that whisks a woman through several time zones, from a cool, damp climate to a hot, dry one, is sure to leave skin dull and tired-looking. **Serum Vitalisant** to the rescue!

Laboratory tests show conclusively that **Serum Vitalisant** has an immediate moisturizing effect which lasts six hours. Plus, if a woman chooses to consider it a daily treatment, the overall aspect of the skin's surface shows marked improvement after 15 days use. Instant revitalization and increased radiance—is there a woman alive who can't take advantage of those benefits from time to time?

Once or twice a year, a woman's self-appreciation requires a boost: a spa week, a diet, a new haircut. Well, the same applies to the complexion. And now it can be accommodated, with the two-part **Principe Actif** system. When skin is showing signs of fatigue and premature aging, this 21-day intensive treatment can provide the re-energizing, line-minimizing lift required.

Each evening, after cleansing, one pours the contents of a **Principe Actif** capsule—its concentrated ingredients include biological extracts, oil of evening primrose, wheat germ oil—into her palm. Then a small amount of the accompanying cream—which includes Stimuderm for exceptional moisturizing and firming—is added. The two are mixed together with the spatula provided, and the resulting mixture is immediately spread lightly over face and neck. Et voila! Revitalized skin tone, renewed radiance—and one doesn't have to be a master chef to follow the recipe.

The sheer luxury of being fitted for a made-to-order Yves Saint Laurent gown of rich satin with sparkling embroideries: That's the pampered feeling a woman gets when she uses **Masque Double Effet**, a two-phase, multi-vitamin treatment specifically formulated to revive tired-looking skin and counteract the dehydrating effects of environmental exposure.

Ten drops of the Phase I natural-oils formula massaged over the face and neck elicit a stimulating warmth. Then, the moisturizing, firming gel of Phase 2 is applied, and left on. In ten short minutes, skin looks more alive, feels fresh, and lines are smoothed away.

Taken as a whole, Soins de Beauté is a skincare line that treats women intelligently, combining simplicity and sumptuousness—and achieving maximum results. What's more, Soins de Beauté, in the tradition of everything Yves Saint Laurent does, is elegantly and completely in sync with the way sophisticated women conduct their lives. It is, ultimately, skin care a woman can live with.

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VOGUE

Alison Lurie

"It's a sort of feminist ghost story," Alison Lurie says of "Fat People," her first short story in over thirty years, which appears in this issue of Vogue. "Not feminist in the sense that it's against men. But it makes the point that women don't have to conform to the current idea of what it is to be beautiful. I think people are beginning to see that there isn't just one type that is attractive. And I think it's a good sign that a magazine like Vogue would print a story with this message."

Lurie, who teaches English and creative writing at Cornell University, published her first novel, *Love and Friendship*, in 1962. She went on to write *Real People*, *Only Children*, *Foreign Affairs* (which won a Pulitzer prize), and most recently, *The Truth About Lorin Jones*—books that often deal with the lives of writers and academics. "The things I wanted to say seemed to go best in novels. I wanted to write about entire worlds, which you can't do in just a few pages." Now Lurie looks on the short story as exciting new territory to explore. Although she's been writing since she was a child, she claims that the process is still mysterious to her. "It's not just sitting down and listing characters and situations. That would be like doing taxes. I want to be surprised by my ideas. I want to have fun when I write." CONTRIBUTORS ▶ 68

MIRIAM BERKLEY

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VOGUE

Jonathan Brown

Although surprised by the request, Professor Jonathan Brown was delighted when Vogue asked him to write about three masters of portraiture for this issue. Brown has devoted most of his time to teaching—first at Princeton, now at New York University—but he is also an acclaimed author whose *Velázquez: Painter and Courtier* (1986) earned him the Gold Medal for Cultural Achievement from King Juan Carlos of Spain. "It's important to make your work accessible," Brown explains. "After all, there's no reason for scholars to tell only scholars what they know."

Graydon Carter

Contributing editor Graydon Carter, a former staff writer at *Time*, firmly established himself as the publishing industry's enfant terrible when he cofounded *Spy* magazine four years ago. As editor, Carter oversees *Spy*'s lampooning of the overambitious and the overcelebrated. Despite his reputation as a satirist of biting wit, Carter still enjoys enough anonymity to secure ammunition. "My interviewees don't have the foggiest idea who I am," Carter says. "They know nothing about my involvements." This often works to his advantage: the better to deflate a few unsuspecting egos. Actress Michelle Pfeiffer, however, whom Carter visited for this issue, survives. Writes Carter: "She's getting better as she goes along."

Top: ABILIO LOPE; bottom: YVONNE HEMSEY/Gamma-Liaison

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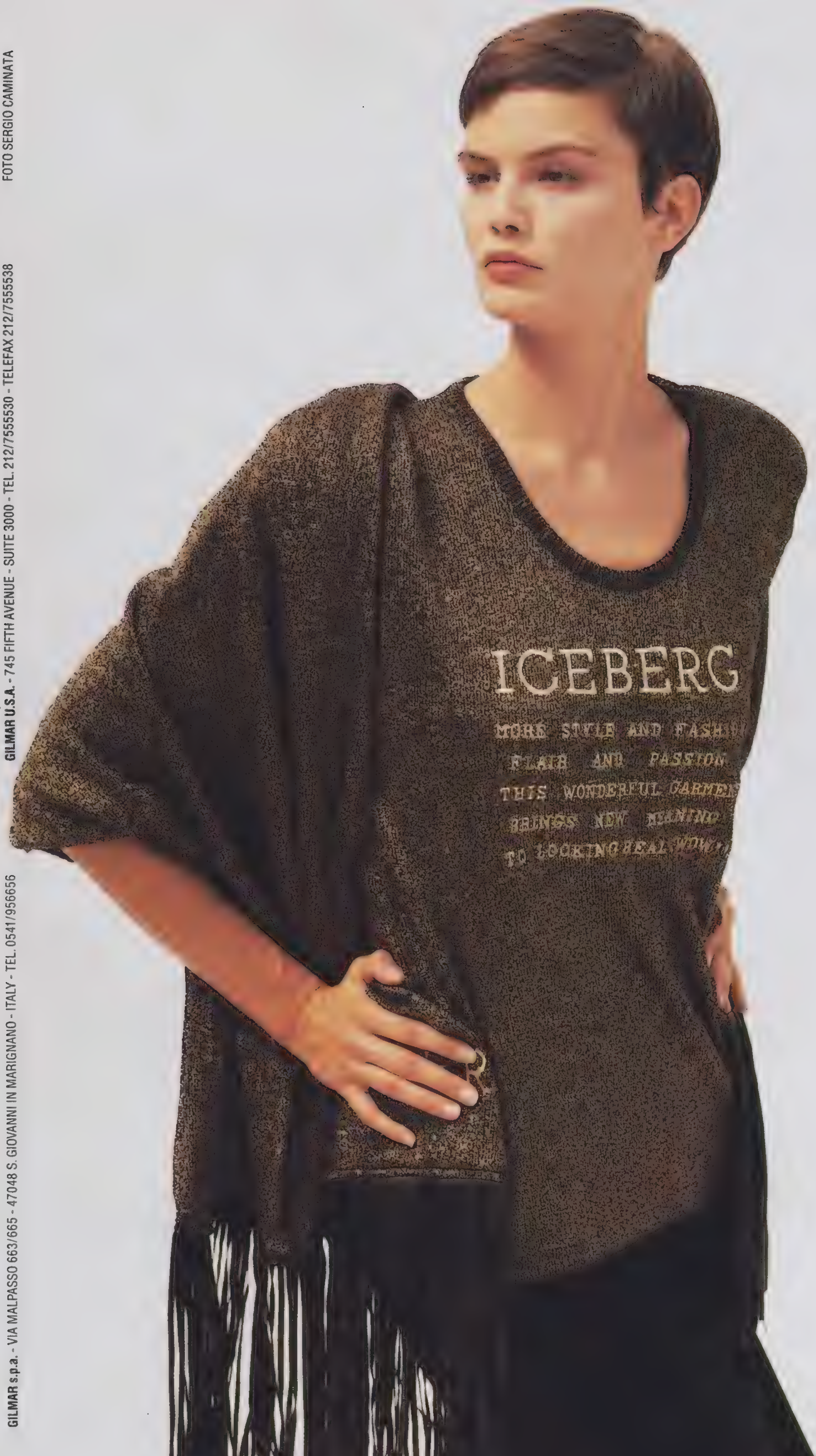

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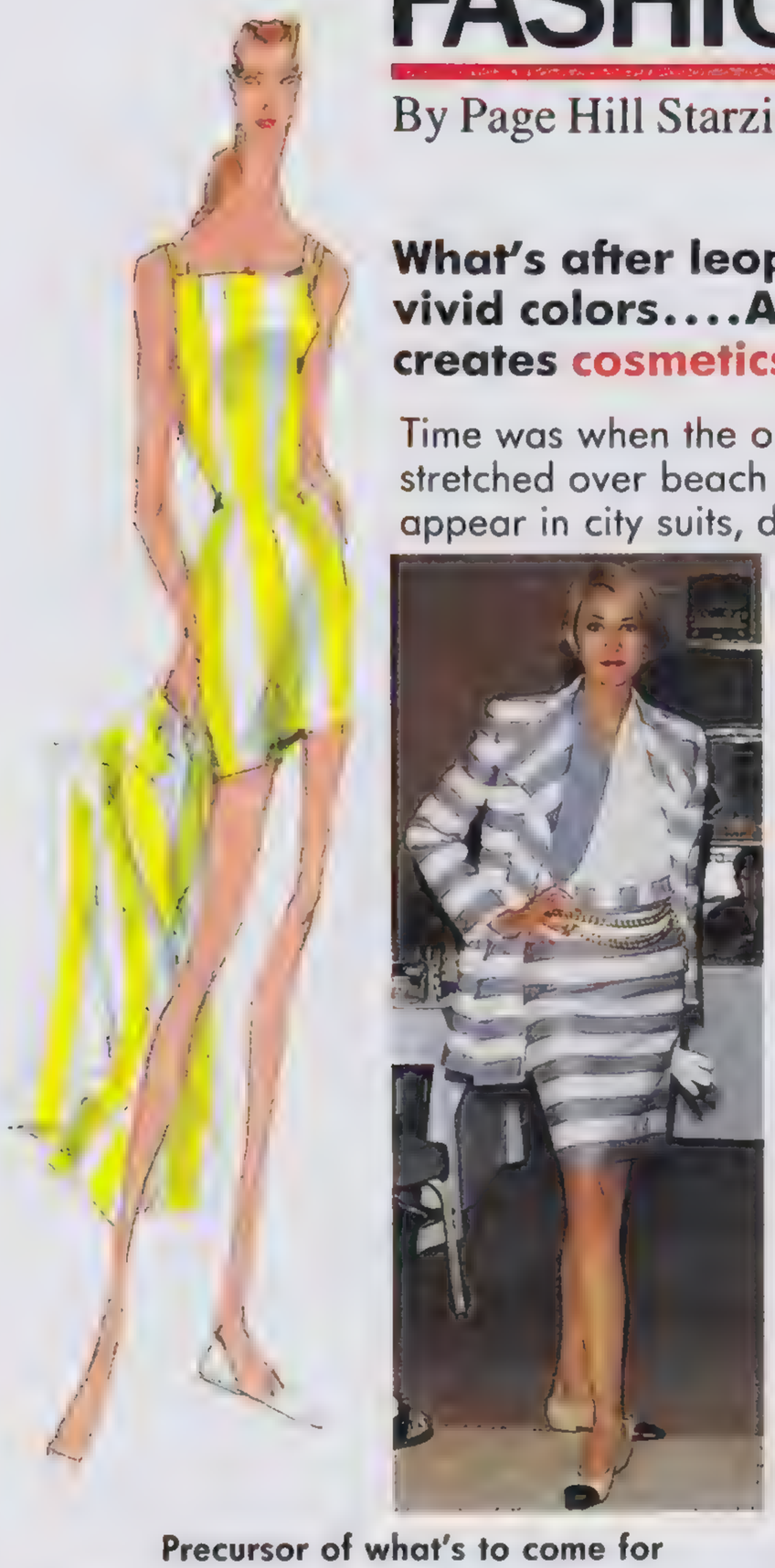
By Page Hill Starzinger



Precursor of what's to come for spring: awning stripes. ABOVE LEFT, in a dress and jacket by Perry Ellis; RIGHT, in a suit by Chanel

What's after leopard: awning stripes in vivid colors....An expert makeup artist creates cosmetics for avant-garde clothes

Time was when the only awning stripes one saw were stretched over beach house windows. Today they appear in city suits, dresses. What looks best: the offbeat shades of gray/blue, pumpkin, or marigold—against white. In a season when patterns are important, striped pieces slip on one over the other (such as a striped jacket over a striped skirt)....Linda Mason, the makeup artist who does faces for avant-garde collections such as Jean Paul Gaultier and John Galliano, has invented her own cosmetics geared to "fashion-forward" looks. For fall, the palette is based on brown—to "complement the muted shades and fairly simple shapes of top designers." Called Barneys Fall '89 Collection, it's available, not surprisingly, at Barneys CO/OP stores....Motorcycle mania continues. Latest focus: watches. Bulova has added the Harley-Davidson logo to the face of a black watch and revamped the strap in black rubber with treads—like a motorcycle tire.

Stockings delivered to the office?...Critical jacket: in fuchsia

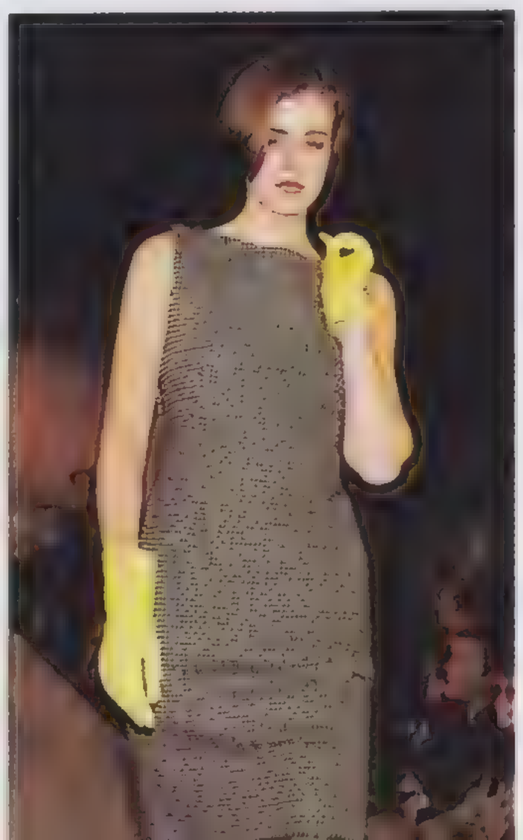
For two years, the branches of Alfred Dunhill of London in the United States have flown their tailors all over the country to fit suits on businessmen. Round the Clock and Givenchy stockings have created a similar service for women: with one call (800-344-4020), stockings can be delivered to their desks the next morning. Within New York City, Executive Eyewear brings frames to the office, ships choices in seventy-two hours....In their hurry to subtract the skirt from the dressing equation, designers have sometimes left large-scale sweaters stranded over tights. To avoid looking sloppy: pick luxurious fabrics in monochromatic colors (at Donna Karan)....If there is one item designers agree upon for resort, it's the fuchsia jacket. Find it at Anne Klein, Genny. It's searing color—perfect for the heat.

Dressing gowns to wear to dinner: what works and what doesn't....Beyond scent strips: jewelry makers allow you to try on necklaces, brooches at home

Take a dressing gown and try to wear it as an evening jacket: more often than not, it will look like you just rolled out of bed. To avoid the problem, choose a heavy fabric like a satin crepe with a pattern that is rarely seen on a real bathrobe. Short lengths are easiest to wear because the skirt or pants beneath are visible—and more likely to send the signal "real clothes."...At last jewelry makers have taken the guesswork out of shopping. Trifari's magazine ads feature life-size necklaces, brooches, and earrings (punch along dotted lines) to try on with clothes in your closet. Photographs look remarkably like the real thing....Great evening shoes for a resort trip: Donna Karan's black pleated silk espadrilles embroidered in gold. They are dressy enough for almost any outfit, but they can be stuffed into a suitcase without harm.

Nude-color fabric "bares" the body without revealing it....The "Audrey Hepburn dress" makes a comeback

Leave it to Geoffrey Beene to figure out how to bare the body without overexposing it. The trick: nude-colored fabric—which allows a dress to seem more naked than it is. While Beene uses the technique sparingly for fall (stitching nude-color inserts onto hips and shoulders), other designers take the concept further. From Bill Blass, there are long, skin-toned silk crepe dresses; from Helmut Lang, a jumpsuit....Audrey Hepburn's name is synonymous with *Breakfast at Tiffany's*—as well as with the little sleeveless dress. This year, the dress is making a comeback. Proper, almost ladylike, the look is refreshingly pulled-together after a decade of casual sportswear separates. Catch it at Carolyne Roehm, Perry Ellis. ▶ 94



A favorite on fall runways: the "Audrey Hepburn dress." Here, by Bill Blass.

GUY MARINEAU; PIERRE SCHERMAN; illustration: MARC JACOBS

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FASHION CLIPS

Americans in Tokyo... Suit news: shorts that go to work

Is America losing its grip on young fashion designers? It used to be taken for granted that the first boutique they opened was in New York City; now, it seems, it's in Tokyo. Says Carmelo Pomodoro, who launches his boutique there this month: "The Japanese are fashion-conscious, but their apartments are so confining that shopping for clothes is a social activity."...If you're looking for a bit of color in a sea of camel suits: Giorgio Armani offers a mustard long jacket, tulip skirt; Christian Lacroix Luxe, an orange pyramid top, flared skirt. In these strong hues, short skirts look better than pants or long skirts, which are too much color for most women....Jackets and shorts may never be acceptable office dress for Wall Street lawyers or corporate raiders, but for advertising and publishing types this combination has become the creative solution to an old problem: what to wear to the office. To avoid looking overly casual, the best shorts are in sturdy gabardines, tailored shapes. Check them out in the resort collections of Anne Klein II and Perry Ellis.

What works: swingy shapes....Beyond camel: straw tones

Short hair brings an A-line dress by Beene into 1990.

Runway models drew applause when they appeared in sixties-inspired A-line dresses. Off the runway, however, the look can become unbearably retro. Guaranteed to sink it: long straight hair, accessories piled on, and heels. Instead, keep it simple....Rebecca Moses considers straw a seasonless color; Bill Blass says it's a hot-weather substitute for white. No matter. Straw is surfacing as the resort version of camel.

Swimsuit forecast: triple-duty maillots; others that hide common figure flaws

Designers have been pushing maillots that work as exercise suits and evening tops for years, but few can actually make the transition, because the fabrics are too shiny or flimsy. Isaac Mizrahi has devised a solution by taking sportswear fabrics and chemically treating them to make them seaworthy. The result: great-looking maillots that really work for poolside and beyond....For those who need a swimsuit to cover up a flaw or two: Body I.D. designs maillots that camouflage six common figure problems. Color-coded hangtags tell which styles hide problems best.

Isaac Mizrahi's maillot works as a swimsuit, exercise suit, evening top.

PIERRE SCHERMAN; illustration: ISAAC MIZRAHI

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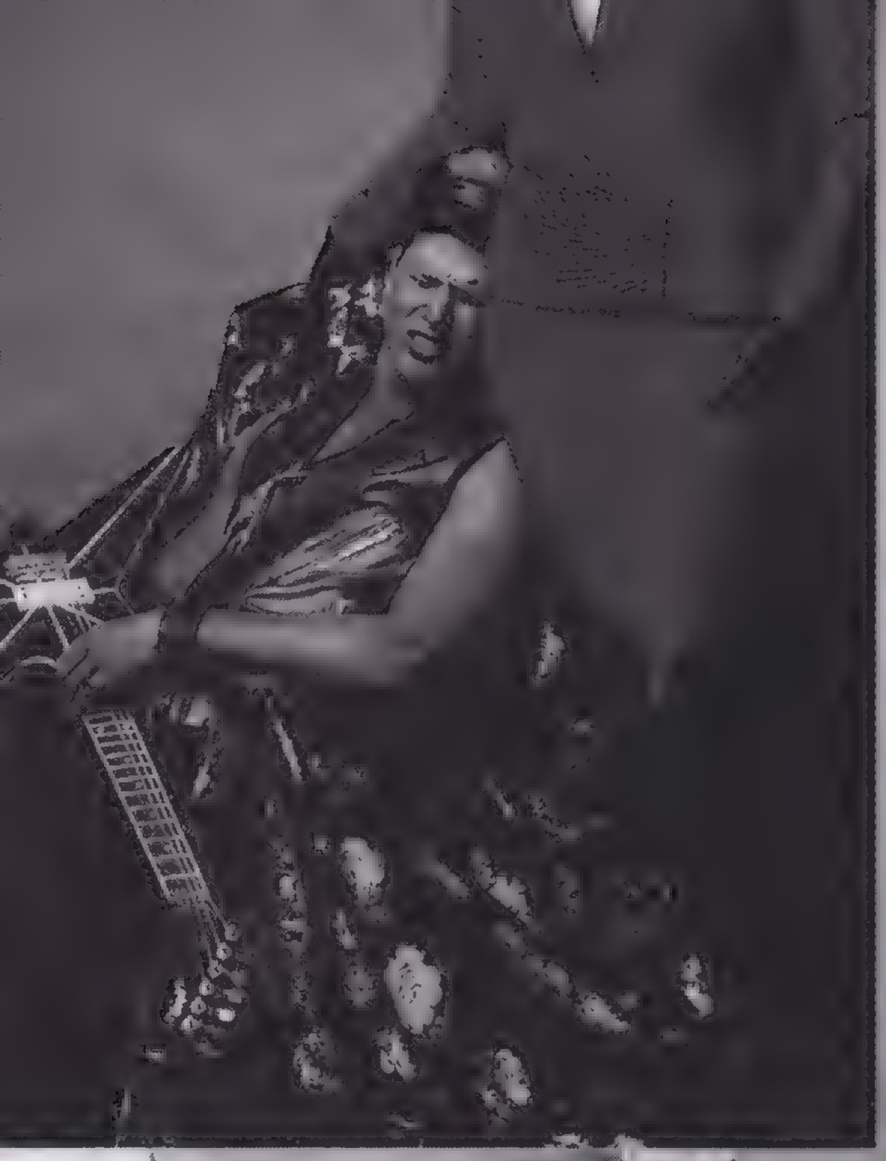

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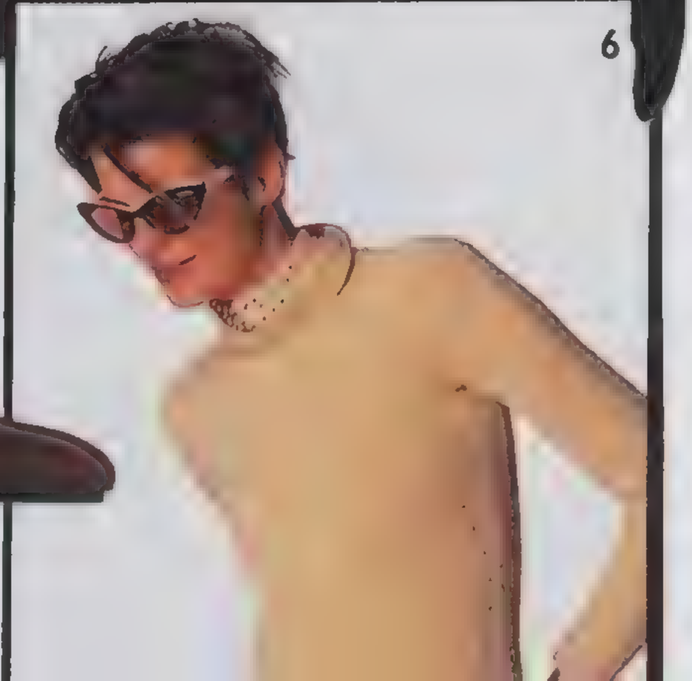
VIEW

Editor: Laurie Schechter

Last seen as Grandma's bedspread, **chenille** lends its plush texture to fall knits. In soft, sensual shapes, it's a new alternative to cashmere



1,3,4,6 WALTER CHIN; 2 GUY MARINEAU; 5 PIERRE SCHERMAN

The new look of chenille: 1. Azzedine Alaïa stretches a high-necked sweater into a dress. 2. From Jean Paul Gaultier: chenille in a short coat. 3. One of the most unusual—but sensible—uses: in a stole by Azzedine Alaïa. 4. At its most body-conscious, with gold buttons, at Karl Lagerfeld. 5. Taking a ribbing: a long sweater from Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis dips to a V in back. 6. Second skin—and as classic as it gets: a turtleneck from Marc Jacobs for Perry Ellis. Details, last pages. VIEW ▶ 108

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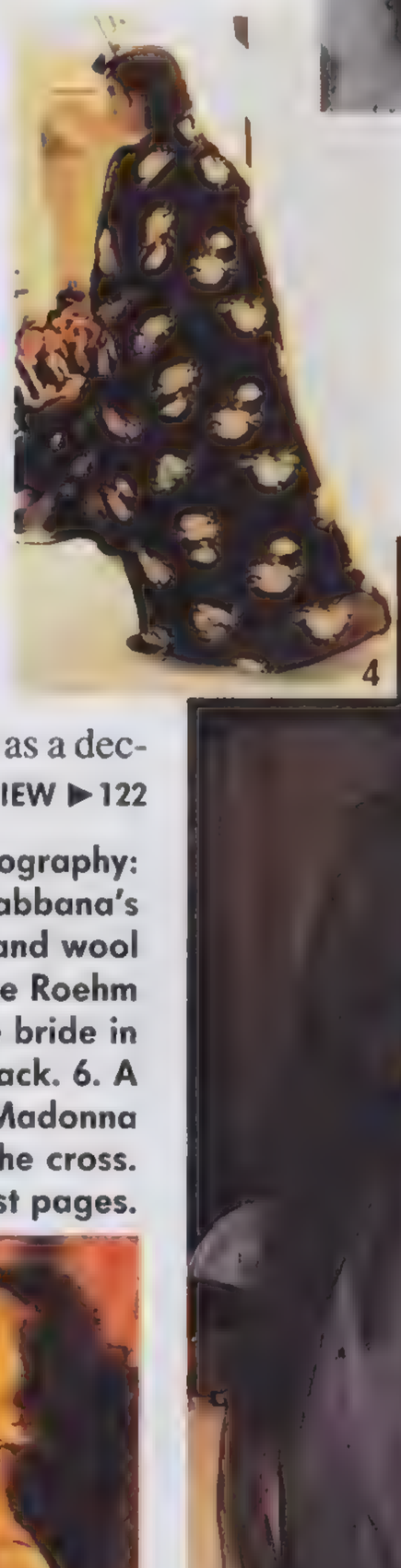
With crosses, cloaks, and long satin skirts, designers bring the **women of Sicily** down the runway

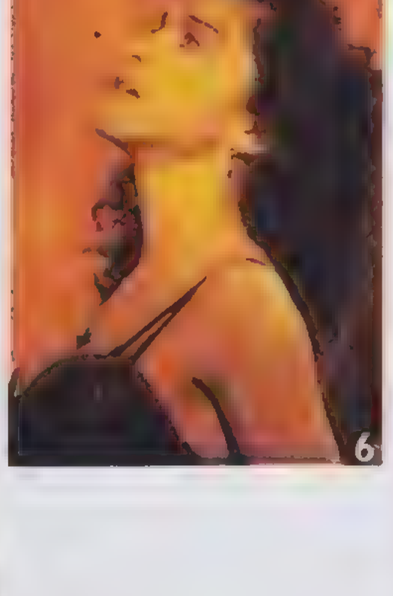
A STRANGE DEMURENESS HUNG OVER SOME OF the fall collections. At Carolyne Roehm, the bride wore black and a massive glass-and-metal cross. "When I'd finished the dress, I did think it was a little ecclesiastical," sighs Roehm. Ronaldus Shamask, in his typically restrained way, used the same symbol: a tiny cross, silhouetted against a nunlike expanse of white T-shirt. And in Milan, design team Dolce & Gabbana did a takeoff on the somber, somewhat grandmotherly fashions of southern Italy: a crocheted shawl and sensible lingerie, all in black. To play against that traditional conservatism, they added a surprisingly modern skintight ankle-length skirt. The muse whose wardrobe and persona inspired Dolce & Gabbana even has a name: Anna Magnani, in the 1956 movie *The Rose Tattoo*.

At the other end of the spectrum: Madonna, who turned the whole Italian style into a cliché for her "Like a Prayer" video; lingerie is worn as outerwear, the cross as a decorative necklace. VIEW ▶122



Italian style: 1. Dolce & Gabbana's crocheted sweater over a cotton corset. 2. Ronaldus Shamask drapes a cross over a sweater and T-shirt. 3. Actress Anna Magnani in a similarly off-the-shoulder design.

More runway iconography: 4. Dolce & Gabbana's reversible chiffon and wool cloak. 5. Carolyne Roehm Couture's severe bride in ecclesiastical black. 6. A lingerie-clad Madonna bares the cross. Details, last pages.



1, 4 BRUNO RINALDI; 3 Gruppo Editoriale Fabbri; 2, 5 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 6 ALBERTO TOLOT for Warner Bros. Records.

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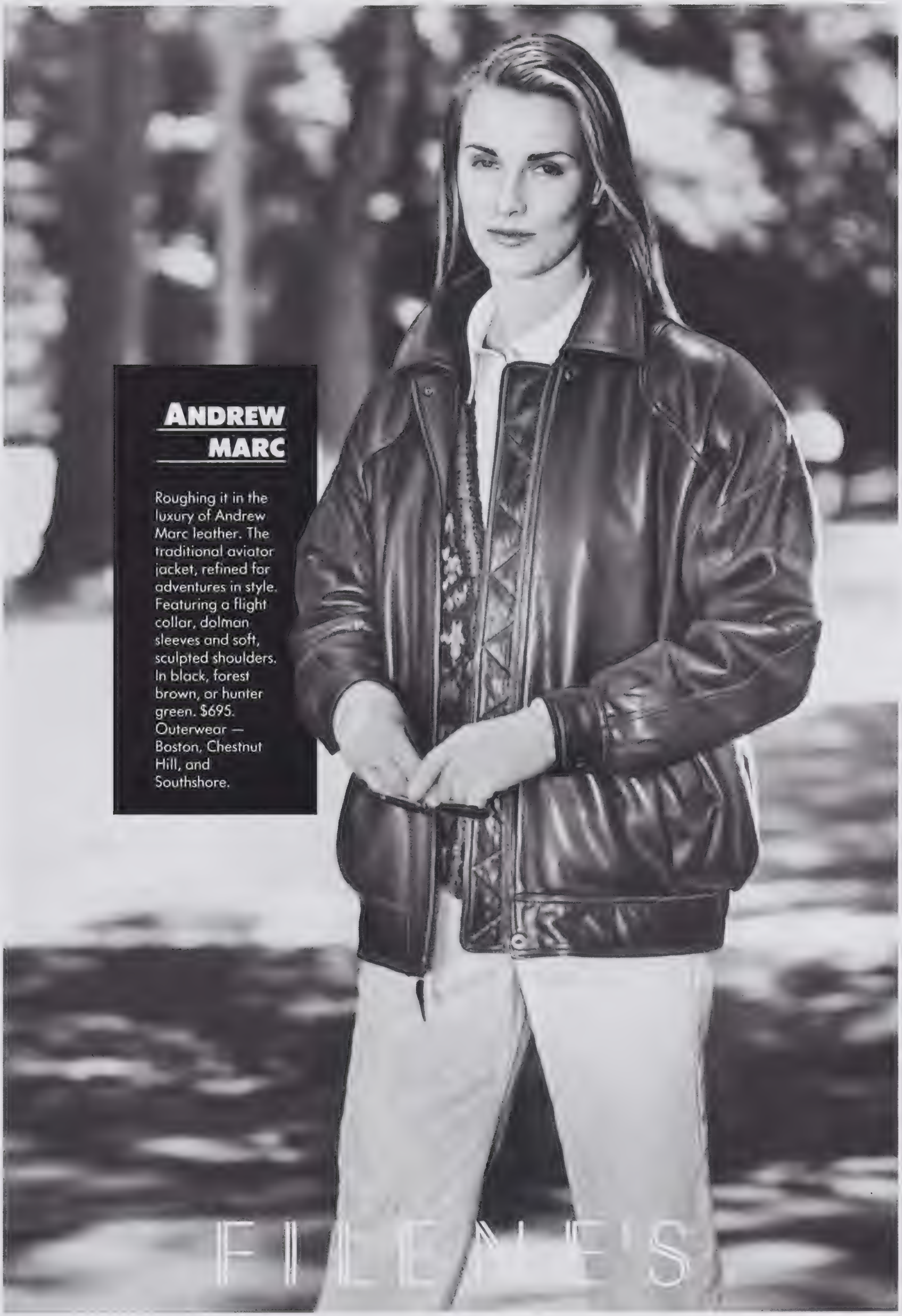
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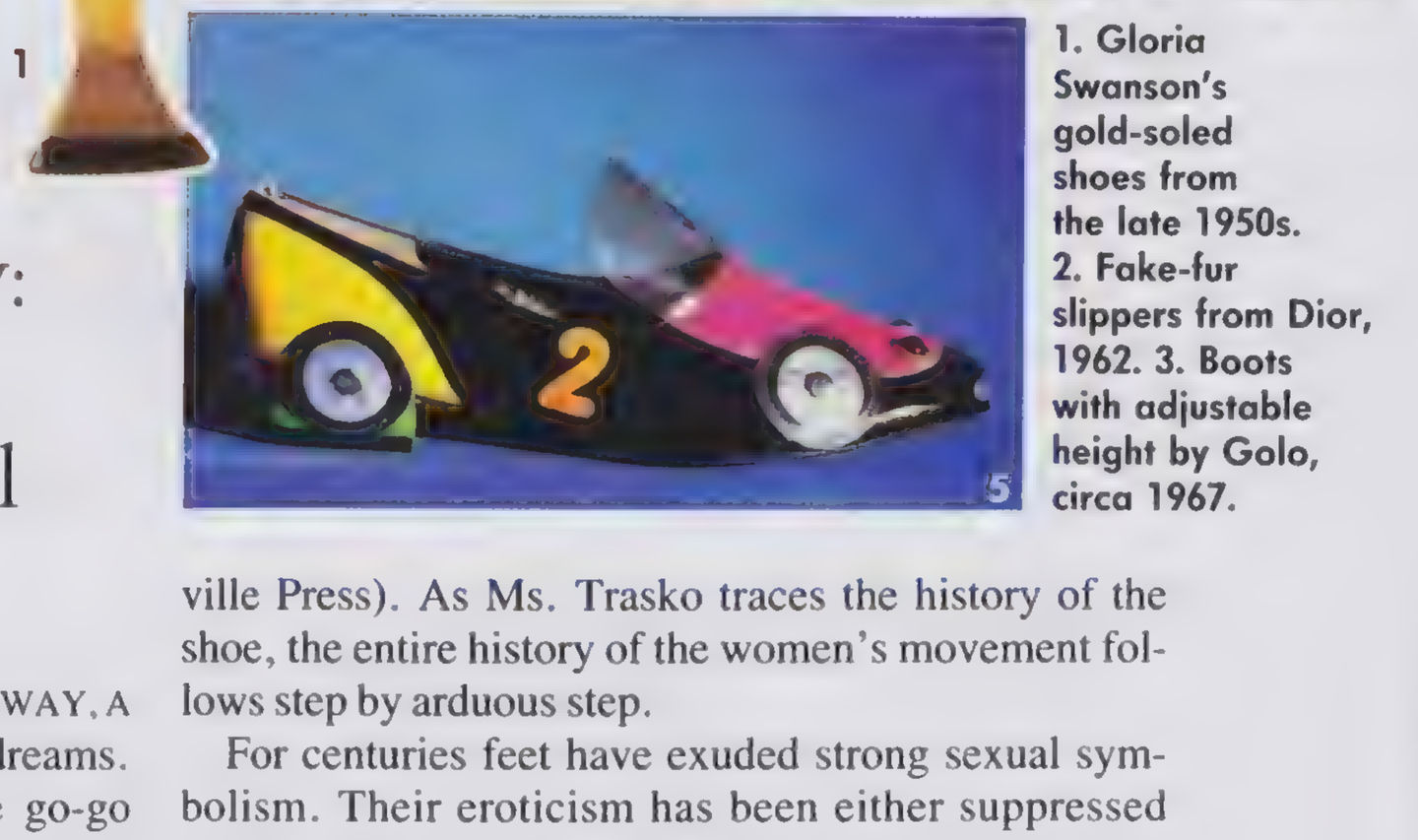

1. Gloria Swanson's gold-soled shoes from the late 1950s. 2. Fake-fur slippers from Dior, 1962. 3. Boots with adjustable height by Golo, circa 1967.

Footnotes from history: ANN MAGNUSON walks us through the political **history of shoes**

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A THRIFT SHOP FAR, FAR AWAY, A girl could unearth riches beyond her wildest dreams. There were clear-plastic Nancy Sinatra–style go-go boots, genuine forties cork wedgies, and trunks full of reinforced-steel stilettos variously covered in red satin, Ultrasuede, "mock croc," or green alligator, all handsomely styled by Mr. Troy of Hollywood. But since the world has turned into a global East Village and everyone's gotten hip to the Salvation Army, the pickings have grown mighty slim. Those once-fertile bargain bins are now full of nothing but worn-out Dr. Scholl's and a couple of stray clogs. Even once-plentiful platforms are an endangered species.

Alas, time marches on (probably barefoot).

But weep no more. The greatest shoes of the twentieth century have been preserved forever in the pages of a new book, *Heavenly Soles,* by Mary Trasko (Abbeville Press). As Ms. Trasko traces the history of the shoe, the entire history of the women's movement follows step by arduous step.

For centuries feet have exuded strong sexual symbolism. Their eroticism has been either suppressed (witness the plain, unisex high-button boots worn by the Victorians) or perversely enhanced, as in the fantasy-fetish magazines of the fifties (not to mention the old Chinese tradition of foot-binding). The Chinese, in fact, found the small, painful steps made by those dainty deformed feet wildly erotic; it's a sensation no doubt shared by millions of construction workers today as they ogle aerobically fit, body-conscious babes wobbling down the street on five-inch-high heels.

Shoe design does provide a wonderful barometer for the ever-changing zeitgeist. A pair of open-toed, ► 128

4. Shoe designer to the stars: Ferragamo amid a sea of personalized shoe forms. 5. A sports car for women only—by Katherine Denzinger for Herbert Levine, 1965.

Heavenly Soles: Extraordinary Twentieth-Century Shoes, by Mary Trasko, Abbeville Press

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VIEW: history of shoes

silvery-glitter "monster platforms" brilliantly brings back embarrassing memories of decadent indiscretions committed during the excessive seventies. And is there any better illustration of the stylized glamour of the 1950s than a stiletto-heeled, needle-toed blue satin pump—so sculpturally perfect that it comes as no surprise its creator worked with the assistance of aeronautical engineers? Or what exemplifies women's lib more completely than the flat-heeled, plastic Mary Janes worn by Marlo Thomas, the independent, on-the-move *That Girl*, as she paced the streets of Manhattan seeking career opportunities? Needless to say, Judy Garland's ruby slippers from *The Wizard of Oz* symbolize Hollywood escapism more succinctly than the entire catalog of Ted Turner's colorized classics.

The suffragettes fought hard to free women from the pinching embroidered boots of the Edwardian era so they could swing to the Charleston in the playful design of simple T-strap shoes. Then the practical requirements of Rosie the Riveter brought us greater movement with the ever-popular "sensible shoes."

Earlier in this decade, the punks smashed that ever-swinging pendulum with their Doc Martens combat boots, so that the mechanism no longer knows if it's coming or going. In the postmodern mishmash world of today, all styles

1. It could be old; it could be new: a silk pump designed by Emma Hope in 1988. 2. Shoes to go: a velvet-lined trunk of embroidered evening shoes by Yantourny, circa 1915.

are thrown into the pot, a free-for-all is declared. Who knows what the nineties will bring? Judging from what I've read in *Heavenly Soles*, the shoe design of the future will reflect whatever is happening in the world around us.

Secretly I pray platforms will return in a big way. I always liked being tall, but my poor dogs can't take prolonged hours in high heels anymore. I need something orthopedic yet stylish. Powerful yet surreptitious. They should be nimble and smooth and take a deterrent posture against enemy corns and bunions. Something that utilizes the latest technology and the most efficient aerodynamic form known. Something with a complex but up-to-the-minute shape with a plastic surface. They could come in slate gray and have a catchy name. Call them Stealth Slippers, or the B-2 Flying Wedge.

"Excuse me, can you see if you have that in a 7½ and under seventy billion dollars?" ▼

VIEW ▶ 134

Heavenly Soles Extraordinary Twentieth-Century Shoes, by Mary Trasko. Abbeville Press

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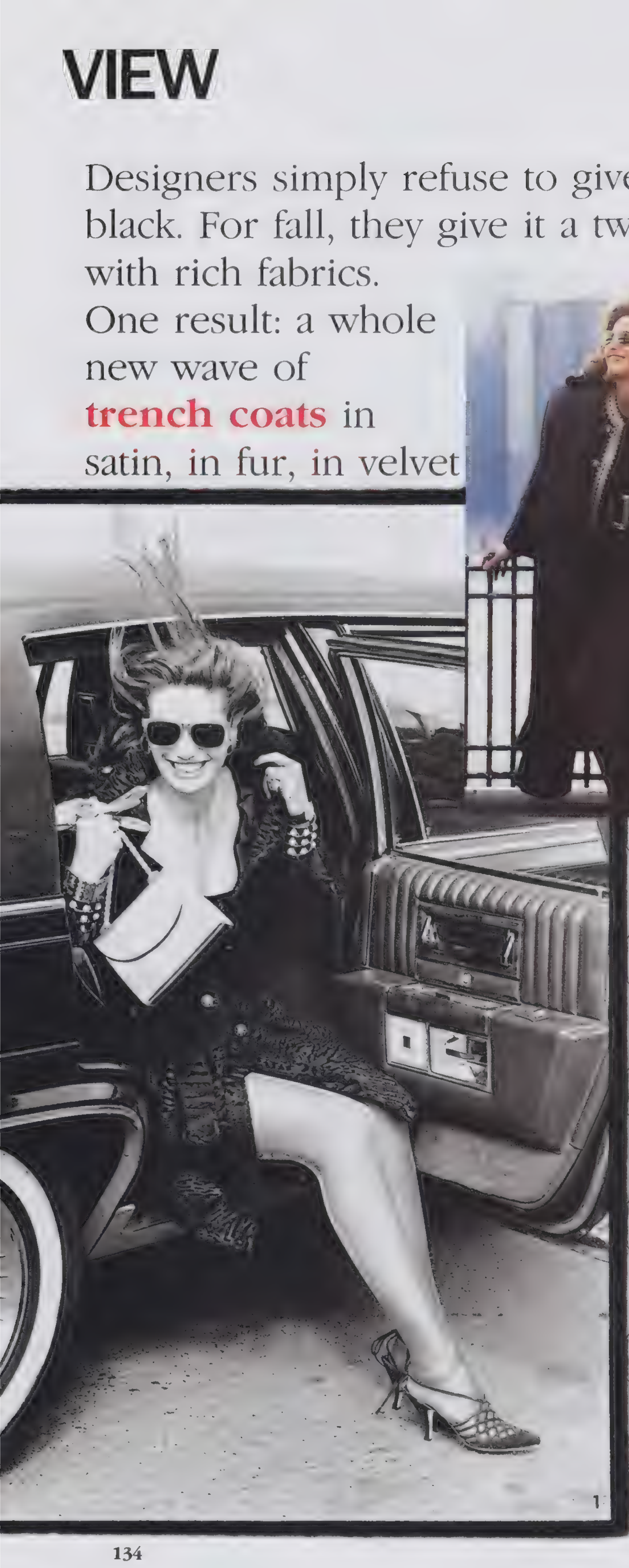
VIEW

Designers simply refuse to give up black. For fall, they give it a twist–with rich fabrics.
One result: a whole new wave of **trench coats** in satin, in fur, in velvet



1. Grosvenor Canada's customary trench-coat shape but cut in Bukhara broadtail. 2. Lavish trimmings: Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter's coat with quilted cuffs, lapels. Leather jacket, Moschino Couture. Jumpsuit, Norma Kamali. 3. With a metallic shine—a coat in wool cavalry twill from Michael Kors. 4. The ultimate trench coat, day or night: with gold buttons, at Chanel. Watch at Tiffany & Co. Link bracelet, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. 5. In fall's ubiquitous fabric—velvet, by Jaeger. Details, last pages.

VIEW ▶ 146

ELLEN VON UNWERTH; hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Jo Strettel

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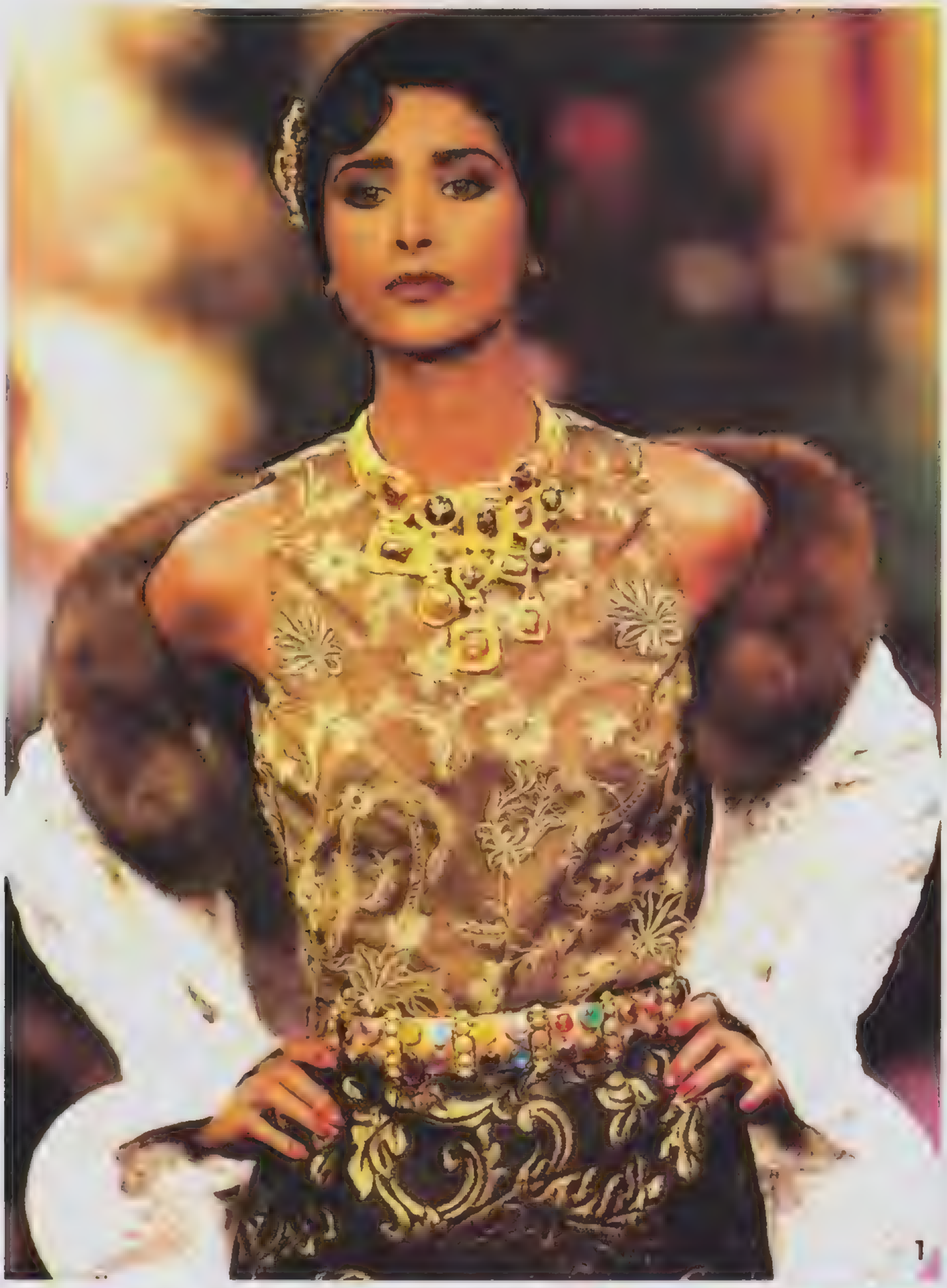
VIEW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The runways of Paris are always paved with gold–and **jewels**. This time couturiers struck it even richer with bigger, bolder, more opulent pieces

5

2

4

6

Paris was no place for the gem-shy. 1. Lacroix piles it on: a jewel-encrusted belt and necklace finish off an already jewel-like top. 2. For earrings, it's the longer the better. At Chanel, there's the added contrast of closely cropped hair. 3. Gold drips from ear to shoulder, silhouetted by a wide-brimmed hat and upswept hair (Chanel). 4. At Lacroix, even the smallest tassels are extravagantly gold-encrusted.

5. The same elegance transformed for day: at Yves Saint Laurent, bracelets ride both wrists; necklaces layer one over another. 6. Chanel flaunts its pearly whites, piling layer upon layer of richness. Details, last pages.

VIEW ▶ 154

1, 2, 3 GUY MARINEAU; 4, 5, 6 ROXANNE LOWIT.

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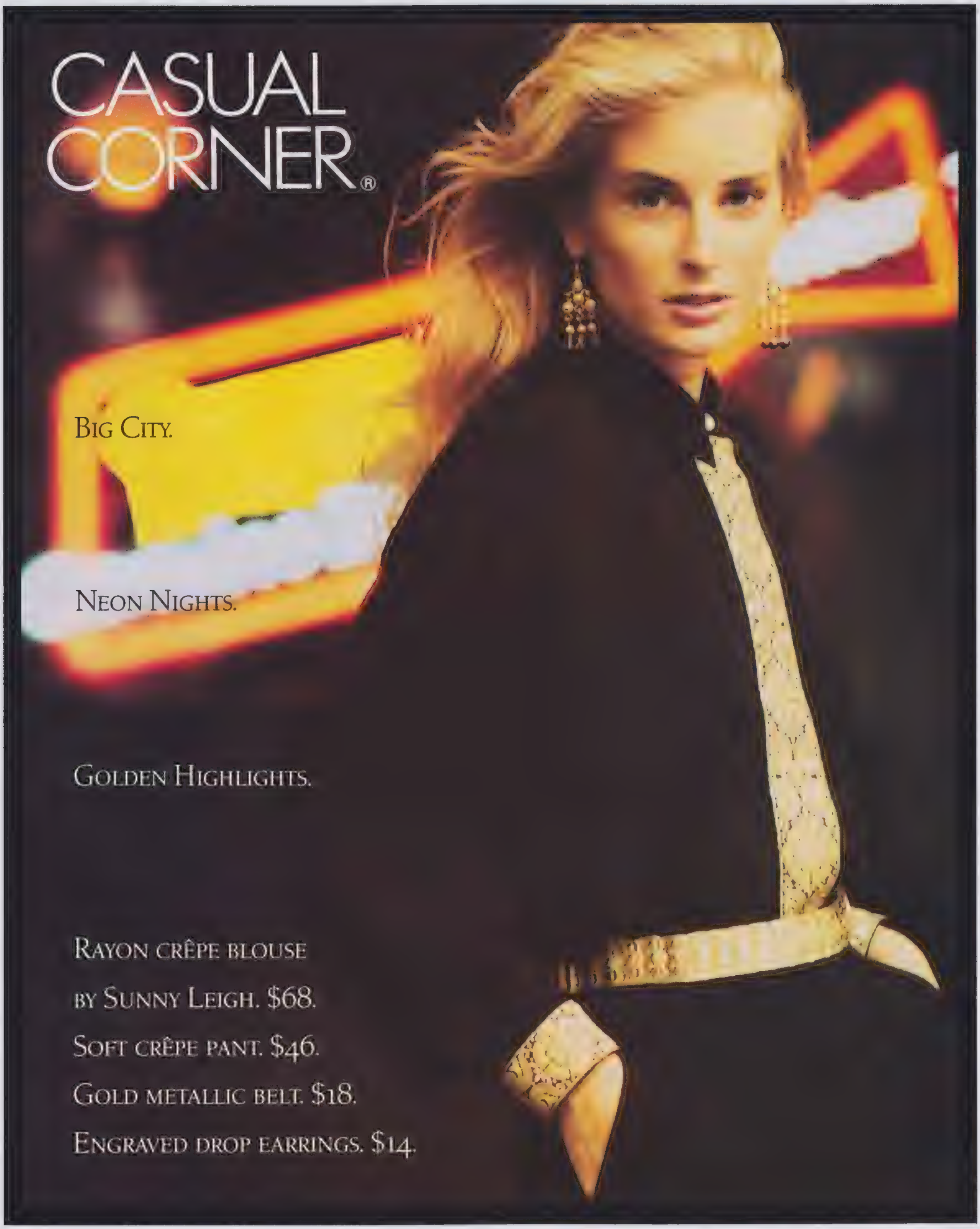

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Neneh Cherry likes clothes "that sit on the body as if they mean it." 1. Short dress by Isaia NYC; her own Junior Gaultier leather vest. 2. Ozbek's jacket in orange. 3. A necklace in the shape of Africa is her personal "conscience badge." Patricia Field top, Isaia NYC leggings, and Ozbek jacket. Details, last pages.

Neneh Cherry,

Britain's rising new rapper, is a self-styled Buffalo Girl. KIM LESTON finds out what that is

IT ISN'T EASY TO PIN DOWN NENEH CHERRY. THE twenty-five-year-old singer's accent meanders among several inflections picked up during a childhood in Stockholm, New York, and London and settles finally on a soft drawl that's a mix of Brooklyn and West London. Her first solo album, *Raw Like Sushi*, is the same. Rap, breathy ballads, hard dance beats, and sampling mixed with twinges of Latin and R&B, all wrapped up in a great tuneful blanket of pop. It's a difficult-to-define combination of a hundred different influences, but one that's fast singling her out as a cut above the other standard-issue female rappers and rock chicks.

Given her genuinely bohemian roots, Cherry's personal and musical eclecticism comes as no surprise. Her father is an African percussionist, her mother a Swedish artist, and her stepfather the avant-garde jazz trumpeter Don Cherry. "I've tried to keep some of that looseness, that feeling and spirit that I grew up ► 160

FRANS VAN DER HEYDEN, hair, James Harris, makeup, Tracy Martyn

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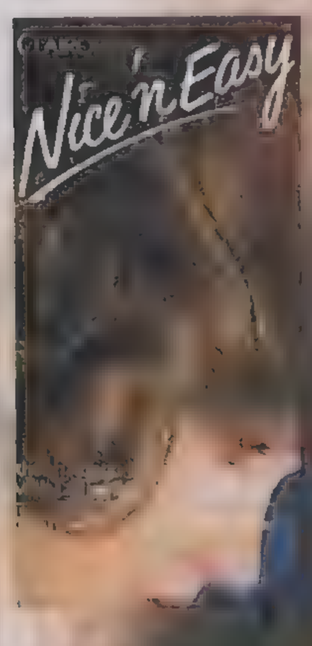

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VIEW: neneh cherry

Rap chains toughen up a silk tent dress by Jean Paul Gaultier.

with, in my music,'' she says, bouncing her five-month-old daughter, Tyson, on her slender thighs.

Cherry was barely seventeen when she started learning her trade in the thriving London club scene of the early eighties, playing occasional percussion with the British punk band the Slits and singing for Rip Rig & Panic. ''It was free and open and inspired and really fun,'' she says of the time, ''but you can't stay back doing the same thing forever. You can't be scared of change.''

It's hard to imagine this down-to-earth, upbeat, and clearly focused young woman being scared of very much. She betrays not a hint of embarrassment, for instance, when reminded that in those days she wore voluminous, and not altogether flattering, African earth-mother ensembles. ''We went through a *very* serious ethnic look.'' In fact, Cherry delights in telling tales of the sartorial experiments of her youth. There were the dyed blond hair and tiny kid's skirts that barely skimmed the top of her thighs. There was also a ''serious soul-girl phase'' that had Cherry straightening her hair à la Diana Ross and stepping out in skintight turtlenecks and navy slacks. ''Now I tend to wear clothes that are kind of comfortable, easy, and fun,'' she says. ''I guess I like clothes that make me feel *attitudinous*!''

She chooses Rifat Ozbek, Junior Gaultier, and Isaia to be photographed in, these being designers she usually wears ''anytime.'' Pulling together an individual look from a heap of separates is something that comes as naturally to Cherry as juggling a burgeoning recording career with motherhood. She likes clothes that ''sit on the body as if they mean it,'' that are casual enough to wear with sneakers. And in the true British tradition, she loves to add a bold political fashion statement. To a simple bra top, black tights, and leather jacket, Cherry adds her own large gold necklace in the shape of Africa. ''It's called a conscience badge,'' she explains. ''I wear it to state that I'm conscious of what's going on in the world. It's like saying I know where I'm going and where I'm coming from.'' According to Cherry, ''It's important to take whatever it is you're going to wear and not reform it exactly but turn it around till it's you.''

Her style could be called a late-eighties interpretation of the Buffalo look—a swaggering, urban English ragamuffin image created by stylist Ray Petri and launched, literally, in the British magazine *The Face*. And while the name Buffalo has no political connotations, for Cherry it represents something ''hard,'' ''sexy,'' and assertive, but classy and refined at the same time. To her, it's not just a look but a modernistic state of mind that she celebrates on the driving *Raw Like Sushi* dance track ''Buffalo Stance.'' ''The word *buffalo* means something strong, right? A strong creature!''

But don't be fooled: there's a wistful romantic behind that tough exterior. Her favorite outfit of all time is far from the hard-edged streetwear of the seventies or eighties. It's a ''big, yellow, lacy dress'' that she wore when she was seven, a real little girl's church dress, and a long way from the predictably modern choice one would expect. But then, Cherry is a long way from being a predictable modern girl. ▼

FRANS VAN DER HEYDEN; hair, James Harris; makeup, Tracie Martyn.

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ELEMENTS

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

The definitive shoe for fall: the pump, in **suede.** Every accessory, in fact, looks best in a soft velvety texture and in the richest colors

Suedes get piled on or worn piece by piece. 1. Handbag with knotted leather strap by Carlos Falchi. 2. Thigh-high boots for leggings—by Bally of Switzerland. 3. A torrent of pumps in jewel tones: royal blue at Stuart Weitzman; rust at Charles Jourdan; plum at Diego Della Valle; a pair of Charles Jourdans in olive; a pair of plum pumps with Louis heels by Stuart Weitzman; navy pumps by Charles Jourdan. Electric blue shopping bag with gold leather handles by Carlos Falchi. Wool knit tights by Fogal.

4. Ornamented suedes: Jill Stuart's gold-studded handbag; a suede belt and covered buckle by Charlotte Neuville. Perfect texture mixers with suede: leather gloves with tassels, Paloma Picasso; striped sunglasses, Alain Mikli. Details, last pages.

1,2 ROGER CABELLO; 3,4 WALTER CHIN; 4 Hair, Kevin Mancuso for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Giorgio for Suqq salon, NYC

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LANCÔME
PARIS

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IMAGES: skin care

Editor: Shirley Lord

When the sun moves south and the days cool down, it isn't just your wardrobe you need to change. It's time for **new beauty habits** too

Inspiring this season's colors is fall itself, with names such as Rich Russet blush and All-Day Spiced Cider lipstick (Estée Lauder); Gold Leaf eye shadow (Stendhal); Saffron eye shadow (Yves Saint Laurent). Here, Clarion's Stormy Wearproof Eyeshadow and Pure Gloss. Hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Moyra Mulholland. Cable-knit turtleneck sweater by Calvin Klein; metallic gloves by Portolano. Details, last pages.

OCTOBER COMES IN LIKE a lamb and goes out like a lion, and skin, our only natural barrier against the elements, faces new challenges indoors and out.

We may have had it up to *here* with warnings about the dangers of an outdoor life—it's no news that the sun causes wrinkles, and wind and cold dry out skin fast—but we still want to go outside and have some fun.

Because skin thins as weather cools, it can't hold that much moisture, so can quickly become and look weather-beaten. However, skin can segue with ease from one season to the next with a new kind of moisturizer—concentrated to help thinner skin hold on to more moisture. Look for the word *humectant* on the label. (Chanel's Hydra-Système Cream is an emollient/humectant that attracts whatever moisture is lurking in the atmosphere into the skin; so does Johnson & Johnson's new Purpose.) Masks that go on and come off as quickly as you change your exercise tape can really help skin now, leaving a moisturized film behind that's a protective shield and a good start to makeup. (One good one is Estée Lauder Re-Nutriv Firming Moisture Mask.)

The new direction in skin care is toward products designed to meet the demands of specific locales and climates. Lancôme, for instance, has categorized all its skin care this season into three climate zones: Nutrix, its most intensive moisturizer, is for "harsh" places (like Minneapolis, Chicago, and South Dakota); Trans-Hydrix is for "cold" (New York); Bar- ▶178

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

IMAGES: skin care

rière Solaire SPF 23 is for "mild" regions where the sun is still shining (Florida, Texas, California). Also, realize that for every one-thousand-foot increase in altitude, sun intensifies by 4 percent, so using a high SPF sunscreen is crucial. Researchers at Lancaster have now teamed up with the U.S. Weather Service to create "Sundexx," a sundial that computes a woman's skin type and its burning potential, as well as the climate she lives in and her outdoor activities. It then "prescribes" the right skin-care regimen out of fifteen available. Another idea from yet another French house: Clarins Multi-Active Day Cream provides time-released moisturizing that increases as the day goes by, and helps when you go from one climate to another or when you come in from the cold to a heated office and vice versa.

Definitely warming: Calvin Klein's wool coat; suede flats by Maraolo. Details, last pages.

It isn't only warmth and moisture the skin can miss. In the North and Northeast, as the sun heads for the southern hemisphere and drops in the sky, daylight takes on a bluish tint, casting almost a searchlight on the skin, which can reveal flaws fast. To deal with this, Chanel introduces this month Prévention Sérum, a daytime lotion that improves color by smoothing the skin's surface. You should also check out your makeup; you may want to warm it up for the fall. (BioClimat by Biotherm is a useful new twelve-hour weatherproof face tint.)

The Collagen Corporation recently asked a panel of dermatologists to rate U.S cities with the best weather for skin. The winner? Portland, Oregon, for its low altitude, moist air, and unsunny weather. Bringing up the rear: Phoenix, Arizona, whose intense sun and dry air may be great for the psyche but are terrible for skin. —LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

headli

At the Paris collections, although hairstyles were often elaborately designed, the total effect was still one of controlled neatness

PETER LINDBERGH Hair Julian D'Is, Paris makeup, Stephane Marais for l'Agence Bruno, Paris

Heady ideas: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: plaited chignon at Yves Saint Laurent; ribboned braid at Guy Laroche; black-bowed snood at Chanel; ice blue silk cowl draped by Christian Lacroix.

ners

IT'S A SEASON OF ORNAMENTATION IN FASHION, from rich brocade to velvet to embroidered embroidery, and evening hairstyles are often ornamented too, but always decorating small, smooth, tidy heads of hair. Two new and interesting headwraps: the cowl, designed by Christian Lacroix in both velvet and silk, below left, and the decorated snood, designed by Alexandre for the Chanel collections, below right.

Buttoned, flowered, or bowed, today's snood bears little relation to the fishnet catchall of the forties and fifties. The new snoods are sure to be big sellers when Alexandre's first boutique, full of his unique hair decorations and pieces, opens later this month on the Faubourg Saint-Honoré in Paris. Snoods have arrived here too and are available in many fabrics, from gauze to lace to silk, at Bergdorf Goodman and Henri Bendel, NYC.

"Now a hairstyle isn't an accessory; it is part of the total costume," says master of the chignon, Antonio de Costa Rocha of La Coupe, NYC.

At Christian Dior, ABOVE LEFT, elaborate black and white lace. At Chanel, ABOVE RIGHT, Alexandre's little black bow and, BELOW, black snood decorated with white flowers.

In the buff makeup...premeasured doses

Now-you-see-it, now-you-don't makeup: two new ones that stress only "naturalness"—Ultima II's The Nakeds (the first Brush-On Foundation) and Max Factor's Invisible Makeup. A case of the emperor's new clothes?... Take a dose is the skin-care message you'll be hearing at beauty counters as more and more products are packaged to dispense only a carefully measured amount at the touch of a fingertip (Chanel's Prévention Sérum, Guerlain's Issima Eyeserum).

Perfumers predict a return to opulent scents—real perfume with a message... Madonna sends hers with patchouli

"Be done with privation," said Sacha Guitry, as he ordered a gold bathtub in 1925. It was an extravagant era, and that year two especially luxurious perfumes were introduced, Jean Patou's Amour Amour and Guerlain's Shalimar, which was destined to become a world classic.

Now, believing the time is right again for all-out opulent scent, Guerlain introduces Samsara, their first new perfume in ten years, a complex mixture of ambered florals and spices in a deep red Aladdin's lamp bottle. Are there really fashions in fragrance? Yes. There was the musk craze of the early seventies; the move to light, androgynous scents in the eighties. Now perfumers predict a return to real perfume "with a message." Part of the recent richer trend: Elizabeth Arden's Red Door, Montana by Claude Montana. Male fragrances have also developed more distinct personality with the crisp, spicy Fendi Uomo and Christian Dior's Fahrenheit, a warm if not hot blend of exotic wood notes, sandalwood and cedar among them. One package with more than an olfactory message is Madonna's last album, *Like A Prayer*. To invoke the spiritual feeling of the lyrics, she had the album sprayed with patchouli. IMAGES ▶182

GUY MARINEAU; illustration by Alexandre de Paris; bottle photographed by ROGER CABELLO

"More than the dress, more than the makeup, it is the easy attitude of these new models that is setting new standards"

This is Karl Lagerfeld's latest dictum and perhaps one reason that, unlike other couturiers, he now holds Broadwaylike auditions for new models before every collection. He chose ten new ones to show his designs for Chanel's fall collection. Among the new faces? Kimora, a fourteen-year-old half-Japanese, half-black American girl just out of school. Lagerfeld says, "She has an innate instinct for clothes. But just as important, she is fresh and gay, the kind of beauty who truly represents the nineties."

Kimora, a new face for Lagerfeld

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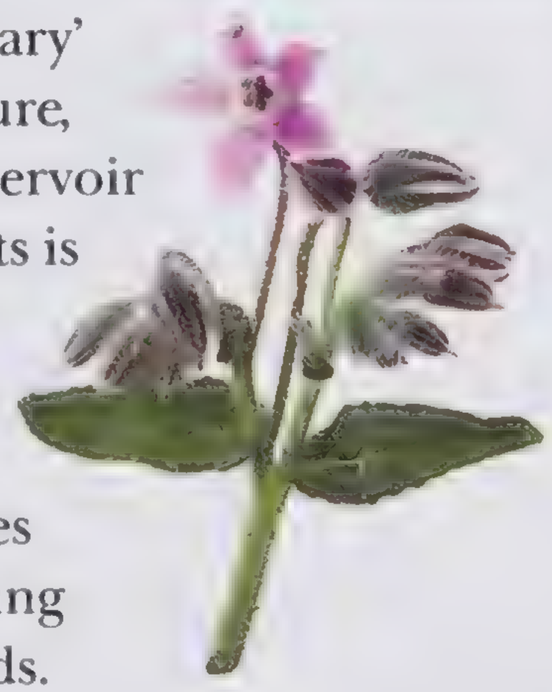

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Saks Fifth Avenue

IMAGES: hair design

With an ever-expanding client list and a salon that's already doubled in size, **Louis Licari** can be called New York's hair man of the moment

Louis Licari and members of his team at work in his New York City salon

HE IS MANHATTAN'S NEW Doctor Hair. He adds red to Carolyne Roehm, amber to Kelly Klein, and boomerangs Robert De Niro between boy and old man for a new movie. He Concordes back from London, where he's been brushing up Kim Basinger's highlights. When he walks into the salon, two phones are ringing. Christie Brinkley is on one line, Jessica Lange is on the other. And yet Louis Licari is not what you'd expect.

He is a calm, pleasant-looking thirty-eight-year-old in a plain blue shirt, who still lives in the apartment he rented when he arrived in Manhattan as a penniless artist fourteen years ago. At the salon where he worked until 1987, he acquired so many clients that he took over a whole floor. When his client list expanded again, he opened his own salon.

"There's no special secret," he says. "Just being behind the chair 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. and knowing *every* head has to be a masterpiece."

At this moment, sent by the gods to prove the point, an unfamous middle-aged customer interrupts with a heartfelt "Mr. Licari—I just love my hair. I'm totally delighted!"

When he colors your hair, say his clients, he gives the lift and happy transformation you'd expect from a radical, beautiful cut. As a top colorist who never sacrifices hair condition to glamour, he has already had to double the size of his two-year-old salon to four thousand square feet. This is the hair studio that works harder, where Licari logs in five appointments to the hour and the pace is so intense the receptionists have to work shifts to cope. An at-home booking at 6 A.M.? A teenager's makeup and manicure lesson? A couple's make-over? Certainly, Madam. Certainly, Sir. Reversing the usual layout, hair is colored in the front of the shop for a clear reading in natural light, while the shampoo and dry section is in the back. Licari says it always ought to be like this. "Hair color is finally getting the attention it deserves."

"Hair color is finally getting the attention it deserves," says Licari

He's not only the latest to make it in a highly competitive field. He represents the nineties metamorphosis of a profession that acquired an inflated ego in the seventies, when women doted on their hairdressers (Barbra Streisand even lived with hers) and paid for it with a fall in confidence in the early eighties, when women shopped around in case they were missing something new. Licari is a realist, an A to Z professional who eschews gossip, never drops names, and keeps his clients because they trust him. He says, "I don't want to know gossip. The idea of hairdresser as confessor is out of date. And what you don't know, you can't let slip."

Born and brought up in upstate New York, son of a designer of office furniture, he says that he has at last found the self-belief he was chasing as a hopeful painter. Now he says, "What I practice is a skill with an artistic bent. You find out what the client's goals are. You see if they are making the most of themselves."

He can tell you how to widen your brow, light up your expression, and look as though you had just spent a golden half hour on the beach. He can tell you the latest about silicone and collagen, which nutritionists give what shots, which market sells the most healthful granola and the best cinnamon coffee. Apart from that, he's a man of few words. ▼

IMAGES ▶ 192

ELLEN FORBES BURNIE

"Understand, this wasn't exactly an everyday thing for me. I mean, for…what? twenty-some years now?… I've been worried mainly about who needed new soccer shoes or what the orthodontist was going to say. But now…now to see a gorgeous gold bracelet and be able to say, 'Yes. Yes, I'll take it,' well…doing that for myself was just the strangest feeling. The strangest wonderful feeling."

When you really wa[illegible] yourself,
nothing ma[illegible] you feel as good as gold.

PURE WOOL

Foto: Ellen von Unwerth

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IMAGES: reshaping

In this age of the fast fix, **cosmetic surgery** is becoming as common as a visit to the skin salon. PEGGY ORENSTEIN talks to leading physicians

YOUR EYELIDS. YOUR NOSE. YOUR CHIN. YOUR breasts. Your thighs. There probably isn't a woman in America today who hasn't at one point or another looked at one of these features in the mirror (not to mention the hips, stomach, backside, and calves), given it a little boost or a stretch with her fingertips, and thought, "I'd look so much better if I could just change *this*." And more and more women aren't stopping there: they're taking their Platonic ideals to the plastic surgeon.

Cosmetic surgery has hit the mainstream, and really, that isn't so surprising. Once coloring your hair made you a harlot, a little rouge was risqué. Now few self-respecting women leave the house without every highlighted strand in place and a certain amount of cosmetic hocus-pocus playing up their features.

There was also a time when face-lifts were solely the province of the truly high-profile, but over the past decade, with the introduction of liposuction, laser surgery, and other outpatient techniques, plastic surgery has become accessible to anyone with a few thousand dollars to spare. "There's a self-perpetuating quality to it," says Dr. Michael Pertschuk, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania and one of the founders of the university's Center for Human Appearance. "The more people do it, the more it becomes socially acceptable. And because it's socially acceptable, you don't have to be reluctant about pursuing it."

The two largest associations for physicians who perform cosmetic surgery, the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery (ASPRS) and the American Academy of Cosmetic Surgery (AACS), report that their members performed 200,000 liposuctions last year at an average cost of $1,500 each. According to the same report, more than 300,000 spent $2,500 for a face-lift, and over 350,000 unblinkingly paid $2,000 each for eyelid surgery.

Increasingly, the patients are younger. Instead of a sixty-year-old woman seeking to shed ten years, doctors are seeing forty-year-olds who want to prevent aging altogether. "I recently saw a thirty-nine-year-old woman who was going back to business school who wanted a face-lift," says John Q. Owsley, M.D., a clinical professor of plastic surgery at the University of California San Francisco Medical Center. "She told me, given what she was doing, she didn't see that she'd have time to do it for seven or eight years and she wanted to look as good as she could right now. She felt pressure in the job market to look younger. She said she didn't want to look over-the-hill."

If women in their thirties are contemplating face-lifts, one has to wonder: how long will it be before it becomes de rigueur to lift, nip, tuck, inject, and vacuum our imperfections away? Will contouring one's body become as "natural" as perming one's hair?

Any cosmetic surgeon worth his scalpel is horrified by such a notion. "It's not like getting your hair done," says Dr. Pertschuk. "It is surgery. There's a man going at you with a scalpel. Even the best surgeon is only human and does occasionally make mistakes. Things don't quite work out not because he's incompetent but because things don't always go perfectly. Then, there are the risks of anesthesia."

Unfortunately, not every plastic surgeon *is* worth his scalpel. "Any licensed doctor fresh out of medical school can perform cosmetic surgery—or for that matter any kind of surgery—if he or she can get patients," says Cathy Coyne, a spokeswoman for the ASPRS. "It doesn't matter what their training is or whether they've ever done it before."

Prospective patients can call a cosmetic surgery board in search of a physician, but even that's taking a risk: any two doctors can get together and dub themselves an association—there are nearly a dozen cosmetic and plastic surgery boards in the United States right now. The two more established organizations—the ASPRS (800-635-0635), which admits only doctors who have undergone a three-year residency program in plastic surgery, and the AACS (800-221-9808), primarily made up of ear, nose, and throat specialists who have, previous to admission, performed at least a thousand cosmetic surgeries—act a bit like the Hatfields and the McCoys. Each insists that it is the more legitimate enterprise. It's more than likely that both associations are made up of good surgeons. . . and a few lemons. The best recommendation for a cosmetic surgeon still comes by word of mouth—usually mouths whose laugh lines have recently been removed.

There isn't a woman who hasn't thought, "I'd look much better if I could just change *this*"

These days the name that's on the best recently renovated lips is Frank Kamer, M.D., a Beverly Hills ear, nose, and throat doctor who masterminded the surgical make-overs of, among others, Cher and Phyllis Diller, and is rumored to have revitalized Liz Taylor.

Dr. Kamer, whose white, neo-Colonial clinic has multiple doors to allow the rich and famous anonymous access, is booked up to a year in advance. He ►195

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IMAGES: reshaping

only works from the neck up, and he doesn't perform anything as mundane as collagen injections (although one of the three doctors he shares his offices with does). Still, that doesn't deter would-be beauties from flocking to him from New York, London, and even Australia. "Cosmetic surgery is quick and cheap psychotherapy," Kamer says. "Cheap when you compare it to years and years on the couch."

Kamer, fifty-two, hardly seems like a man on the cutting edge of cosmetic surgery. Short, bald, and bespectacled, with deep laugh lines, a furrowed brow, and a jalapeño pepper–shaped nose, he looks almost like a candidate for one of his procedures.

Today he looks irritable, perhaps because the air-conditioning in his part of the building is on the fritz. Sitting behind an oversize desk, he scowls (which everyone knows causes wrinkles) and refuses to discuss details about his VIP clients or his fees. What he will discuss, at length, is the danger of cosmetic surgery. Every patient is apprised of the risks of her procedure: from bruising, to unsightly scars, to the ultimate complication: death.

"What's perfect for us," says Dr. Kamer, "is if you can change one thing a little bit and make the whole fit better"

"Surgery is surgery," he says again and again. "It involves cutting something and it involves a patient's innate healing ability. By virtue of that, there is unpredictability. Surgery should be the last resort, not the first. Before you do it, you should think, 'Can I live without this?'"

That's not to say that Kamer is against the process entirely. It is, after all, his business, and he performs an average of three operations a day (this in addition to seeing a full appointment book of new patients).

Strolling around his clinic, a two-story labyrinth that includes a surgery and recovery wing as well as examining rooms and waiting areas in the throes of redecoration, one spies women lying supine, recuperating from surgery, women peeking at their post-op scars, women with discreet bandages hustling out the door. None of them looks young. "I don't think it's a good idea to operate on people who are young, for instance, in their thirties," Kamer says. "You make people plastic-surgery junkies that way. I've seen twenty-five-year-olds who want a face-lift because they read somewhere that it's a good thing to do. Maybe I'd operate on someone in her late thirties, if there were *obvious* signs of aging."

Kamer doesn't seem entirely comfortable with the spotlight, insisting his real satisfaction comes from his contributions to academia. "The reason I built this clinic," he says, "is because I wanted *privacy*." However, like the most prominent of his patients, he knows how to use his newfound notoriety to get his message across. And what he's most concerned about is what less responsible members of his profession are doing to the reputation of his specialty.

Distinguishing the reputable surgeons from the mere operators became more difficult in the midseventies, when the Supreme Court set aside an ethical code that governed the medical profession and ruled that, in the interest of competition, ▶198

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IMAGES: reshaping

doctors should be allowed to advertise. Very soon certain cosmetic surgeons, like movie stars, hired publicists to push their names to the press. Today readers of *L.A. Style*, *New York* magazine, or even some daily papers can find advertisements from as many as a dozen cosmetic surgeons promising to deliver the body beautiful. Some of the claims are legitimate, of course—cosmetic surgery is a crowded (and lucrative) field, and newcomers have to attract patients somehow—but a number are not.

"There's a lot of PR involved these days," Kamer says. "And that's a problem because of blatancy and fraudulence. There are people promising the impossible."

The most notorious case of what might, under the circumstances, be called sculpting the truth appeared last year in *Los Angeles* magazine. Vincent Forshan, M.D., a local cosmetic surgeon, ran a series of ads showing a bikini-clad bombshell draped in front of a red Ferrari.

The ad's copy read, "Automobile by Ferrari. Body by Forshan." The hitch was that Dr. Forshan had never touched the model. Recently the ad ran again, but this time with new copy, saying simply, "Body by Smithdeal." Charles Smithdeal, M.D., that is, the surgeon who was, in fact, responsible for remolding model Rebecca Ferratti, who says she had no idea her image would be gracing a surgeon's advertisement—she thought she was posing for a car calendar.

"The danger is there are people who will answer all the ads," says Kamer. "There's the woman in her mid- to late-thirties who has a career, has had a series of relationships, is beginning to feel, biologically, that she's running out of time to have children and is beginning to see changes she doesn't like in her face. She sees these ads and goes to one surgeon after another. There are a lot out there, and they'll keep operating and operating. But the basic problem is beneath the surface."

Kamer turns away the patient that he views as a psychological risk, but then, considering his current popularity, he can afford to. The secret of his success seems to be as much in his eye as in his hand. Kamer's patients don't look radically different after surgery—witness Cher: her wardrobe may not be subtle, but her nose certainly is.

"I have no specific conception of physical beauty," Kamer says. "It's not one feature over another. It's the combination of things that God threw together. What's perfect for us is if you can change one thing a little bit and make the whole fit better."

Kamer is, no doubt, right. Ideally, cosmetic surgery, if it's done at all, would involve one procedure on a psychologically sound patient who goes away happy and satisfied. But not everyone does. The most frightening aspect of a cosmetic-surgery boom is that it could raise the stakes on the never-ending quest for perfect—and usually unobtainable—beauty. There are women who will travel from surgeon to surgeon for one more procedure, just one more nose job, one more tummy tuck, one more chin or cheek augmentation. There are even doctors who specialize in "fixing" black noses and Asian women's eyes.

"You can't have unrealistic expectations," says Dr. Pertschuk, "the perfect body, the perfect nose. You're not dealing with marble here; you're dealing with human tissue." IMAGES ▶ 202

For more on cosmetic surgery, see Health, *page 292, and* Future Beauty, *page 406.*

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TIMES HAVE CHANGED. TIME ITSELF HAS CHANGED, and what was once spread over twenty-four hours now seems uncomfortably telescoped into only a few. We all want more out of our day. (And some of us want more life out of our lives—you must live at least *one* as a blond. . . .)

So how does the above-average take-charge woman master the forces of time? By imposing her will on it. Getting it while she can. Doing two things at once. By having an hour's wake-up workout with her personal trainer before breakfast; by having her hair done instead of breakfast. Or even by arranging conferences with her decorator while her scalp is being massaged, as one New York socialite was seen doing recently. Simultaneously ensuring the vigor of her beautiful hair—and demonstrating her insistence on perfection—she summoned her interior designer to discuss hand-carved doors as her follicles were being strengthened at the J. F. Lazartigue clinic at 764 Madison Avenue.

In this country anything is possible. If you are willing to pay a premium, you can arrange to have a beautician attend to you at home at any hour of the day or night. But you can also have your hair washed at dawn in many airports, and have your nails polished and your shoes shined at the same time. In large cities you can dash into branches of the very chicest salons—and be out within the hour, sporting a perfect haircut plus perm or highlights.

In New York City, Jean Louis David's quick service salon combines upmarket style with a briskly efficient no-appointment, walk-in policy. The new Jacques Dessange salon on East Fifty-first Street also caters to on-the-run working women. Minardi Minardi's Highlights in an Hour scheme assigns two colorists to each customer. You can have a deep-cleaning facial there, and they'll order lunch for you to eat in the chair. At all these places, great results—pronto.

The un-laid-back woman who is up with the lark and who has completed the de rigueur exercise session by 7 A.M. can often check in to the hairdressers at her health club as the first client of the day. These are havens for early birds in a city where most hairdressers' first appointment is at 8:30.

What about those who prefer the late evening? In the fifties and sixties the Larry Mathews 24 Hour Salon was dispensing rip-roaring glamour in the ballroom of the Great Northern Hotel on West Fifty-seventh Street. His wife, Norma, reminisces about those halcyon days: Mr. Mathews (''He helped develop the 'double-process' blond'') presided over a perpetual party featuring the likes of Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren; chorus girls from the Copacabana; and assorted opera stars as well as stage-door johnnies. Imagine them, all in rollers and hairnets, drinking champagne: ''In those days, people loved to come in the middle of the night. But now New York is not the safest place.'' Alas ▶ 204

La Coupe (212/371-9230), 694 Madison Avenue, New York City, Women: cut and dry–$40-$120, Men: cut and dry–$40-$60, Tues.–Sat. 7:30 A.M.–6:00 P.M., Thurs. night until 8:00 P.M.; **Jean Louis David,** quick service salon (212/260-3628), 303 Park Avenue South, New York City, No appointment necessary, Women: cut and dry–$21, cut and color–$42, Men: cut and dry–$12, cut and color–$30, No credit cards, Mon.–Sat. 10 A.M.–7 P.M., Thurs., late night–open until 8 P.M.; **Minardi Minardi** (212/308-1711), 29 East 61st Street, New York City, "Highlights in an Hour": $95 and up, Deep-cleaning facial: $50 and up, Tues. 9 A.M.–6 P.M., Wed., Thurs. 11 A.M.–7:30 P.M., Fri. 9 A.M.–5 P.M., Sat. 9 A.M.–4 P.M.; **Astor Place Hairstylists** (212/475-9854), 2 Astor Place, New York City, Women: cut–$12, $14 with wash, Men: cut–$10, $12 with wash, Mon.–Sat. 8:00 A.M.– 8:00 P.M., Sun. 9:00 A.M.–6:00 P.M.; **Pierre Michel Coiffure** (212/593-1460), The Plaza, 768 Fifth Avenue, New York City, "Beauté Rapide": $100–$120, 8:00 A.M.–7:00 P.M.–7 days a week; **Salon Samuel** (609/344-1600), Trump Plaza Hotel & Casino, Atlantic City, NJ, Women: wash and dry (or set)–$30, Men: wash and dry–$20, 10 A.M.–9:30 P.M.–7 days a week; **Marilyn Miglin** 12/943-1120), 112 East Oak Street, Chicago, IL 60611, "Solutions" program, $25 for a 45-minute (lunch hour) session, $25 includes fresh-fruit yogurt drink, Mon.–Fri. 10:00 A.M.–5:30 P.M., Thurs. 10:00 A.M.–8:00 P.M., Sat. 10:00 A.M.–5:00 P.M.

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IMAGES: hair

for the night owls, the Great Northern has been replaced by the Parker Meridien Hotel; Larry Mathews is on Fifty-fifth and Madison; and the showgirls have been replaced by office workers. People walk in off the street, attracted by the 24 Hour sign, but this no longer describes the salon—"We like to get everybody out by 10:00 P.M., but we *are* open on Sundays. . . ." (And the bill was a mere $15 for a "blow dry"—a wonderful sixties revival look I had been seeking in vain for more than a year. I loved it.)

Total aesthetic reconstruction is available for people who want to hit town with a bang. Donald Trump and his lovely wife, Ivana—who clearly want to please all of the people all of the time, all over the place—are permitting a new Pierre Michel Coiffure to open at The Plaza this month to "cater to businesswomen and wealthy tourists on short trips." Beauté Rapide, their "specially designed service for women flying in for daytime business meetings to evening dinner appointments," will get customers "in and out, primed for the evening, in approximately an hour—with all-in-one manicure, makeup application from Lancôme Institute experts, and blow-dry or set. This luxurious pampering session will cost $100–$120." Open from eight in the morning to eight at night.

And if you'd prefer to hit Atlantic City with a bang, just go into the Salon Samuel at the Trump Plaza Hotel there. They keep local hours (open till 9:30 P.M.). No doubt if you were to go in and say, "Make me look just like Ivana Trump," they could do it in a twinkling.

Now that the focus of Manhattan theatricality has shifted to the East Village, drop in to Astor Place Hairstylists for some lifestyle tourism along with an excellent haircut. (They, too, are open on Sundays.) Having a haircut at Astor Place is rather like clubbing (and afterward you can go out and join the parade of exhibitionists pretending to shop at Dean & DeLuca). When the neighborhood became trendy, so did this unprepossessing Italian barbershop, which opened in the forties with three chairs. Now it is much larger and stylishly ramshackle, a total hodgepodge of endearing and amusing squalor: filing cabinets and kitchen cupboards supplement the old-fashioned barbers' fittings and equipment. The clientele (the shop can "do" a hundred people at once on three floors) is like a desanitized Benetton ad. Rap artists (and art artists) sit next to Wall Street wizards who sit next to Sicilian grannies who sit next to Martin Sheen. You have to bring your own food, but there is a jukebox. And on the way out you can look at the photographs of Pasquale, the manager, kissing Diana Vreeland, sharing a joke with Perry Ellis, and grinning with Paloma. ♥

IMAGES ▶ 212

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IMAGES: hair

Today's reds range from warm honey to burgundy wine. T-shirts by The Gap. Hair by Danilo for Oribe at Parachute. Makeup, Liz Michael for Bumble + Bumble.

A distinctive minority in a world of blonds and brunettes, **redheads** now have a new range of options in both haircolor and makeup

IN AN ERA THAT STRESSES THE BEAUTY OF LOOKING "natural" (whatever the means used to attain it), attention is—at last—being paid to the redhead minority (less than 10 percent of the American population). One of the biggest problems for natural redheads: their hair color often begins to fade in their twenties. Vegetable dyes, which help "seal" in pigment and condition the hair, are one of the most modern methods available today. These tints are regularly used at Oribe at Parachute salon, NYC, because they contain no chemicals, ammonia, or peroxide. They wash out easily with one shampoo. Another method, from Charles Ifergan, at the Charles Ifergan Salon, Chicago, enhances red hair with a mixture of cranberry juice and red henna, left on for twenty minutes before shampooing out.

Because redheads are usually very fair-skinned (they have much less melanin in their skin, so freckle and burn easily), fine lines also show up earlier. "I live under an umbrella in the summer," says model Felicia Neal, above, far right.

"Glossy makeup textures and frosted colors tend to accentuate a redhead's problem," says makeup artist Linda Mason, a natural redhead and creator of the new Elements makeup line (Barneys New York). "Women with red hair should always wear matte makeup." That is, if they wear makeup at all. Liz Michael, who did the makeup for Neal and the other models on this page, uses very little makeup on redheads. "Their freckles balance out their skin tone. The eyelids' skin and the skin below the eyes is usually pinkish, so I use a light concealer to cancel it out, then add a little clear lip gloss to the mouth."

Twenty-five years ago, if a woman wanted to color her hair it was a big step, and an even bigger secret. She would give a picture of a brunette named Jackie or a blond named Marilyn to her colorist. "Today ▶218

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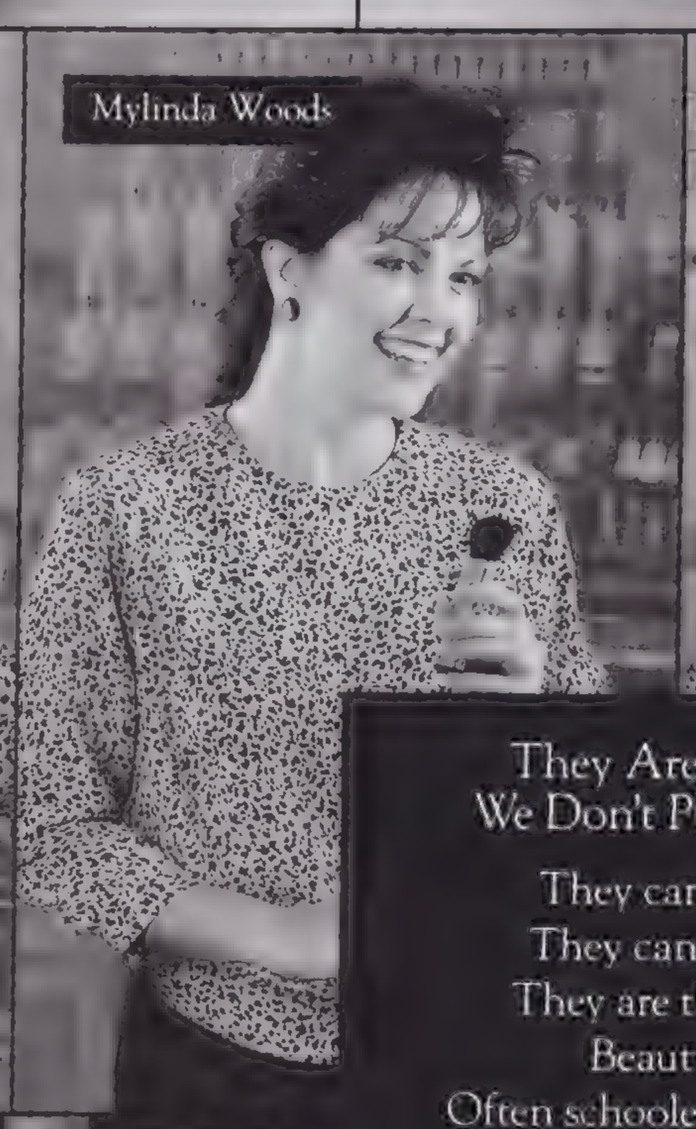

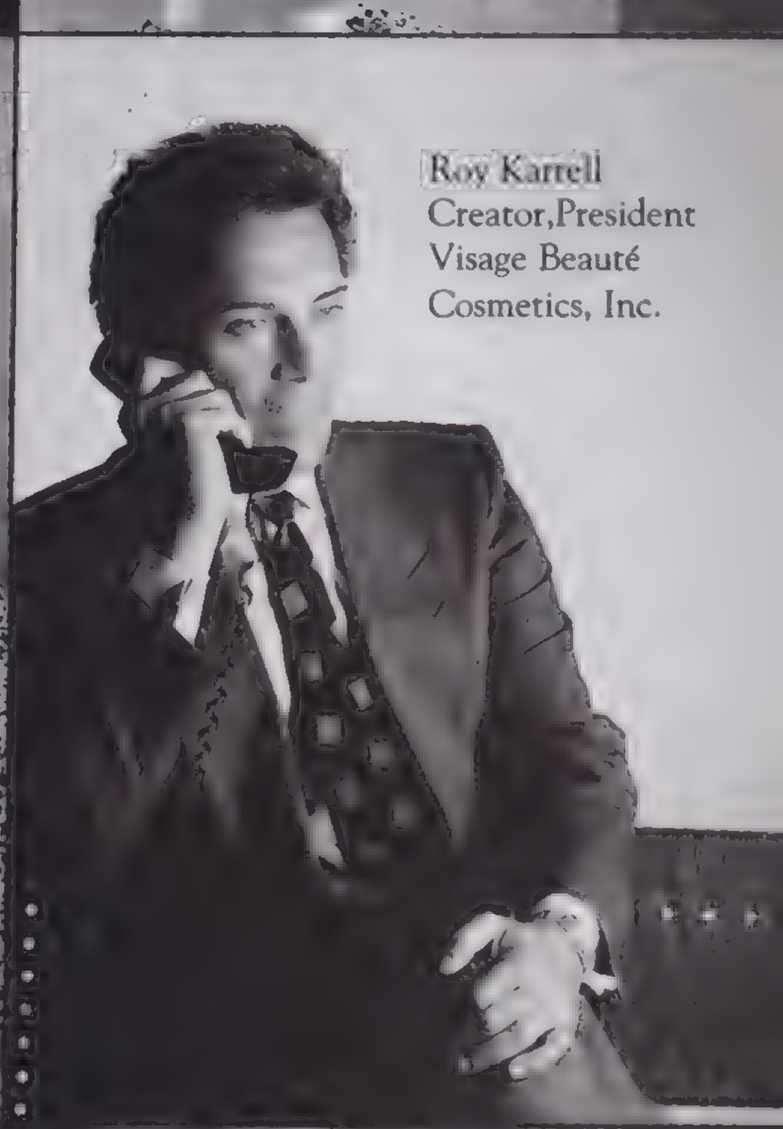

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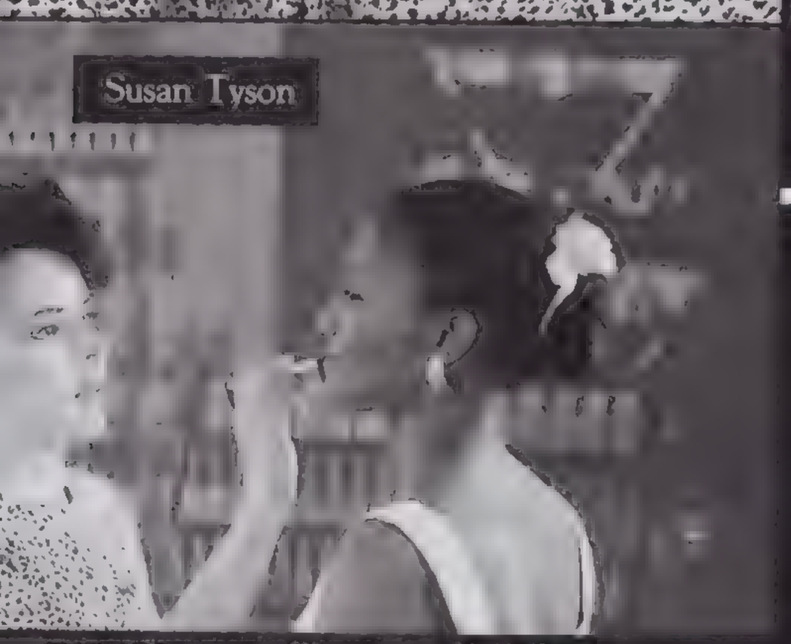

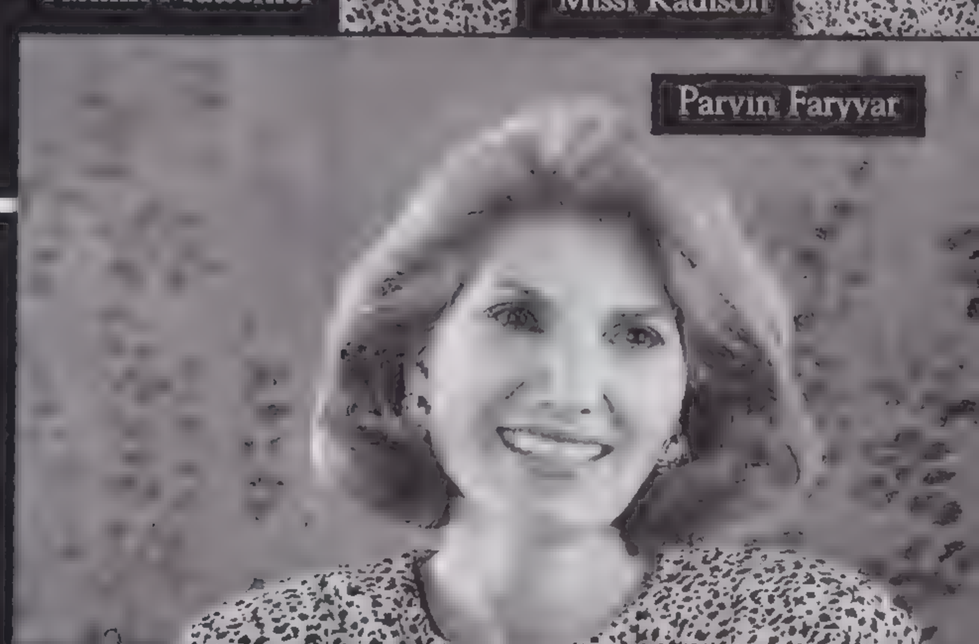

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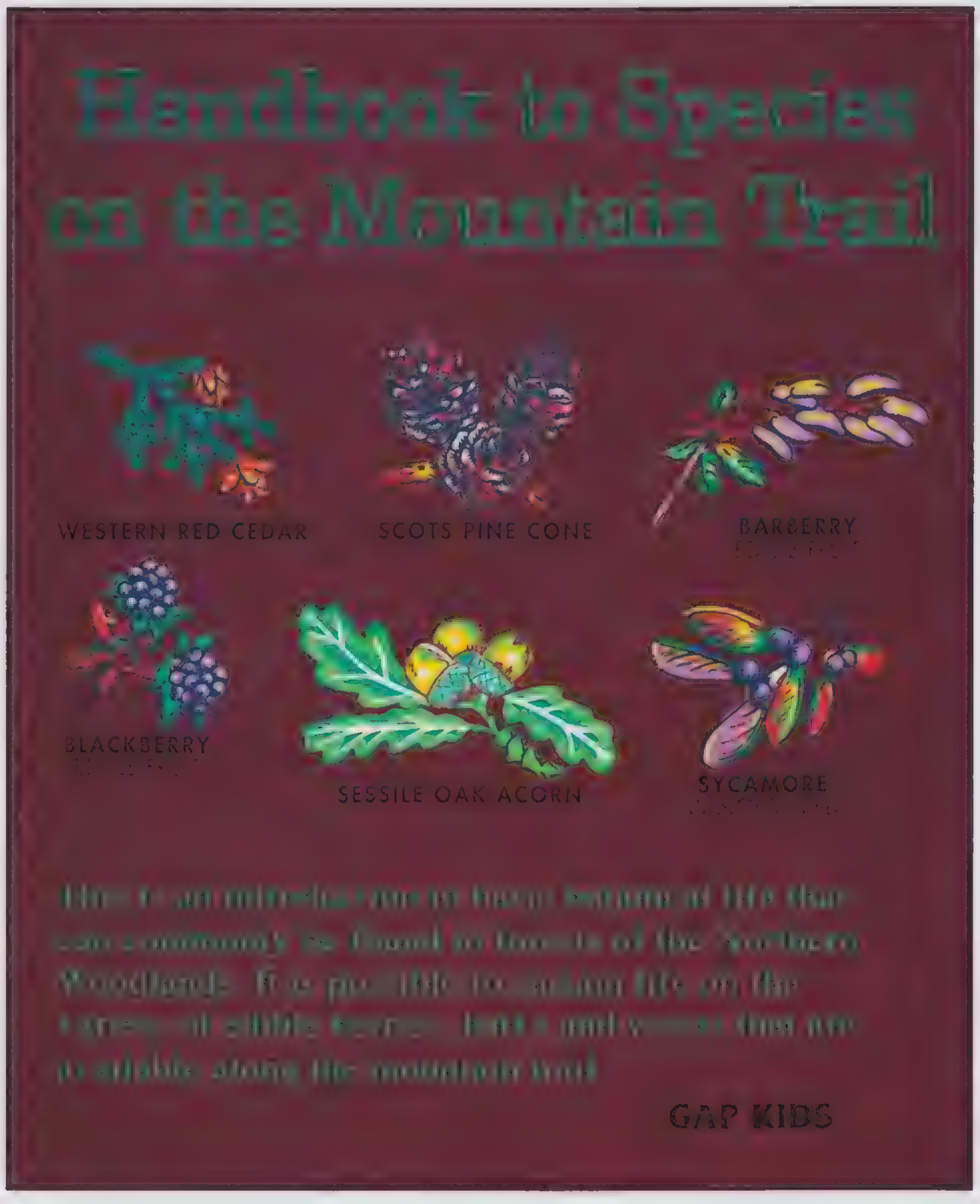

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IMAGES: hair

women often bring in a picture of a redhead,'' says Susan Campbell, a stylist at Louis Licari Color Group. ''Because there are a large number of red color tones available today, almost anyone can go red as long as they take a few precautions. The first rule is be sure not to stray too far from what nature originally intended. The closer you remain to your hair's natural shade, the more true-to-life a redhead you'll look.''

In 1970, L'Oréal offered only two shades: light auburn and dark auburn. This year, the company introduced sixteen red shades, from Red Penny (a soft honey) to Midnight Burgundy (a brick red). Clairol now has forty-three colors in the red family for use at home, while Redken has twenty-nine. Why the red surge? It's simple. Women no longer fear red hair, because color formulations have been perfected.

''Chemicals with much smaller molecules have made the difference,'' explains James Viera, vice president and corporate technical director of L'Oréal. ''In the past, with larger molecules, the hair shaft was forced to expand, which made hair weaker, more porous. When hair is porous, it doesn't hold color. This was especially a problem for natural red hair, which oxidizes fast.''

Before Valorie Albertini, director of education for Sebastian, recommends red haircolor to a client, she takes a look at skin tone. ''Women with olive or sallow complexions should choose a color from the cool, dark red category, such as Sebastian's Wine With Everything. If their skin is fair, they must choose a light, coppery red haircolor.'' If a skin tone doesn't fall into either of these extremes? ''Neutral skin tones are color flexible,'' notes Albertini, ''and can take an auburn red in the winter; a lighter, golden red in the summer.''

Perhaps the best, most simplified approach to becoming a redhead comes from Sharon Dorram, colorist at Oribe at Parachute salon. ''I slowly weave soft copper and caramel highlights on both blonds and brunettes in a way that mimics natural sunlight.''

With such subtle coloring methods available, there's no doubt it's getting tougher to tell who is a natural redhead and who is not.

—COLLEEN SULLIVAN IMAGES ▶ 222

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IMAGES: beauty answers

Does skin really "work harder" at night? Here, an update on **night creams:** who should use them, how much can they really improve skin?

FOR YEARS, WOMEN HAVE BEEN TOLD that the skin repairs itself and works harder at night, so a night cream can enhance this natural process. Is this true?

Yes and no. There is good evidence that physiological changes do occur during sleep that may well affect skin. Less well documented are claims that using any kind of cream on the skin at night can further these changes.

"It is possible that certain hormonal changes that occur during the night may affect skin—particularly acne-prone skin," says Daniel Wagner, M.D., assistant professor of clinical neurology at The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center Sleep-Wake Disorders Center. "For instance, we know that the hormonal changes that spur puberty and ovulation begin during the night, and these same hormonal changes are often associated with skin conditions such as acne. Studies have found that in sleep-deprived rats, ulcerated skin lesions develop, though no one knows why, nor do we know whether comparable lesions could occur in humans. We often think of people who lack sleep as looking haggard, but these features may reflect the underlying stress causing sleeplessness and not lack of sleep.

"Most research indicates that sleep is not so much restorative as it is homeostatic; we may sleep primarily to keep body temperature—which drops during sleep—within a normal range."

Some preliminary data also indicate that certain enzymes in the body that repair DNA damage caused by sun exposure may be more active at night, once one is away from ultraviolet light. "But there's no published data proving that putting a certain cream on at night can heighten this activity," says Patricia Engasser, M.D., associate clinical professor of dermatology at Stanford University School of Medicine.

Dr. Engasser agrees, however, that there are practical reasons to use a different moisturizer at night. "Many moisturizers today contain sunscreens, which can irritate eyes and sometimes skin. Obviously, before going to sleep, it makes sense to use a moisturizer that doesn't contain one."

"You don't wear makeup when you sleep, so it's a time to use a more intense moisturizer," says Walter Smith, Ph.D., Estée Lauder's senior vice president, research and development.

Gels and lotions now provide intense moisturization through use of ingredients such as hyaluronic acid, which can hold moisture in skin without producing a shiny, oily effect. (Intelligent Skincare's new Profound Effect Dual System Eye Gel; Lancôme's Noctosôme Renewal Night Treatment.)

Beyond extra moisturizing, most night creams are now designed to soothe too. Estée Lauder's Night Repair Cellular Recovery Complex contains chamomile, a "de-puffing" ingredient that helps minimize skin inflammation. René Guinot's Hydrasève Night Long Moisturizer uses essential oils from plants and herbs to soothe.

Who really needs night creams?

"Women with very dry skin," says Dr. Engasser. "In general, women with acne should avoid them."

Morning eye puffiness, often thought to result from too little sleep, may simply be a result of one's sleep position. Says Dr. Wagner, "Sleeping with two pillows rather than one may use gravity to your advantage and prevent this." —**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

IMAGES ▶ 228

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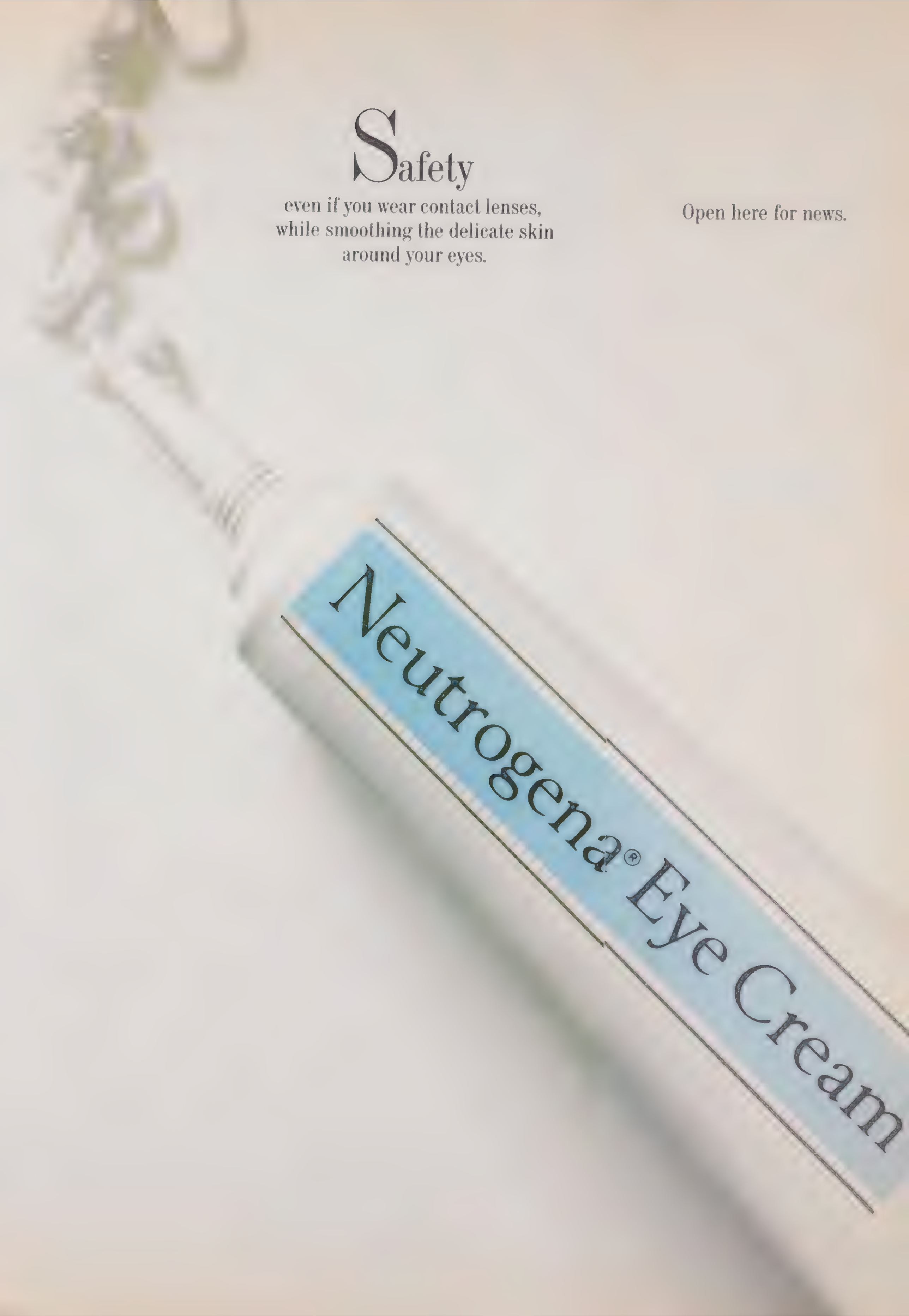

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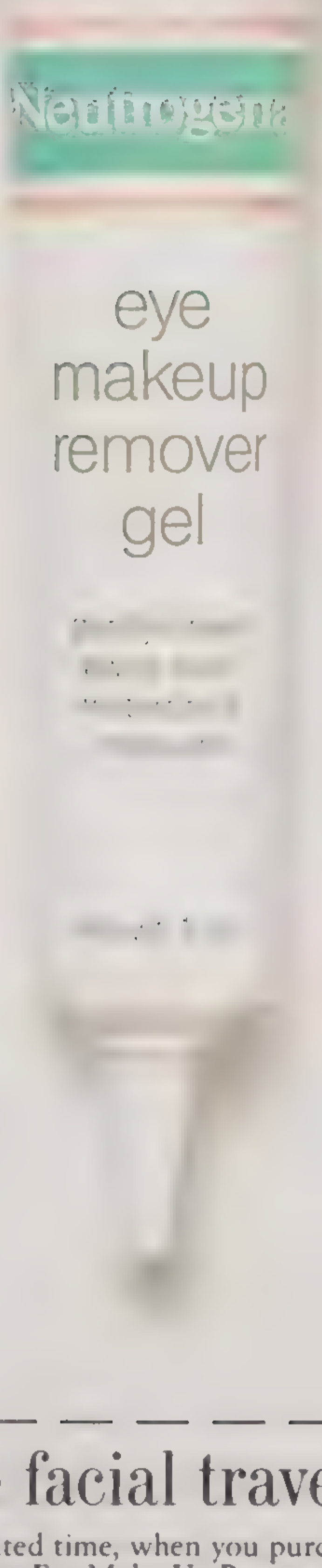

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For more information on Redken Amino Colors or Velocity 5 Permanent Wave or to have your hair questions answered–write to Redken Laboratories, Dept. H., 6625 Variel Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303. For free samples of Redken Classic haircare products or the name of the Redken salon nearest you, call 1-800-542-REDKEN.

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IMAGES: hair answers

Some women's hair requires more **conditioning** than others'. How to choose which conditioners to use

HAIR, LIKE ALL NATURAL FIBERS, NEEDS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF conditioning to be manageable, to repair damage, and to help prevent further breakage. But when women use the wrong kind of conditioner, or too much, limp, shapeless hair can result.

"Today, even hair that's never been colored or chemically treated in any way needs conditioning because chances are it's been exposed frequently to shampoos that can cause surfactant damage, or to heat-styling tools, sun, and pollution, which can break down the hair cuticle and make it vulnerable," says Ronald DiSalvo, Ph.D., director of research and product development for John Paul Mitchell Systems. "Most conditioners contain combinations of active ingredients, proteins to give hair strength, carbohydrate compounds to add flexibility, and lipids to give shine."

What does a woman do if her hair is fine, limp, and also damaged from coloring? "She should choose a conditioner for color-treated hair, and if possible find one that says it's formulated to add body," says Wilma F. Bergfeld, M.D., head of clinical dermatological research at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation. "All color-treated hair is fragile and needs a conditioner to build up its strength. Many penetrate the hair cuticle in the same way a moisturizer penetrates the skin's stratum corneum layer, building in moisture and flexibility and preventing breakage."

When conditioners are labeled "deep," it usually means they can penetrate hair's cuticle layer, giving longer-lasting protection. "These conditioners may be important for women with double-processed hair, that is, hair that's been both permed and colored," says Jim Crotty, program chemist for Gillette. "Daily conditioners shouldn't be left on the hair for more than five minutes, because as the water evaporates, the oilier ingredients become more difficult to wash out and weigh down hair." The new Silkience conditioners, for example, contain a patented ingredient called Hydrosil that improves "spreadability" over the hair, producing a finer, more rinsable film.

Even the leave-in type, once maligned for making hair "gummy," has been improved for women who need only light conditioning. Clairol's condition II Leave-In Intensive Treatment is 99 percent oil free and contains panthenol, a pro-vitamin that attracts moisture, making hair swell and adding body.

However, many women apply too much conditioner or keep it on too long. It's safer to avoid the roots when applying; better to begin about midway down the hair shaft, and then continue to the ends. Rinsing is very important.

What about a product that claims to be a shampoo and conditioner in one? Hugh Rushton, Ph.D., head of research for Philip Kingsley, says, "In general, these products contain surfactants for cleansing that are linked to silicone for conditioning, so they can combine the effects, but each action won't be as thorough as using two separate products."—**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

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FITNESS

Aerobic circuit training—a combination of strength and aerobic exercises—is today's state-of-the-art workout. JANETTE SCANDURA reports

AEROBIC CIRCUIT TRAINING, THE LATEST FITNESS craze to sweep the country, might just turn out to be the perfect exercise. Typically, aerobic circuit training (also called interval circuit training) combines a series of aerobic and weight-training exercises that simultaneously help to build both muscular strength and cardiovascular endurance. At its best, it's the ultimate workout: a total-body tune-up that takes less than one hour, three days a week.

Most women are familiar with weight circuit training (often done with Nautilus or Universal equipment), in which an exerciser moves in sequence between various weight machines in order to tone different muscle groups. What's new about aerobic circuit training: the insertion of aerobic stations (e.g., treadmills, stationary bikes, cross-country ski machines) into the routine. By alternating weight and aerobic stations, an exerciser takes the best of strength, aerobic, and flexibility exercises and combines them so they work synergistically.

GETTING ON THE CIRCUIT

Circuit training itself is not new. It was developed in the forties and fifties as a way to bring more variety and diversity to fitness programs. Back then, exercises were not done with weights but on a gym apparatus such as parallel bars, says Michael Pollock, Ph.D., who directs the University of Florida Center for Exercise Science in Gainesville. With the advent of exercise machines in the midseventies, people began doing weight circuits that promoted the idea of light- to moderate-weight/high-repetition training with little rest between exercises. At the same time, a San Francisco company began manufacturing apparatuses, signs, and instructions for outdoor exercise circuits based on the Swiss Vita-Parcours trails, and began setting them up along walking and running paths around the country. But it wasn't until the Australian method of combining aerobics with weight training was introduced in the United States a few years ago that aerobic circuit training really came into its own.

Combining exercises takes the pressure off joints and makes you more fit all around

Adding aerobic stations to the circuit training routine is the crucial change. Circuit weight training done without separate aerobic stations can improve cardiovascular endurance 5 percent—better than power lifting, but still not ideal. Add an aerobic component to the program and the picture changes: studies show that the mix can improve aerobic potential a whopping 17 percent while toning and shaping, explains Len Kravitz, director of the aerobic conditioning program at San Jose State University and author of *Anybody's Guide to Total Fitness* (Kendall/Hunt, 1989). Mixing aerobics with strength training also helps flush lactic acid from tired muscles—and that means fewer aches and pains the next day. And recent studies at the University of Illinois in Chicago suggest that the strength-training part of the workout may itself help improve aerobic endurance in well-conditioned athletes—something that earlier tests didn't show.

BENEFITS IN HALF THE TIME

In order to reap cardiovascular benefits from aerobic circuit training, participants must maintain the elevated heart rate generated at the aerobic stations by moving quickly from one station to the next. To maintain that heart rate, explains Jay Graves, Ph.D., an exercise physiologist also at the University of Florida Center for Exercise Science, it's also crucial that strength training exercises be done at an "aerobic" pace; that is, many quick repetitions with light weights. The emphasis is on toning and endurance rather than power. While traditionally one would do six or eight repetitions of an exercise at 80 percent of the maximum weight one can lift, in an aerobic circuit one does, say, twelve to sixteen reps, but lifts only 40 to 60 percent of one's maximum—and then rests thirty seconds between exercises, instead of a few minutes.

The strength training in an aerobic circuit training workout is done using free weights, machines, or calisthenics—often a combination of all three. Aerobic stations usually alternate with strength stations—so one does, for instance, forty-five seconds of leg extensions, followed by a minute-and-a-half bike ride, followed by thirty seconds of leg presses. An aerobic circuit training workout can begin and end with aerobics and have a short aerobic sprint (for example, on a rowing machine) in the middle of the routine as a transition between leg and arm work. This is weight work that tones and shapes muscles. "It's not for power lifters," says Joe Basante, a personal trainer who directs the Plus One Fitness Clinic in New York City.

There's no question that aerobic circuit training is probably the most time-effective workout one can do. "You can get in and out in forty-five minutes; I never take aerobics classes anymore," says Tony Deleede, who owns Australian Body Works in Atlanta. The aerobic circuit training classes at his clubs are so ▶ 236

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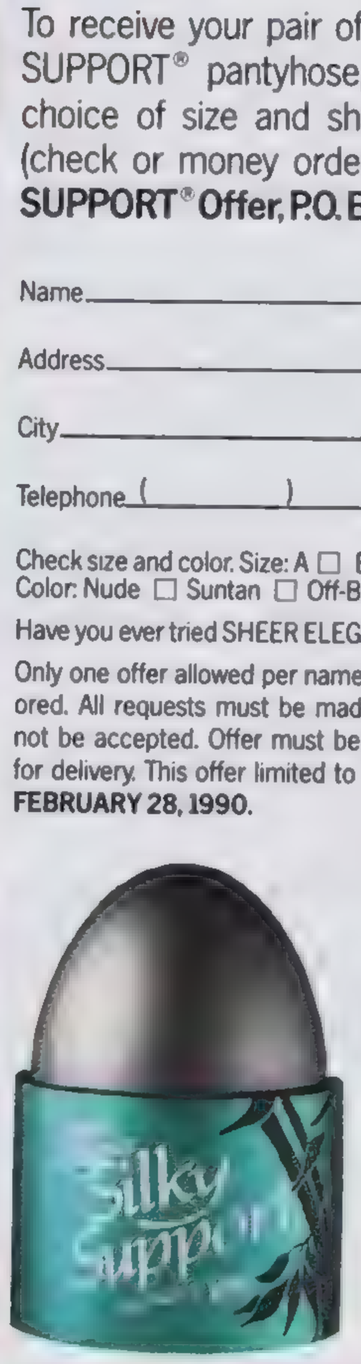

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4'11"	105–135	—	—
5'0"	100–140	—	141–180
5'1"	95–145	—	146–185
5'2"	90–130	131–150	151–190
5'3"	90–125	126–155	156–195
5'4"	95–120	121–160	161–195
5'5"	100–115	116–165	166–195
5'6"	—	105–165	166–190
5'7"	—	105–165	166–185
5'8"	—	110–160	161–180
5'9"	—	115–150	151–175
5'10"	—	120–145	146–170
5'11"	—	125–140	141–170
6'0"	—	—	141–160

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popular that Deleede has packaged a circuit training routine and video for corporate use. "Aerobic circuit training is a quick, disciplined workout," he says, "so it's great for businesspeople."

"Some people are comfortable with weight training but intimidated by aerobic classes; others are comfortable in a class but not in the weight room," says Henry Siegel, who co-owns The Voight Fitness and Dance Center in Los Angeles. With aerobic circuit training, one can derive the energy and motivation of a class but still work at one's own level. "People with a wide range of fitness levels, skill levels, and goals can work out side by side," says Siegel, "and they all get something out of it."

Another plus of aerobic circuit training programs is their flexibility: an exerciser can go one-on-one with a trainer, work out with a class, or go at it alone or with a video. Students in aerobic circuit classes may move around the gym doing a series of exercises in rotation, or they may stand in one place and follow the instructor through aerobic and strengthening movements. If you've got strong legs but a weak upper body, you can tailor your program to emphasize arm and chest work. If endurance is your primary goal, add more aerobic stations. As you get stronger, either increase the number of circuits you do or boost the intensity of each exercise—performing faster but still controlled repetitions of weight exercises, using slightly heavier weights, or increasing the wheel tension on a stationary bike. Making a workout more intense is more time-effective and increases the heart rate more efficiently.

More and more health clubs and spas (including Pollan-Austen Fitness Center in New York City and Cal-a-Vie in Vista, California) are beginning to offer circuit training classes. At The Voight Fitness and Dance Center in Los Angeles, students move through fifteen weight stations set up in a circle for a sort of New Age musical chairs. Each person does as many repetitions on a machine as she can in thirty seconds; the instructor calls, "Change," and the students have fifteen seconds to move to the next exercise. The class begins with ten minutes of aerobic warm-up exercise followed by three circuits, each separated by five minutes of aerobic dance. Students finish up with ten minutes of abdominal work before stretching out.

Combining exercises in one workout "takes the pressure off joints and works different muscle groups, making you more fit all around," says San Diego–based fitness consultant Tamilee Webb. Aerobic circuit training is state-of-the-art fitness: you get just enough of every type of exercise to shape up for almost any sport.

FITNESS ▶ 238

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FITNESS

Now that the health-club singles scene is passé, reports LIA ILGEN, women are beginning to rediscover the benefits of **women-only gyms**

WOMEN'S GYMS USED TO BE FILLED WITH VIBRATING belts, sauna suits, and a vague sense of lethargy. But today, female-only health clubs are truly on the move. Offering a serious alternative to the social atmosphere of coed gyms, single-sex clubs allow women to pursue total fitness at their own speed, with trainers who understand their needs.

According to experts, women are abandoning the coed gyms they flocked to just five years ago. "Back then, coed gyms were like singles bars; women went to meet men," says Cecil Spearman, CEO of the company that owns the California-based Girl's Gym. "Today women want to work up a sweat without distractions." Adds Laurie Wise, fitness director for NYC's Profile Fitness Club for Women, "Our club lets women skip the makeup and focus on getting stronger."

The baby-boom generation, which once went to coed clubs, has matured in its fitness outlook. "Our clients are busy women with many other commitments, but they know the value of fitness and they want the best workout possible in the limited amount of time they have available," notes Gale Welter, director of the Chicago-based Women's Club. To that end, The Women's Club, like many women's gyms today, is a full-service facility—complete with pool, track, weight equipment, aerobics, and extras such as massage and sauna. The club also offers something few coed facilities are willing to deliver: child-care services. Run by trained child-care specialists, the service is available throughout the day, with a two-hour limit, allowing mothers plenty of time to pursue a full workout routine.

Profile Fitness Club for Women also prides itself on accommodating the demanding schedules of its female clientele. Says fitness director Wise, "We can get our members in and out in an hour." Owner Joyce Laitman also stresses the club's seriousness; instead of a hair and nail salon, Profile offers massage services.

A crucial factor for success in the women-only market: machinery designed with women's needs in mind. According to Profile's head trainer, Tom Furgiuele, "In most coed gyms, the lowest weight for bench-pressing is a forty-five-pound barbell; the average woman starting a fitness program can't come close to bench-pressing half of that." Profile specially orders lighter weights, as well as scaled-down exercise machines that better fit women's smaller skeletal systems.

Women-only health clubs have also found success in catering to two relatively untapped niches: the deconditioned and forty-plus markets. Women's gyms, enthusiasts claim, are a beat ahead of the industry in creating a nonthreatening environment for out-of-shape women, many of whom are older mothers with more time for fitness now that their children have grown up and moved away from home.

However, some coed industry power brokers—like the Health & Tennis Corporation of America, which oversees such properties as Jack LaLanne and Holiday Health Spas—don't plan to cash in on the women-only business, preferring to post certain hours for single-sex workouts and therefore cater to both markets.

This may be a wise plan, considering that several female-only gyms across the country have been successfully sued by men who claim that their single-sex policy is discriminatory. In one California case, Los Angeles attorney Gloria Allred argued that the club's policy violated her client's civil rights and that he was a victim of unlawful sex discrimination. (The same attorney has also brought similar charges against the Friar's Club in New York.) The Women Only club in Studio City, in turn, defended its single-sex policy as protecting a woman's right to privacy. As a result of the settlement last winter, the club allowed men to join; the plaintiff in the lawsuit received a year's free membership. Sexual discrimination laws vary from state to state; a similar suit is pending in Maryland.

Nevertheless, most women-only club owners are optimistic about the future of their businesses—and many have hammered out aggressive expansion plans. Mark Harrington, co-owner of the two Healthworks Fitness Centers in Massachusetts, says his female-only business has increased 10 to 15 percent in the past few years, and he has devised a five-year plan to open six to eight more clubs in the Boston market.

So if you want to be where the boys *aren't,* head for a single-sex gym—where the workout is designed with a woman's needs in mind. ♥ FITNESS ▶ 240

Women-only gyms across the country

Girl's Gym
3251 Laguna Canyon Rd.
Laguna Beach, CA 92651
(714) 497-5464

Women Only
4070 Laurel Canyon Blvd.
Studio City, CA 91604
(818) 766-5657

The Women's Club
1400 East Golf Rd.
Rolling Meadow, IL 60008
(312) 806-6636

Healthworks
Fitness Center
84 Highland Pl.
Salem, MA 01970
(508) 745-7390

Profile Fitness Club
for Women
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New York, NY 10017
(212) 697-7177

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FITNESS NOTES

Fat rackets

Tennis rackets evolved from wood to metal to composite; then oversize rackets revolutionized the scene. Now there's another breakthrough in racket design: the wide-body, which, many experts claim, has already made its skinny predecessors obsolete.

When viewed from the side, the Wilson Profile—the first and best-selling wide-body racket—is, at certain points along its frame, almost twice as thick as a conventional racket. These added millimeters make the racket extra stiff; and, explains Steve Davis, research and development director at Prince Manufacturing (another maker of wide-body models), "The stiffer the racket, the less it deflects upon impact with the ball; the less deflection, the more power." In fact, these super-performing wide-bodies may provide too much pace and depth for some players to handle: a big swing from an inexperienced player could send a tennis ball zooming beyond the baseline.

Stiff-headed rackets, moreover, don't absorb shock well, which has led some medical experts to worry that wide-bodies—now being produced by almost every major manufacturer—may result in arm injuries. Racket companies are now producing wide-bodies in a variety of frame shapes; each company claims its designs maximize safety without compromising performance.

Power does not come cheap: wide-bodies generally cost more than two hundred dollars. Still, many players find this a low price to pay for a better game; manufacturers claim they can't distribute enough of the rackets to keep up with demand.

A "La-La-Land" spa

No matter that the atmosphere at L.A.'s Beverly Hot Springs veers toward kitsch (a towering gold statue marked with acupuncture points and clothed in a red bathing suit stands a stone's throw away from a magnificent grand piano and a two-story waterfall). There's no denying that the Springs' physical pleasures are genuinely sybaritic. In addition to the tiled lagoon of alkaline waters, there's a sauna and steam room, a water-spewing stone dragon, and an icy-cold plunge pool.

The California oil drillers who accidentally discovered the springs around the turn of the century wouldn't believe the treatments available today. Shiatsu and other types of massage are only the beginning. For twenty-five dollars, you can get a thorough body scrub—the kind most bathers haven't had since they were five years old. The luxe body scrub (forty dollars), straight out of Hollywood in the thirties, uses a milk, honey, baby oil, and cucumber mix to leave skin as smooth as Jean Harlow's satin sheets.

Beverly Hot Springs offers nourishment as well as pampering. A number of different teas are sold in its Korean restaurant; and, for those who don't believe in the healing power of hot springs, the black-lacquer café serves a curative ginseng chicken soup. Beverly Hot Springs, 308 North Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles; (213) 734-7000.

Videos get versatile

Exercise-video best-sellers abound, but no one tape can satisfy every woman's individual fitness needs. How can a woman find the tape that's right for her? One answer: Collage Video, a mail-order company that lists nearly two hundred exercise videos in its catalog. This free guide describes the style and content of each tape down to details such as music and set design, and also includes reviews from several major magazines. Write to: Video Exercise Catalog, Department G, 5390 Main Street NE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55421.

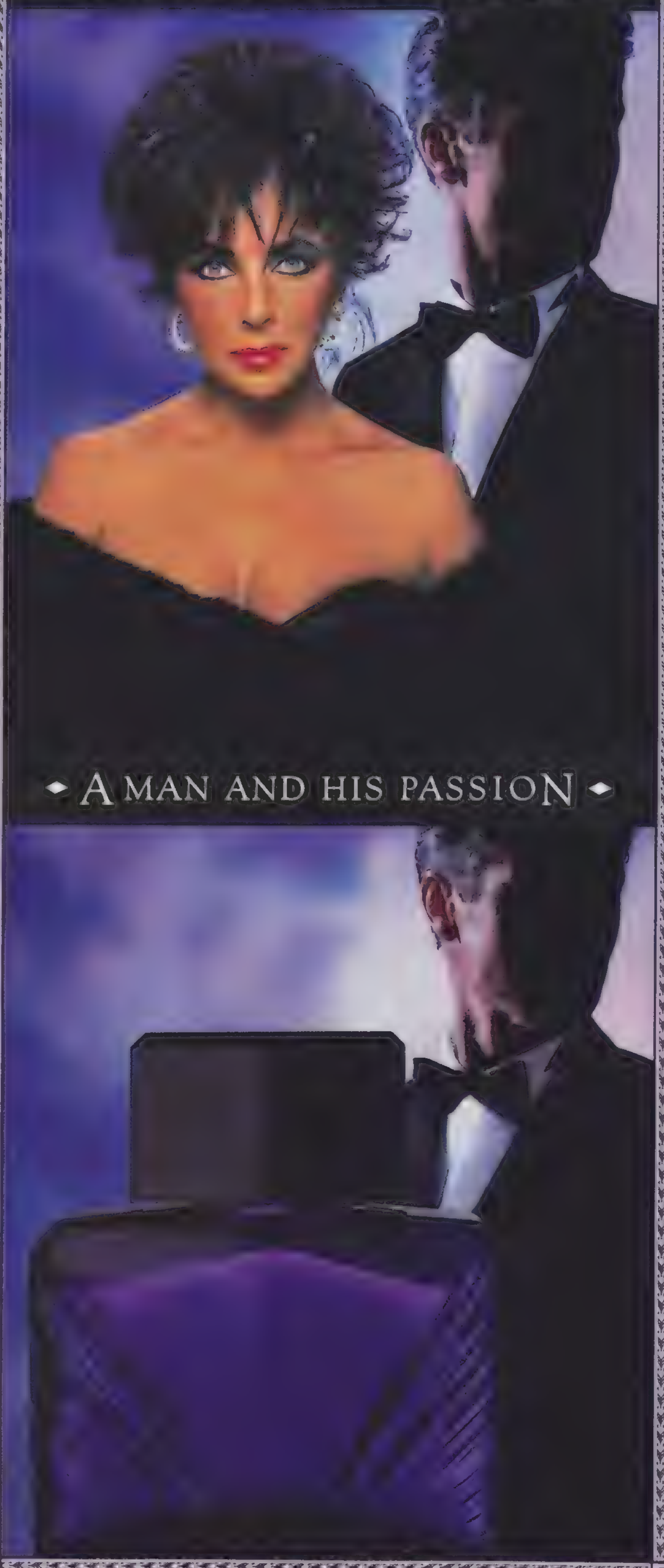
Some exercise pros have taken the idea of individualized videos even further—to custom-made fitness tapes. Produced by personal trainers, these exercise videos are less expensive and more convenient than in-person sessions and can meet an individual's unique physical and motivational needs. Some experts providing this service: in New York City, Stephanie Herman (212/496-2213); in Los Angeles, Risa Sheppard (213/650-5627); in Boston, Joy Higgins of Fitness to Go (617/964-9565).

Fitting in fitness

Today health clubs are responding to the needs of time-pressed executives with innovative, flexible programs. NYC's Cardio-Fitness Centers, for example, boast a one-hour in/out "guarantee"—in part because their limited membership keeps lines from forming at exercise stations. So executives won't have to skip lunch to work out, many fitness centers now provide light meals. At NYC's Atrium Club, guests can order healthy meals-to-go before their workouts and pick them up after class.

A growing alternative to long aerobics classes: a cardiovascular circuit—stationary bike to treadmill to rowing machine to StairMaster—which ensures an efficient thirty-minute workout. To keep things moving at the East Bank Club in Chicago, the aerobic equipment beeps after six minutes of use, giving the exerciser twenty seconds to move between stations. At the Beverly Hills Health Club, teaching members to work out correctly is the key to saving time: all members receive a minimum of eight personal sessions to get started.

A MAN AND HIS PASSION



A MAN AND HIS PASSION

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

METROPOLITAN STRIFE While New York and much of the nation focuses on the city's contentious mayoral race, the real drama is unfolding in Washington, D.C. Alleged cocaine user and **friend of felons** Mayor Marion Barry is being challenged by his former police chief, Maurice Turner, who has turned Republican. Erstwhile Barry buddy **Jesse Jackson** is also threatening to enter the fray, although his much-touted groundswell of support has yet to emerge. An indignant Barry insists that contributors to his rivals owe him five times as much, and Turner's got problems of his own. His newly adopted party is outnumbered nine to one in the nation's capital. . . . In Los Angeles, the table talk is of a different nature. **Maidnapping** among acquaintances has gotten so out of hand in the platinum triangle that includes Beverly Hills, Bel Air, and Holmby Hills that one couple whose maid deserted them is scripting a sitcom on the subject. Good help—live-ins who cost $250 to $600 a week—is so in demand that even the very rich are forced to answer their own doors, lest a visitor try to lure away a superior butler. . . . **FOX FIRE** After losing more than $90 million last year, things at Fox Broadcasting are finally looking up. Thanks to the success of such shows as *Cops*, *America's Most Wanted*, and the deliberately obnoxious *Married...with Children*, the network's 1988–1989 losses have been trimmed to a paltry $3 million. Meanwhile, in order to boost its flagging film division, the parent company has brought in new man Joe Roth as chairman. Roth, a director, is being billed as the first real filmmaker to run a Hollywood studio since former Fox titan Darryl Zanuck. The analogy's problem lies in Roth's credits: his films include *Revenge of the Nerds II* and *Coupe de Ville*. Due next spring, *Coupe de Ville*'s main character is a 1954 Cadillac. . . . **BIOMANIA** The urge to divulge continues. Scribner's has signed former Secretary of State George Shultz to pen two books—one on the art of diplomacy, the other a memoir of his six and a half years in office. The latter should prove pretty slim—the most exciting foreign policy story of his tenure was Iran-contra, a subject about which Shultz professes to know nothing. . . . Already there's a "definitive" Bush biography. Written by fellow preppy Fitzhugh Green, *George Bush: An Intimate Portrait* (Hippocrene Books) provides nothing new, unless you count the revelation that the prez can't hold his liquor—he goes to sleep after more than two drinks. . . . **HAREM SCAREM** Texans everywhere were outraged when Jerry Jones, an outsider from Arkansas, plopped down $146 million for the sainted **Dallas Cowboys** and fired coach-for-life Tom Landry. However, the real killer came when Jones announced that the Cowboys' cheerleaders, symbols of purity and subjects of TV movies, could actually socialize with team members and perform where alcohol is served. Citing the "high moral standards" that separate them from other squads, the girls protested, and a chastened Jones learned a lesson about **Texan honor.** And they say it isn't really another country. . . . Sports fans interested in such gripping drama will soon have a new place to turn. Former *New York Post* publisher Peter Price is launching *The National*, a daily all-sports tabloid that will debut in January with former *Sports Illustrated* star Frank Deford at the helm. . . . **RAGIN' CAJUN** After hosts of imitators have tried and failed, famed New Orleans chef Paul Prudhomme has finally brought his authentic Cajun cuisine to Manhattan. After a trial run last August, Prudhomme left a chef and manager behind to open a permanent spot at Broadway and Houston streets. . . . For those who prefer to stay in, lifestyle maven Martha Stewart and CBS Records offer the latest in home entertaining. Called Dinner Classics, they're five compact discs of classical music paired with appropriate menus, recipes, and tips from Martha Herself. Thus "The Sunday Brunch Album" features pecan waffles with Bach and Vivaldi; "The Italian Album" serves up Verdi with the fettuccine. So far, there's no **Neville Brothers** with blackened redfish. —**JULIA REED**

GIMME, GIMME

The most effective message to come out of the current administration to date also contained the best catchphrase. In a recent speech, budget director Richard Darman accused Americans of "now-nowing"—a Tom Wolfeian term referring to our notorious unwillingness to plan for the future. Deploring the nation's low level of investment, Darman said, "Like the spoiled fifties child in the recently revived commercial, we seem on the verge of a collective scream: 'I want my Maypo; I want it NOW!' "

BRIT BELLE

Vanessa Redgrave is rapidly filling the shoes of tireless southern heroine Geraldine Page. This month she opens in Tennessee Williams's *Orpheus Descending*; next, she'll star in the film version of Carson McCullers's *Ballad of the Sad Café* from Merchant & Ivory.

bringing up

Hollywood appears to be growing up. David Edelstein examines the results; Anne Thompson assesses the bottom line

LATELY THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF WINDY TALK ABOUT the return of "grown up" movies—car chases and teen high jinks are out, adults and their feelings are in. Audiences want a kinder, gentler cinema: *Field of Dreams, Parenthood, Dead Poets Society, When Harry Met Sally*. . . . Even a sci-fi hardware epic like *The Abyss* (which should have been called *Sea of Love*) dissolves into a quivery vision of New Age togetherness.

Have the movies grown up? Not really, but they sure think they have; filmmakers are patting themselves on the back so hard that it's surprising they don't have whiplash. Tremulous, starry-eyed, they've become proselytizers for the New Sincerity.

The eighties in American culture was the age of irony—of Bill Murray and David Letterman. Feelings were square; anyone with passions or convictions was the butt of the joke. Irony permitted people who'd lived through the counterculture to reconcile themselves to Reagan-era self-interest. They could be selfish and materialistic—yet tell themselves it was all tongue in cheek. They were establishment, yet they were hip.

But the folks who make movies learned something from their long hours of therapy and rehab: that all this irony alienated them from their real feelings. If everything could be joked about then nothing had meaning, and if nothing had meaning then how could they live with themselves when they stopped doing coke and getting laid every night with someone different?

As if to make up for all that lost time, 1989 has witnessed a fanatical outpouring of the New Sincerity. Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan learn they can be friends and lovers both; aliens help Ed Harris and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio admit their love to each other after years of snarling; daddy and ironist Steve Martin faces up to things instead of joking about them (and says "I love you" for the first time—for real). Even *sex, lies, and videotape*—with its cool, ironic style—is finally about owning up to what you feel. (The hero helps a woman learn she's living a lie; she cures him of his impotence by forcing him to be honest about his emotions.)

If the sixties were about the overthrow of the patriarchy, of the Fathers Who Knew Best for so many years—the FDRs, Ikes, Henry Luces, Robert Youngs—then the New Sincerity asks, "How can we bring Dad back (or become Dad) without betraying what we've learned?" In *Field of Dreams*, Kevin Costner realizes he and his generation rejected Dad too cruelly; they didn't appreciate his beauty and nobility (which is symbolized by the game of baseball). Even Indiana Jones admits his feelings for his dad after years of sublimation with bullwhips.

Grown up? Maybe in therapy, but not in films. Mature works of art court ambiguity, irresolution; they don't dissolve into sloppy wish fulfillment, like the brain-dead finales of *Field of Dreams, Parenthood, sex, lies, and videotape,* and *The Abyss*. Only the extraordinary *Casualties of War* (the feel-bad movie of the year) defies the New Sincerity—it's about how human beings reconcile themselves to committing atrocities against innocent people. Even when they speak up about their real feelings, the feelings themselves remain unspeakable. The dark side doesn't vanish in a poof of New Age haze.—**DAVID EDELSTEIN**

TOP LEFT, ***Field of Dreams;*** ABOVE, ***The Abyss;*** LEFT, ***Casualties of War.***

Clockwise from top left: MELINDA SUE GORDON; RICHARD FOREMAN; Columbia Pictures

baby

Forthcoming movies explore love, war, sex, and politics—in adult terms and without recourse to rock sound tracks

THROUGHOUT MOST OF ITS HISTORY, HOLLYWOOD has aimed its movies at the widest possible audience: adults. In recent years, however, movies have become so identified with kids that it was considered a big deal this summer when the earnest drama *Dead Poets Society*, the urban romance *When Harry Met Sally...*, and the baby-boomer comedy *Parenthood* stood up to, and in some cases outgunned, the big sequels.

The success of these movies, and the high expectations for the many adult-themed fall and Christmas releases, underscore changes in both Hollywood and the movie audience. The industry is finally recognizing that a generation raised on Lucas/Spielberg movies is hungry for more mature stories. Unlike their parents, this generation is continuing to go to movies after the age of thirty. They are also the most frequent renters of videocassettes, which has had the effect of actually expanding the adult movie market.

The warning signs of an audience shift began as far back as 1986, when movies like *Platoon*, *Stand by Me*, and *Hannah and Her Sisters* cleaned up at the box office. Once-secure genres, such as sci-fi fantasies, *Saturday Night Live*–style comedies, and sound-track movies, suddenly seemed risky. "There was saturation and burnout," says Interscope production executive David Madden. "People realized that you couldn't make any more getting-laid-for-the-first-time movies."

The major studios also couldn't ignore the fact that literate, independently produced movies like *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, *The Trip to Bountiful*, and *A Room with a View* were pulling in sizable audiences. By 1987, the studios were doing so well with their own grown-up movies (56 percent of the year's top twenty-five money-makers) that they began to drive the independents right out of business—and continue to do so. With quality a new priority, rates for accomplished screenwriters are skyrocketing, and once-reclusive stars are being tempted back to work. Paul Newman has two big pictures coming up (*Fat Man and Little Boy* and *Blaze*); Sean Connery stars in *The Hunt for Red October* and teams up with Dustin Hoffman in *Family Business;* and Jack Nicholson is finally getting to direct, and star in, *The Two Jakes*, the sequel to *Chinatown*.

Meanwhile, the fortunes of the overpublicized Brat Pack are on the wane. Only two young stars currently have box-office clout: Tom Cruise and Michael J. Fox. Significantly, their new movies—respectively, *Born on the Fourth of July* and *Casualties of War*—are both intensely serious, thoughtful dramas. "The key," says Universal vice president James Jacks, "is that movies have to be intelligent again."—**ANNE THOMPSON**

Adapted from the Carlos Fuentes novel, **Old Gringo** follows the lives of two disillusioned Americans—an old maid, Harriet Winslow (Jane Fonda), and an aging writer, Ambrose Bierce (Gregory Peck)—escaping their pasts in Pancho Villa's Mexican revolution. Through their involvements with the catalytic General Arroyo (a swaggeringly appealing Jimmy Smits), a strange love triangle emerges. Fonda gives an intricate and polemic-free performance as the ultimate late bloomer. Peck makes a vigorous comeback as the garrulous author. Director Luis Puenzo (*The Official Story*) effectively evokes both the sweep of history and the conflicts organizing his characters' personal desires, creating in Fuentes's own words an "epic intimacy." Although hooted at the Cannes festival, the film gracefully restores old-fashioned romance to the screen.

Set in Los Alamos during the last three years of the war, Roland Joffe's **Fat Man and Little Boy** explores the human conflicts behind an inhuman invention. Paul Newman stars as Major General Groves, the Manhattan Project's director, and Dwight Schultz plays Robert Oppenheimer, his troubled, troublesome prodigy, whose sexual high jinks with a card-carrying Communist (Natasha Richardson) imperil the mission and enliven the story.

Steel Magnolias enlarges Robert Harling's modest off-Broadway play with grand scenery and grander stars. Sally Field, Shirley MacLaine, Dolly Parton, Olympia Dukakis, Daryl Hannah, and Julia Roberts temper their Oscar bids with sympathetic interaction as six southern women who noisily endure life, marriage, death, and each other. Sam Shepard (Dolly's husband) leaves them to it. ▶ 250

Top to bottom: Columbia Pictures; PETER SOREL; Tri-Star Pictures

Kurt Markus © Banana Republic 1990

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MOVIES

Donald Sutherland stars in **A Dry White Season** as a Johannesburg schoolteacher whose naive acceptance of apartheid is ruptured by the murder of his black gardener. Set against the Soweto uprising in 1976, the movie tracks the devastating consequences of his political awakening. It also briefly features Marlon Brando looking like the heftiest attorney in cinematic (and maybe legal) history.

Bob Rafelson (*Five Easy Pieces*) directs **Mountains of the Moon,** an account of the early, erroneous discovery of the source of the Nile—the Victorian equivalent of the first moon landing. Two explorers from opposing backgrounds are united by their enthusiasm, only to be destroyed by ambition in this double-edged study of British imperialism.

Norman Jewison directs **In Country,** taken from Bobbie Ann Mason's novel about a family's struggle to heal the wounds of war. A young girl (Emily Lloyd) who lost her father in Vietnam before she could know him tries to come to terms with her pain. Now living with her uncle (Bruce Willis), also a veteran of the war, she vents her anger and confusion on him. Jewison, who also directed *Moonstruck*, sees the film as "a return to the confrontational filmmaking of the sixties."

The Handmaid's Tale, from Margaret Atwood's futuristic, allegorical novel, stars Natasha Richardson as the slave-camp concubine trapped in a subservient relationship with her commander (Robert Duvall) and an illicit affair with his chauffeur (Aidan Quinn). Harold Pinter, no stranger to allegory, wrote the screenplay; Volker Schlöndorff, best known for another high-toned literary adaption (*The Tin Drum*), directs.

Starring Denzel Washington, Matthew Broderick, and Cary Elwes, **Glory** sets the record straight about black participation in the Civil War. Director Edward Zwick (cocreator of *thirtysomething*) commemorates one of the first black regiments, the 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and its attack on Battery Wagner—a battle that proved pivotal to ultimate Union victory. The film legitimates the role of black Americans in forming the country.

Accused of horrific war crimes, a retired Chicago steelworker is suddenly forced to account for his distant past in Hungary. **Music Box,** directed by Costa-Gavras, weaves a taut, suspenseful narrative around his ensuing trial, as his attorney daughter (Jessica Lange), representing him in court, struggles to believe in his protested innocence. Leaving the courthouse for Budapest, the movie builds to a climactic ending. Like all good cliff-hangers, this one goes right to the wire.

The third version of the classic weepie, **Stella** stars Bette Midler as a single working-class eccentric bringing up her daughter, Jenny (Trini Alvarado), in upstate New York. When the absentee father presents Jenny with an opportunity for a better life, Stella drives her away in a supreme act of self-denial. "The movie," says Midler, "is a kind of hymn to my mother."

Jack is back as P.I. Jake Gittes in **The Two Jakes,** the long-awaited sequel to *Chinatown*. The scene is familiar: corruption at the foundations of modern L.A. Its water supply now in place, the hot issue has become real estate. Harvey Keitel plays a developer who, deftly layering motives, grabs a big piece of the burgeoning San Fernando valley. Nicholson investigates and directs the film. ◆

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THEATER

Laurence Olivier cast a spell over all actors. SIMON CALLOW recalls his own enchantment

Olivier filled every moment of his roles with physical detail: here, a brooding Hamlet.

OUR GREATEST OF MEN IS DEAD. EVERY ENGLISH ACtor, even those who didn't always admire his work (and there are plenty), feels the loss. There is a tangible absence, a vacancy, an emptiness. He permeated every aspect of the profession, as actor, director, producer, above all, perhaps, as leader; he set the parameters, defined the terms. And in some strange way, he made sure that there would be no one to follow him.

I was under his spell more than most. Like many children of my generation, I had seen and been terrified by his *Richard III* on film. The combination of threat and allure seemed to me what acting should be. I wanted to do it. I couldn't think of how, though, and I repined in the mind-numbing misery of a wholesale booksellers' until I discovered the National Theatre at the Old Vic, then only five years old. The productions—*The Royal Hunt of the Sun, Juno and the Paycock, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*—were brilliant, but there was something else that made visits there different from any other kind of theatergoing. It was the sense that everybody in the building, ushers as well as actors, designers, and cloak-room attendants, was working toward the same end. Someone had welded them together. I concluded that that person was Laurence Olivier, and I sat down and wrote him a three-page letter to tell him so. It was a nonsensically inflated panegyric in which I told him that his theater made one feel proud to be English (but it did!). He replied by return of post.

"Since you seem to like our theater so much," he said, "why don't you come and work here?" My heart stopped. "There's a vacancy in the box office." I breathed again. Within a couple of weeks, I was installed at the Vic, in a little office far away from the public gaze, but feeling plugged in to whatever it was that had created the extraordinary atmosphere in the auditorium. At tea breaks and during the lunch hour I would steal into the theater to eavesdrop on rehearsals, but I never managed to catch Sir Laurence—"Sir," as he was invariably spoken of—actually at it. He was more likely to be found, bespectacled and suited, at Aquinas Street in the improvised cabins that passed for offices, just around the corner from the theater, where he planned and negotiated and charmed money ▶ 256

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out of governments. If you bumped into him, he would greet you in his persona of absentminded Uncle Larry, a dear old duffer who'd never been inside a theater in his life. "And how are things in the BOX OFFICE?" he'd ask, endowing the little shoe box from which we dispensed tickets with a hitherto unsuspected charisma. He always—well, almost always—knew one's name, as he did that of every other person working for the organization. Wonderful memory, one thought at the time, not knowing that it was agonizingly hard for him, a matter of sitting down for hours on end with photographs, trying to match them with lists of names.

It wasn't till some weeks into my employment that I actually saw him on stage, and then it was Edgar in *The Dance of Death*, and I was shaken to the core. I had never seen, and have never since seen, any actor on any stage whose physical impact could compare with his. It was almost too much, the orchestral range of the voice, the shapes created by the body. Every moment of the role was filled with some expressive detail, and every part of the actor's equipment was deployed to reveal it: eyes, fingers, feet, back, neck, elbows, mouth, ears, all at the disposal of a central, controlling intelligence. His Edgar was, he often said, a highly personal piece of work, "not a line in it," he told Michael Meyer, the translator, "that I haven't said to one of my wives." But what struck the young aspirant in the stalls was the massive generosity of the performance, the way in which he had lavished work, energy, skill, and imagination on animating the unhappy captain.

Something was born in me at that moment, and something died. I knew now what could be achieved with acting, and I knew that I could never come within a million miles of what Laurence Olivier did. My faith in the theater as a medium was fixed for all time, but I knew that if I were to act, I would have to find a very different path from his. I could never compete in the glory stakes. My ambition for myself, some part of it, died; but my aspiration for the theater grew.

I saw him often after that, whenever I could. I saw him be sublime and I saw him be dreadful (occasionally, taking over a small role at the National for fun, he would make very heavy weather of it). But I never saw him be lazy or casual or anything less than absolute in his service to his craft. After I left the Vic, I went to university and then to drama school, and to pay my way, I returned to the Vic as an usher, where I saw him, often, as Shylock, his last great role. Line after line was illuminated by some detail, scene after scene filled with the boldest gestures, as for instance, his dance of grief over Jessica's desertion, clinging to one of her dresses, keening and yowling his pain. And then the terrible offstage screams after the judgment. His dresser at the time told me that in between screams, he used to give his order for the bar: SCREAM—two gin and tonics, love—SCREAM. All I can report is that in twenty or so performances that I attended, the scream never faltered from its pitch of intensity, nor did the hairs on the back of my neck ever fail to rise, or tears start in my eyes.

He was a god of acting. It was a terrible shock to catch a glimpse of him from time to time, these last few years, a walking example of Nature's revenge. She, whom he had defied for fifty years, pushing his initially far from robust body into every possible shape, giving us the illusion that he was six foot six and broad as a barrel, a gladiator, a toreador, a giant, and a king, ate away at his frame, paralyzing his muscles, devastating his organs, shrinking his bulk till he seemed at last like a tiny, ancient child, still impeccably turned out, sharp and smart as ever, but reduced, scaled down, as if bewitched by some magician's spell. I never met him in these years. I was terrified to do so. What I felt for him—what many of us felt for him—was overwhelming, beyond ordinary chat. Now he's dead, and we have to start all over again. We have to refashion the image of the actor. Nobody could compete with the man who made up the rules. It will be hard to forget, though, what he told us an actor can be. ♥

THEATER ▶ 258

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BULLOCK'S

THEATER

Tim Robbins comes to off-Broadway, via Hollywood. KATHERINE DIECKMANN learns why

TIM ROBBINS IS WINDING UP A HEARTFELT DIATRIBE ON Oliver North, the Iran-contra scandal, and the illusion of a free press with the conviction of a seasoned skeptic. Just as he declares, "What we're discovering, then, is Americans accept that gangsters are running the government," the head of a blond production assistant pops up just outside the window of his trailer. "Hair and makeup in twenty minutes," she chirps.

Movie-star proselytizers are an irksome breed, but Robbins is more sincere than self-righteous. His boyishness (he seems to have never quite grown into his lumbering six-foot-four frame) and low-key charm make him an unlikely heartthrob. He's more like the contemplative civil rights organizer in *Five Corners*, his best film work to date, than the good-natured goofs he's better known for: *Bull Durham*'s bumbling pitcher or the geeky video director in *Tapeheads*. While most young actors would be eager to hype an enviable roster of current and future movies, Hollywood anecdotes don't enter a dialogue with Tim Robbins, at least not if he has anything to do with it.

In fact, here on the Long Island City set of *Cadillac Man*, in which Robbins plays a chronically jealous Brooklyn schlub (complete with a demi-pompadour and a heavy silver bracelet reading *Donna*), he never once refers to costar Robin Williams. It's not because he dislikes Williams—that much is clear when the two discuss how to attack their next scene using munchkin voices. Robbins's thoughts simply drift toward the polemical. And talk of polemics usually centers on his work with the Actors' Gang, an L.A.–based experimental-theater group Robbins helped found in 1981. The group recently made its New York debut at the Public Theater with *Carnage*, a satire on fundamentalist preachers, which Robbins co-wrote and directed.

As the most celebrated member of a theater collective (like John Malkovich and Steppenwolf or Willem Dafoe and the Wooster Group), Robbins's fame helps bring controversial work some needed publicity. The group's plays address politically charged subjects with what Robbins calls a "feverish" energy. "We try to tackle large subjects, in a context of leaders and power brokers."

The habit of interrogating institutions comes naturally to Robbins, who was raised in Greenwich Village in the sixties and marched with his parents in demonstrations (now he appears at them with his companion, Susan Sarandon, and their baby). Robbins has drawn on his upbringing, and his father's stint as a folksinger, in his first film script, *Times Are Changing Back*, a mock documentary about a singer-songwriter who appropriates classic protest techniques "to further the message of a me-first society." Noting wryly that "celebrity does provide an audience," Robbins is more likely than most aspiring filmmakers to get his movie made. He could become that Hollywood rarity: a bankable actor who doesn't just spout liberal beliefs but actively tries to shape people's thinking about them.

High-minded as that sounds, Robbins sees his work, particularly through the Actors' Gang, as *gravitas* tempered with a healthy dose of humor. "We take chances with things intellectuals won't touch. We dare to be entertaining." Robbins laughs. "And we dare to be stupid." Of course, it's even more daring to be smart. ♥

FRANS VAN DER HEYDEN

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MACY*S

Shedding her past, **Liza Minnelli** reinvents herself as a postdisco dance queen. DAVID TOOP finds the sequins gone but the sparkle intact

LIZA MINNELLI HAS REALLY BEEN CONFRONTING LIFE'S challenges in recent months. For one thing, she's been trying to grow English perennials in the garden of her new log cabin in upstate New York. For another, she has decided that, at this point in her life, she's willing to upset people. Both efforts appear to be failing. The perennials need the anarchy of English weather and everybody, including Frankie and Sammy and Michael and the young waitress in the Chelsea pasta restaurant where she ate yesterday, loves her new record with the Pet Shop Boys.

London's Savoy Hotel, with all its English starch and hush, has a sentimental resonance for Liza. Her mother used to stay here. As we talk, the corners of her suite are staked out by an entourage that could best be described as Garlandesque. Personal assistants, managers, and managers' representatives cluster and disperse in silent formations. It's Sunday afternoon, and Liza is almost relaxing in a pink blouse with an ankle-length collar and plunging, if not plunged, neckline. Hanging from a chain around her neck is a gold pendant, just big enough to pass as casual wear for a Washington, D.C., crack dealer.

"All I've ever listened to in my whole life," she says, perhaps overstating the case a little, "is rock and roll." Up to now, of course, we'd never have guessed. As a singer, dancer, actress, and second-generation celebrity, Liza has had a spectacular career that always seemed located in the wrong era. Her professional associates—Sammy Davis, Jr., Frank Sinatra, Charles Aznavour—are all of the old school, survivors of an age before Jerry Lee Lewis and Guns 'n' Roses. At the age of forty-three, Liza has had enough. She wants to rock.

Collaborating with the Pet Shop Boys, Britain's confutation of the Bruce Springsteen experience, was not necessarily a logical step, but the result, called *Results*, works wonderfully. It includes a Stephen Sondheim tune, versions of two previous Pet Shop Boys hits, and six new songs they wrote for her. "I like story songs that are like little movies," says Liza, and that is what they are—passionate, dramatic, and ridden with torch-song tragedy. "Kinda Gregorian chant melodies with terrific semicynical words," she elaborates. Her friends approve of the album, too. "I talked to Billy Joel," she says. "I talked to Cyndi Lauper; I talked to Joan Jett, who is a good friend of mine. And Michael . . . *J*," she adds, discreetly ensuring that we know which Michael has just entered the conversation.

At the age of forty-three, Liza has had enough of singing cabaret tunes. She wants to rock

The phone rings. It is Neil Tennant of the Pet Shop Boys. The conversation is brief, warm, and double fortissimo. Liza needs advice on which outfit to wear for a television chat show. "We're joined at the hip now," she says, after hanging up. She likens working with the group to an encounter with Rex Harrison. "They were so snobby about everything," she screams, delighted and amazed show business can be conducted in this manner.

Liza takes it all in stride. For the past ten years, she has recorded nothing but live shows. Suddenly, she's working with computerized dance beats, singing such lines as "I love you, you pay my rent." How does it feel? "It's dark. A Kurt Weill thing. A mysteries of the human spirit thing. I like that. I've always liked that. Aznavour once told me," she adds, concluding the meeting, " 'the best thing you can do as an artist is disturb.' " As the first record to successfully cross the divide between Aznavour and the postdisco age, *Results* achieves exactly that. MUSIC ▶ 263

"All I've ever listened to my whole life," says Liza, "is rock and roll."

KELVIN JONES

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MUSIC

in brief

Maria Callas, *La Traviata* (EMI CDS 7 49187 8). This is the Lisbon *Traviata*—the legendary performance that inspired the hit play now on Broadway. Callas had an incomparable technique, peerless musicianship, and galvanic dramatic power. Her voice, however, was deeply flawed, especially in the upper register. But on that magic spring night in Lisbon everything came together. If no other Callas recording existed except this one, her reputation as La Divina would still be assured.

Renata Tebaldi, *Great Voices* (Nuova Era 2294/5). The great rival of Maria Callas, Tebaldi was an intensely feminine, musical, and emotionally transparent singer who produced a pellucid torrent of sound. This is a collector's collection of arias, scenes, and duets taken mostly from live performances during her very greatest years, 1951 to 1961. The operas include *La Forza del Destino, Tosca, La Bohème,* and *Madama Butterfly*. Italian singing doesn't get any more beautiful than this.

Paul Kelly and the Messengers, *So Much Water So Close to Home* (A&M). An Australian singer-songwriter with the heart and two-note range of a folkie and the devices of a rocker, Paul Kelly constructs short stories of pain and remorse and horse racing, perfect in their detail and disarmingly unpretentious in their simple, inevitable flow.

Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers, *One Bright Day* (Virgin). As naive as he is wise, Bob Marley's oldest son, a child of privilege nurtured in Jamaica's finest private schools, makes music by turns world-weary and utopian. With producers Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth of Talking Heads, he fashions a global black pop music around a deep bass and a set of melodic hooks that won't quit.

Don Henley, *The End of the Innocence* (Geffen). In the Eagles and on his own, Henley has crafted deft songs of love and hate that don't always distinguish between the two. Here, he trades his wry bitterness for a nostalgic grace and writes some of the most straightforward, sentimental songs of his career.

—JOHN LELAND and DAVID DANIEL

MUSIC ▶ 264

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MUSIC

Barry Douglas has the range and technique of a classic virtuoso. DAVID DANIEL sees more besides

DURING THE PAST YEAR BARRY DOUGLAS HAS CHATTED ON THE Johnny Carson show, played himself in a movie opposite Shirley MacLaine, and sold out the Hollywood Bowl. He's a superstar concert pianist, but the commotion surrounding him is about more than note-perfect execution. Last winter, at Douglas's Avery Fisher Hall debut, I overheard the man behind me say, "Sure he plays OK. But I can't see that he's the hunk you said he was." "Well," his date hissed back, "he may not be conventionally handsome, but you just can take my word for it that he's conventionally sexy."

Douglas made a suitably dramatic entrance in the summer of 1986, when he walked off with the gold medal in Moscow's Tchaikovsky Competition—the first non-Soviet to win this coveted award outright since Van Cliburn in 1958. Douglas's vivid personality is custom-made for the big competitions and big audiences. He's a modern, unsentimental pianist who commands the virtuoso's entire battery of effects. His sound is massive and sensuous, and no matter how bone-breaking the piece, he plays from enormous reserves of power.

Barry Douglas: suitably dramatic

But whereas Van Cliburn turned his contest-winning performance into a touring road show for the next twenty years, Douglas has admirably renounced his crowd-thrilling showpieces. On his current American tour his repertory includes the Beethoven second, the Prokofiev third, and the rarely heard Tchaikovsky second piano concertos. And he accepts fewer than a third of the engagements he's offered. "I need the time to study and practice," he explains. "I don't want to become a media event."

Despite his need for privacy, he is followed everywhere by a large contingent of vociferous fans. "They're mostly women," he says matter-of-factly. "Very attractive women, from their middle teens to their thirties and beyond. They send me framed photos of themselves. Framed photos of me. They give me flowers and funny little presents. They write love poems to me."

When asked how he reacts to all this adulation, the Irish-born swashbuckler turns diplomat: "I'm just pleased to know that I've given such an intense musical experience." MUSIC ▶ 266

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MUSIC

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Bellini's **Norma,** one of the great touchstones of the bel canto repertory, hasn't been heard in New York City in several seasons, but the Vancouver Opera is showing the Andrei Serban production in January. The San Francisco Opera will stage a rarity, Vivaldi's **Orlando Furioso,** which features a trousers role for the redoubtable Marilyn Horne. Performances begin in mid-November.

The Dallas Opera opens its season in November with Joan Sutherland in the title role of **The Merry Widow.** The celebrated soprano will turn sixty-three in November; Dallas is where she made her U.S. debut. This coincidence is likely to add an air of poignance to her appearances, even though she has not announced them as her farewell to the United States. Later that month Dallas will also see Raúl Giménez, the former steelworker from Argentina, make his U.S. operatic debut as Ernesto in **Don Pasquale.** A coloratura tenor with a big, vibrantly masculine voice, Giménez is someone to keep an eye on.

The Houston Grand Opera will celebrate this year with a British Opera Festival, at which HRH Fergie, the Duchess of York, has promised to appear. The series includes Handel's **Julius Caesar,** Jonathan Miller's staging of **The Mikado,** and the world premiere of Sir Michael Tippet's **New Year.** For those who prefer the grandly traditional, the Chicago Lyric Opera will present Pavarotti and Marton in **Tosca,** from late September until early October. **Aida** will play in New Orleans and San Francisco in October. Or you can catch **The Marriage of Figaro** in early November and **Il Trovatore** through October 4 in Seattle.—**DAVID DANIEL**

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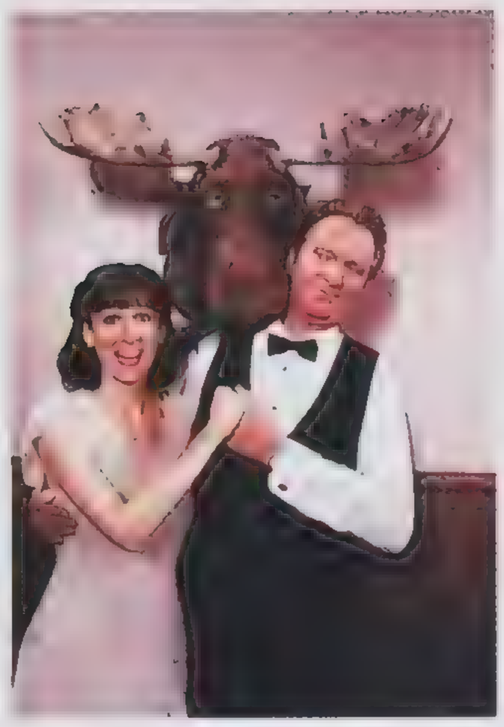
TELEVISION

This fall, **surfers and slapstick comics** grapple for the network ratings. CATHLEEN SCHINE checks out the action



William Katt, TOP LEFT, in *Top of the Hill*; TOP RIGHT, *The People Next Door*: Mary Gross and Jeffrey Jones; ABOVE LEFT, the cast of *Baywatch* hangs out; ABOVE RIGHT, *The Nutt House* nutters: Korman and Leachman.

SURFING: IS IT TOO LITTLE EXPLORED, TOO LITTLE understood? With an almost heroic single-mindedness, prime time has finally come to grips with this central issue in the cultural and intellectual life of our nation with two new surfing-related shows. In CBS's dopey, harmless *Top of the Hill,* Dan Quayle look-alike (formerly Robert Redford look-alike) William Katt plays a crusading surfer congressman—Mr. Kahuna Goes to Washington. On NBC's *Baywatch,* a crass and gruesomely narcissistic drama about lifeguards and their unceasing Malibu struggle, surfing is at last afforded the serious treatment it deserves. Not since *CHiPS* has there been such an uncompromising examination of the brave, selfless men and women in public service.

There is no surfing—not even a boogie board—on *The People Next Door* (CBS) or *The Nutt House* (NBC), an omission that a vigorous write-in campaign may remedy. But even so, these new comedies, starring real comedians, are two of the funniest shows in a long time. One is very fresh, the other very stale, both fearlessly silly. *The Nutt House*, the story of a grand New York City hotel run by the Nutt family, is written and produced by Mel Brooks and Alan Spencer (*Sledge Hammer*). Starring Harvey Korman as the prissy hotel manager and Cloris Leachman as a glorious Nazi-feminist-sex-fiend housekeeper, *The Nutt House* is a series of gags, some hokey, some flat, all of them somehow funnier than normal sitcom chat. People fall down in *The Nutt House,* throw things out windows, set things on fire—the comedy has a carefree vaudevillian swagger. Leachman, her hair piled primly on top of her head, has been given a centerfold balloon bottom and bust to match, all imprisoned in a steel gray matron's uniform. She is constantly tilting over supine victims, her high heels kicking up mischievously. "Get her off, boys," Korman calls out when she's enthusiastically administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a stricken guest, "before she sucks the life out of him."

Mel Brooks has always dared to be dumb, and it usually pays off. He's a playful writer and director, and his style is a relief in the world of grimly witty sitcoms. He gives actors the freedom of movement, the rhythm of a variety show. *The People Next Door* is playful in the same way. And it carries Brooks's physical chaos one step further. In this new CBS comedy, Jeffrey Jones (the father in *Beetlejuice*), who plays Walt, and Mary Gross (formerly of *Saturday Night Live*), who plays Abby, live in a house where imagination rules. Walt is a cartoonist who comes to a small town with two kids to marry Abby, a therapist he met on vacation. "Dad," says his son, "it's totally embarrassing. Everything you imagine becomes real." Poof! A TV set appears. On it, in a brilliant but presumably unconscious self-parody, Geraldo Rivera appears. From his gigantic face, his solemn, portentous voice intones: "Men who can't control their imaginations . . . and the women who love them. On the next *Geraldo*."

The endless banter of sitcoms has been replaced by genuine comic ideas. Walt's imagination is almost an independent character on the show—tireless and diabolically clever, sometimes delighting, sometimes tormenting its owner. At the wedding, it nervously conjures up a whey-faced woman wearing a faded Depression-cotton apron over her pregnant belly as she clutches two small, ragged children. "Walter, come home. The children cry for you every night. Don't do to her what you did to me." Steve Allen makes a guest appearance in Walt's imagination, too, bringing a piano with him and crooning, "Imagination is funny . . . ."

Mary Gross faces all of this with the most endearing and resilient innocence. Nothing coy or cute, just wide-eyed tolerance, as if being a shrink has finally and completely warped her perspective. "I mean, I can't exactly imagine how I'm going to cope," she whispers in her shy, batty, intelligent way. "And don't *you,*" she quickly adds, looking at Walt. "But maybe I'll cope, you know, a lot of the time."

And who knows, maybe she'll surf, too. ♥

PHOTOS, GARY NULL

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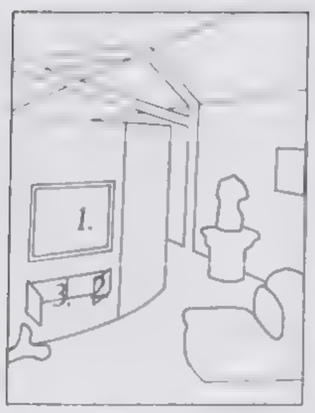

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ART

With the opening of the first major public building by **Peter Eisenman,** theory and reality collide. HERBERT MUSCHAMP examines the results

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR BIG PHONIES. BENjamin Franklin, that salon *sauvage,* was a childhood hero. I devoutly admire Frank Lloyd Wright not only for his prairie houses, but also for the dash with which he swirled those capes. And I think Peter Eisenman is a nifty architect and a swell guy.

So what if Eisenman's ideas are secondhand, imperfectly digested, and of dubious value to begin with? So what if this privately sweet-tempered fellow stalks onto the speaker's platform with a public persona that makes Morton Downey, Jr., seem mild? All the bullying, all the arcane, high-flown rhetoric only add to Eisenman's luster as a mountebank in the grand tradition. And even though I've been the target of his abuse on more than one public occasion, I'm grateful someone is carrying on that colorful tradition.

The architect as hero: Peter Eisenman in front of part of the permanent "scaffolding" of his new Wexner Center

This Big Phony now stands on the brink of a very real, big success. Best known for most of his career as an expounder of theories, Eisenman has lately, at the age of fifty-seven, begun to flourish as a maker of buildings. With projects recently completed in New York City and Berlin, Eisenman's reputation has already grown beyond the academic circles in which he has found his most receptive audience. Yet it is the opening, this month, of an academic building, Ohio State University's Wexner Center for the Visual Arts, that seems likely to secure wide public recognition of his work. Not coincidentally, the Max Protetch Gallery in New York is featuring an exhibition of drawings and models of four of Eisenman's projects, including the Wexner Center, from October 26 through December 2.

For Eisenman, architecture is a game whose object is to break the rules

Even inside the academy, few people know much about Eisenman's architecture except that it is legendarily difficult to understand. The difficulty may lie less with Eisenman than with the jargon used by those who write about him. To decipher it, you have to read through huge chunks of such French philosophers as Derrida, Foucault, Lyotard, Baudrillard, and Lacan, with perhaps a semester or two of Nietzsche and Heidegger for preparation.

Forget about it. All you need to know is that the post-structuralist ideology from which most of Eisenman's ideas spring was shaped by two pivotal events. The first was the 1968 student revolt in Paris, which shook the intellectuals of the prevailing structuralist school into adopting a less detached, less rational relationship to the cultural life of their times. The second was the speed with which Parisian life returned to normal after the revolt—without resolving the conflicts that caused it. In the view of these post-structuralists, contemporary life is in a condition of buried crisis; the world lurches on, operating on the basis of values and beliefs whose foundations long ago crumbled.

The post-structuralist response is to refuse to go along with all the techniques that smooth over the collapsed foundations. Crisis Thinkers don't want to invent a new system of thought; their strategy is to expose the bankruptcy on which conventional reality is built. It was inevitable that someone would try to translate this thinking into architecture, if only because of the verbal free association between *structuralism* and architectural structure.

For Peter Eisenman, architecture is a game whose object is to break the rules that ordinarily give buildings not only their forms but also their meaning. Ei- ▶274

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senman's forms are *not* determined by functions; *not* by considerations of beauty; *not* by comfort; *not* by tradition, nor by any of the symbolic monumentality that ordinarily distinguishes large public buildings. In fact, because rational interpretation relies on precisely the kind of value systems he wants to undermine, it is fairly futile to rely on Eisenman himself to confirm what his buildings are about.

Let us go it alone, then. The Wexner Center is a building disguised as a nonbuilding. It is not a freestanding edifice but a strategic "intervention" among existing structures, which are made up not only of the campus buildings immediately adjacent to the Wexner Center (an auditorium on one side, a music school on the other), but also of the planning grid of the Ohio State University campus and the city street grid of Columbus, which is rotated in space 12¼ degrees away from the grid of the campus.

The Wexner Center's visually complex geometry is formed by the collision between these two grids. Symbolically, the overlap of grids is meant to identify the center as a gateway between city and campus, not only physically but socially; though it is a university facility, the Wexner Center will also serve as the city's major venue for contemporary art. Eisenman is not, however, a "contextual" designer. He is not trying to make his building blend comfortably with its surroundings. On the contrary, he wants to focus our attention on the capriciousness of the rules that organize the built world. Ostensibly shaped by its context, the Wexner Center proceeds to overwhelm its neighbors, and the viewer as well. Shrinks call this passive-aggressive.

He wants us to focus on the capriciousness of the rules that organize the built world

As you pass through the building, you are made conscious at every turn of Eisenman's grid system, sometimes gracefully, sometimes with all the subtlety of fingernails scratching across a blackboard. The grids punch through ceilings, run up walls, dangle over staircases, appear in patterns on floor tiles and windows. They define gallery spaces that will surely tax the ingenuity of the center's curators, and create a host of "found spaces" in which the conventional functions of an art center—auditoriums, offices, a library, a café—have been inserted almost as hopeful afterthoughts.

On the exterior, the grids materialize in frames of white painted metal to create two walkways of remark-

able, latticelike delicacy. Eisenman calls these a "scaffold," a structure that denotes process, implying the withholding of any final resolution. The airy scaffold is juxtaposed with massive forms of dark brick: Eisenman's interpretive, fragmented "reconstruction" of an old armory building that once occupied the site. The allusion here is to "archaeology," Michel Foucault's method for extracting the past from the distortions of historical narrative. Eisenman seeks not to recapture some past Golden Age, but to suggest how we are haunted by the illusion that there ever was a more stable world than our own. Together, the scaffold and the armory situate the Wexner Center in time as well as space—in a present wedged between an unrecoverable past and an indefinitely postponed future.

The overall effect is at once severe and playful. At times, as we walk through its palette of somber grays, the building looms over us like the blackboard of a German mathematics professor, ruthlessly expounding the need for theorems with no exceptions. Then we ascend into a sunlit gallery to find the building transformed into a child's jungle gym, ready to play any game for which the imagination has room.

Indeed, what you're most conscious of in this building is not the overlapping of abstract forms in space, but the giddiness of the architect who engineered them. The Wexner Center gives the viewer that sense characteristic of strong architecture, whether by Palladio or Wright, a sense not only of walking around a building, but touring the interior of a mind.

It is a mind that delights in its restlessness, in the contradictions of its impulses. The building represents a view of the self as a fragmented entity, not a unified whole. To call Eisenman a phony, in other words, is hardly an insult. It corresponds to his view of the self as artificial and culturally created, a gridlock of the information with which contemporary life bombards us.

It may be that Eisenman's attempt to liberate architecture from the conventions of reality has simply delivered it into the clutches of neurosis. Moreover, crisis thinking has evidently passed its peak of influence; even in Paris, interest has lately shifted from such "prophets of extremity" as Derrida and Baudrillard to more pragmatic theorists. In this sense, the Wexner Center is unmistakably a monument to the early 1980s, which saw the propagation of French theory throughout the American art world. This is not to say that Eisenman's vision is stale. It is fresh because there is one architectural tradition Eisenman has fortunately not abandoned: the projection of art's creative drive into the midst of urban life. ▼

MEDIA

As State Department spokesperson, **Margaret Tutwiler** has won even the press's respect.

MARGARET CARLSON examines her on-camera success

Margaret Tutwiler: an unlikely star makes her debut.

PITY MARGARET TUTWILER. HARDLY CONFIdent about which syllable gets the stress in *Jalalabad*, she has to face Washington's second-meanest press corps every day and be ready to answer questions about anything, anywhere in the world. The pop quizzes are held in front of television cameras. There are no second takes.

Many in the press were appalled that Tutwiler was chosen to be assistant secretary of state and State Department spokesperson without a shred of foreign policy experience. Because the job requires split-second answers about America's place in the world at any given moment, it almost always goes to a person steeped in policy, not politics.

Tutwiler, for her part, admitted that the job terrified her. She would have preferred to continue wielding considerable power behind the scenes, as she did while James Baker's top aide in the Reagan administration. But she couldn't turn down the opportunity to become the youngest State Department spokesperson in history. When March 27, her first day under the klieg lights, rolled around, Tutwiler decided to confess all: "I am not and do not claim to be an expert in foreign policy"—an understatement, in fact, for someone who so prefers politics to policy that she once said she would rather be shot than forced to read a clean-air bill. Now if she doesn't know whether a car bomb in Syria is an "internal matter" or a "terrorist act," she could cause an international incident. When she makes a mistake, she tries to make light of it. When she mispronounced the name of Khamenei, the new leader of Iran as "Homony, no, no, Hominy," a reporter shouted out, "As in grits?" She joked back in her unreconstructed Birmingham drawl, "Yes, except we eat the grits."

Tutwiler, thirty-eight, was born in Birmingham, Alabama, where she led a privileged existence as the offspring of the merger of two fortunes—steel and coal. She went to private schools and then to Finch College, in New York City, where she worked part-time in a bakery (she sometimes sold pastries to Jackie Onassis). She graduated from the University of Alabama in 1973 with the usual southern coed's lack of interest in politics but became an overnight Republican when she got a call from a friend of her father's who happened to be chairman of the party, offering her a job as a secretary. She accepted the next day, warning that she couldn't type a mailable letter to anyone in either party.

She didn't spend long typing anyway, quickly moving up to become scheduling director for Gerald Ford's 1976 presidential campaign. In 1978, George Bush gave her a job in his presidential campaign. When Bush became the vice-presidential candidate, campaign manager James Baker hired her. Baker proved a valuable mentor. When Reagan won, Baker became White House chief of staff and hired Tutwiler as his top aide, the most powerful woman in the White House after Nancy. In the second Reagan administration, he made Tutwiler assistant secretary of the treasury. Once he was named secretary of state, he asked her to become even more visible.

In Washington, a city where the nerds are the people who waste time waiting in line to see *Batman* when they could be catching up on their *Congressional Record*, admitting you don't know something could have been career suicide. But for once in the nation's capital, honesty turned out to be the best policy. It bought Tutwiler time to learn the difference between a Shiite Muslim and a Christian-backed militiaman. It also gave her time to learn a new language—diplomacy—which has its very own F-word. "I used the word *frank* one day, and the desk officer turned white and said, 'Don't ever use that word again unless you want to say that the two heads of state got into an argument.' "

Up at 5:20 A.M., Tutwiler drives ten minutes from her house in a leafy Washington suburb to her office on the seventh floor of the State Department, connected by an inside passageway to the secretary's office. The desk is real wood, the sofa comfortable, and the ▶ 278

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pictures on the wall are signed by George Bush and James Baker. The view is one of the best in Washington, sweeping from the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials across the reflecting pool to the Washington Monument.

With her real pearls, sensible pumps, bobbed hair, and flawless skin, Tutwiler looks like a Republican, although less traditional than the ones who spout tea and more sophisticated than the ones who oppose abortion. She is prettier in person than on television, where she appeared every night once the student protests in China erupted into a bloody massacre. Fortunately, by that time Tutwiler was well versed in policy. Although Tutwiler, like her boss, Baker, is a master at handling the press, she had not taken their regard for granted. Sixteen-hour days spent poring over black briefing books, trips to the Middle East, the NATO summit, and a whirlwind tour with the secretary that covered fifteen countries in seven days turned her into a nascent foreign policy junkie. When a reporter said that parents calling the State Department about their children at school in China were being told by an official "they're on their own," Tutwiler snapped back, "Absolutely not. I'm sure the secretary would like to speak to [the culprit] in his office." When the subject changed to Nicaragua's shipping arms to Panama, she answered, "That Nicaragua would send weapons to support Noriega, who stole the recent Panamanian election and whose thugs viciously assaulted the legitimate victors, is deeply offensive to all who support democracy in Latin America."

Tutwiler once said she'd rather be shot than read a clean-air bill

Even Tutwiler's I'll-get-back-to-you's have worked to her advantage. Reporters like briefings, but they love one-on-one phone calls. Perhaps only Baker is better than Tutwiler at the intimate political chat, and her new job gives her plenty of opportunity for them. NBC producer Betsy Steuart, who has been covering the State Department for four years, says, "It's amazing what she has learned in a few months. Her being close to Baker and Bush makes our job much easier. We have gotten more reliable information more quickly out of Margaret in six months than we got out of the Reagan State Department in eight years."

Although she is on everybody's A-list of dinner guests, the travel and study leave her little time to socialize. Casual dinners with friends on the weekend are a rare treat. She once said she did not want to be one of those women who wake up one day at age forty and have nothing but their work. Now she's moved that up to fifty, if not beyond. "I keep threatening to leave Washington, but then I look at my life and feel even if nothing else ever happens to me, it's been pretty good. Pretty good." ◆

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BOOKS

In **Larry McMurtry's** wacky new novel, the subject, as usual, is women. Fellow Texan HARRY HURT III begs for better men

I'LL BE ONE OF THE FIRST OF MY MUCH-MALIGNED SEX to admit that we modern American men don't know much, and that what little we do know, we've learned from women. That's especially true of whistling. Like the late great macho man Humphrey Bogart, many of us got our first expert and most unforgettable lesson in the fine art of whistling from the actress Lauren Bacall. "You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve?" Bacall purred in *To Have and Have Not*. "You just put your lips together and blow."

What we men still haven't learned, according to novelist Larry McMurtry, is what to do—and what not to do—when women whistle across the great sexual divide. That age-old dilemma is the source of the seemingly insoluble conflicts that beset, upset, and suddenly redirect the voluntarily solitary life of Danny Deck, the ineffectual, lovelorn, and hopelessly misguided narrator of McMurtry's latest fiction, *Some Can Whistle*.

Some Can Whistle is an R-rated roman à clef with a tragicomic split personality. Taken at tongue-in-cheek value, it is the literary antithesis of McMurtry's Pulitzer prize–winning western epic, *Lonesome Dove*, a contemporary tour de farce that combines arch parody with intentional (and sometimes unintentional) self-parody. It is also the estranged literary spouse of *Terms of Endearment*: instead of focusing on a mother-daughter dyad, it examines a torturous and similarly melodramatic father-daughter relationship in a more slickly paced—but unfortunately, less insightful—style.

Even so, *Some Can Whistle* is a salaciously entertaining read, thanks in no small part to McMurtry's scandalous observations about the Hollywood scene, and the equally scandalous wealth of semiautobiographical detail. Like the author, Danny Deck is a rich and famous middle-aged man with a worldwide coterie of rich and famous "women friends," many of whom are middle-aged movie and/or TV actresses. The list includes such real-life stars as Romy Schneider and Pier Angeli. But Deck's most intimate female friends are the mercurial Marella Miracola, the candidly kinky Nema Remington, and his loyal but unrequited would-be lover Jeanie Vertus, fictional composite characters based on the likes of Cybill Shepherd (who starred in the movie version of McMurtry's novel *The Last Picture Show*) and other McMurtry women friends.

Like the author, Deck is also a native Texan educated at Rice University in Houston, a "sexy, glitzy, high-profile" city full of "green trees, shining glass buildings, and cunty smells" that he regards as his personal inspirational equivalent of Paris and Alexandria. After grinding out two mediocre novels, Deck wins fame and fortune in Culver City, California, as the producer of a TV sitcom about a "normal" middle-American couple called *Al and Sal*. When the show is canceled after nine years at the top of the Nielsens, Deck retreats to Los Dolores, his lavish ranch near Thalia, Texas (the fictional site of *The Last Picture Show* and its much less acclaimed sequel, *Texasville*), in hopes of resurrecting his former career as a novelist.

But unlike the exceptionally prolific McMurtry, Deck is paralyzed by writer's block (he can't even begin a rough draft of his novel, because he can't seem to come up with a satisfactory first sentence). Deck's alter ego and permanent houseguest Godwin Lloyd-Jons suffers from garden-variety drug and alcohol addictions. A snobbish, aggressively bisexual former university professor, Godwin once had an adulterous affair with Deck's ex-wife, Sally. Recently he has become embroiled in a jealous sibling rivalry with Deck's matronly but uneducated resident cook, Gladys.

Unlike the suavely degenerate Godwin, Deck is not a stereotypical male-chauvinist bachelor. But despite his exceptional emotional sensitivity, Deck does not share McMurtry's fabled ability to "interact" with his many famous female friends, and only rarely sees any of them face-to-face, "for maybe an hour or two a year." This self-proclaimed "Proust of the message machine" prefers to communicate with his "aural harem" via numerous long-distance telephone calls, assiduously avoiding two-way conversations whenever possible by exchanging well-timed tape-recorded monologues.

Some Can Whistle is a salaciously entertaining read, thanks to its scandalous observations

Some Can Whistle cuts immediately to the chase on page one with an appropriately ironic first sentence: " 'Mister Deck, are you my stinkin' Daddy?' a youthful, female, furious voice said into the phone." The voice belongs to T.R., the only child of Deck's failed marriage, whom he has not laid eyes on in the twenty-two years since her birth. After a series of abortive phone calls and much equivocation, Deck buys a brand-new Cadillac and drives to Houston to track down his daughter in the naive hope that their reunion will enable him to lead the fictitious "normal" family life of *Al and Sal*.

T.R. turns out to be a fair-haired but foul-mouthed unwed mother who works in a fast-food restau- ▶ 282

rant and leads anything but a normal life. She has an eighteen-month-old daughter by a pothead named Muddy Box, whom she recently turned in for stealing the family mattress. She also has a two-and-a-half-year-old son by an imprisoned armed robber named Earl Dee, who has vowed to kill her if she ever sleeps with another man.

Deck attempts to "rescue" T.R. from her unseemly surroundings only to realize, as his daughter points out, that he has bitten off a whole lot more than he can chew. At T.R.'s behest, he helps spring Muddy Box from the local jail. Then he drives T.R., Muddy, his illegitimate grandchildren, and a pack of their ne'er-do-well friends (which includes a teenage black girl, a teenage Mexican girl, and a teenage Vietnamese girl and her grandmother) back to Los Dolores, where they abruptly transform the lives of Godwin, Gladys, and most especially grandfather Deck, in predictably salubrious ways. Then the murderous Earl Dee escapes from prison and. . . .

I won't spoil the suspense by disclosing what happens next. But I must admit that *Some Can Whistle* proved to be somewhat disappointing for both critical and personal reasons. Though we've never met, I have always regarded McMurtry as a kindred spirit and venerable literary godfather, perhaps because we were born in the same state and subsequently migrated to many of the same places on the East and West coasts. I also agree that women are infinitely more likable than men and almost invariably more interesting after they reach the age of thirty-five.

His latest novel suggests being a man is not a worthy thing

But *Some Can Whistle* underscored the point at which McMurtry and I part company. He declared in an interview with his journalist friend Maureen Orth that he hoped his writing would dispel the "vast legacy of doubt" that "being a woman is a worthy thing." That is an undeniably worthy ambition. Unfortunately, his latest novel suggests that being a man is not a worthy thing.

The male characters in *Some Can Whistle* are either belligerent rednecks, sexually suspect charlatans, or terminally indecisive wimps like narrator Danny Deck. While those stereotypes may encompass a large chunk of our demonstrably imperfect gender, they ain't all we wrote. (And neither are the cowboy stoics depicted in *Lonesome Dove*.) McMurtry is a uniquely talented male writer who owes us—and himself—better than these hollow, whistling images. ♥

BOOKS ▶ 284

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BOOKS

LAURIE STONE looks at short fictions by two women writers about those greatest of mysteries—**families and identity**

Ordinary Love and Good Will

In "Ordinary Love," the first of Jane Smiley's brilliant, delicate novellas paired in *Ordinary Love and Good Will* (Knopf), family members "eat peacefully, lend money, and confide," but they don't do reunions well. When kin are traveling, it's a custom for those left at home not to utter their names. Bit by bit, we find out why. In the middle of tending four children and a mercurial husband, the narrator fell in love with a neighbor. She couldn't stop seeing him. Her husband flared up violently and absconded with her brood, taking them to England, leaving no address. He couldn't cope; he once left the kids—aged five to eleven—alone for a week. Mysteries clear and cloud again as Smiley weaves daily routines and nightmares. The reader is left inspired and horrified by the stakes of human existence. "Good Will," the second tale, is somewhat less credible: an overbearing, righteous man who insists his family live entirely off their land sows vicious jealousy in his son's heart. The boy repeatedly attacks—first with words, then more aggressive acts—the only black child in his class. It's doubtful, however, that such an unconscious, smug narrator would provide the details, as this one does, that allow us to chart his egotism. The tale is mesmerizing nonetheless, at once inevitable and shocking.

Light Can Be Both Wave and Particle

Rhoda Manning, the smart-mouthed, embattled heroine of Ellen Gilchrist's earlier, astute story collection, *Victory Over Japan*, commands center stage in four narratives from her latest compilation, *Light Can Be Both Wave and Particle*, out from Little Brown. As a child, when Rhoda is scared she pays her adored, bullish brother Dudley "three cents a night to sleep in his extra bed and five cents to sleep curled up on the foot of his bed." Terror menaces her in the form of goblins, holy ghosts, and deadly viruses, but at the same time she dives for protection she rails against being patronized and controlled. Three of the vignettes merely document her temperament, but in "Mexico"—the most sustained effort—Gilchrist portrays Rhoda and Dudley in their fifties attempting to recapture youth. Although Gilchrist rosies their addictions to self-dramatizing and warring, she does crack through the nostalgia and permits Rhoda to do the same. The rest of the pieces here are murky, minimalist exercises hinging on portentous events: a woman receives a call from her unknown biological mother on Christmas Day; yet another Christmas Day story, this one about a man who survives a serious car accident while his son is born; two women who compulsively lie and outsmart a burglar. But instead of providing inner lives for her characters, Gilchrist enshrouds them in fortune-cookie Zen.

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New Hampshire
Concord
Concord Bty Sply

New Jersey
Brick
American Bty Sply
Fairfield
Cosmetics Plus Bty Sply
Ventnor
Ventnor Bty Sply
Wayne
Wayne Bty Sply

New York
Brooklyn
George K. Bty Sply
Lindenhurst
TCS Bty Sply
Staten Island
Impulse Bty Sply
Syracuse
Best Way Bty Sply

Ohio
Local Bty Sply

Oklahoma
Tulsa
Beauty Biz Bty Sply

Pennsylvania
North Wales
Cosmetic Plus Bty Sply
Williamsport
Williamsport Bty Sply

Texas
Dallas
Lantrips Bty Sply
Houston
Beauty Biz Bty Sply

Utah
Great Looks Bty Sply

Virginia
Alexandria
Harris Bty Sply

Washington
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Karilynn Bty Sply
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Years at Current Address | ☐ Own Home ☐ Own Condo/Co-op ☐ Rent ☐ Parents ☐ Other | Social Security Number | Date of Birth (Month/Day/Year)

Home Phone and Area Code ( ) | Name phone listed under

Previous Home Address | Apt No | City or Town | State | Zip Code | Years There

PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOUR JOB

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Check Here If ☐ Retired ☐ Self-Employed | If Retired or Self-Employed, Bank Name | Bank Phone Number ( ) | Account Number

ABOUT YOUR INCOME

You need not include spouse's income, alimony, child support or maintenance payments paid to you if you are not relying on them to establish creditworthiness. Your total annual income from all sources must be at least $8,000 to be considered for cardmembership.

Your Total Personal Yearly Income $ | Other Household Income $

Source of Other Household Income

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Please check those that apply. Be sure to specify **Institution/Bank name.**

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Institution Name:

☐ Checking Account
Institution Name:

☐ Savings Account
Institution Name:

☐ Visa/MasterCard ☐ American Express Card ☐ Gasoline
☐ Diners Club ☐ Department Store/Sears ☐ Other

PLEASE SIGN THIS AUTHORIZATION

By signing below I authorize Citibank (South Dakota), N.A. to check my credit history and exchange information about how I handle my account with proper persons, affiliates and credit bureaus if I am issued a card. I authorize my employer, my bank, and any other references listed above to release and/or verify information to Citibank (South Dakota), N.A. and its affiliates in order to determine my eligibility for the Citibank Classic card and any future extension of credit. If I ask, I will be told whether or not consumer reports on me were requested and the names of the credit bureaus with their addresses that provided the reports. If I designate any authorized users, credit bureaus may receive and report account information in the authorized users' name. I certify that I am 18 years of age, or older, and that the information provided is accurate. I understand that if I use the card or authorize its use or do not cancel my account within 30 days after I receive the card, the Citibank Agreement sent to me with the card will be binding on me. I have read and understand the disclosure box on the back. Terms are subject to change. **In order to be considered for a Citibank Classic card you must complete and sign this application. Omission of any of the information requested in this application may be grounds for denial.**

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Applicant's Signature — Date

JBA758-B2

Rev. 9-89

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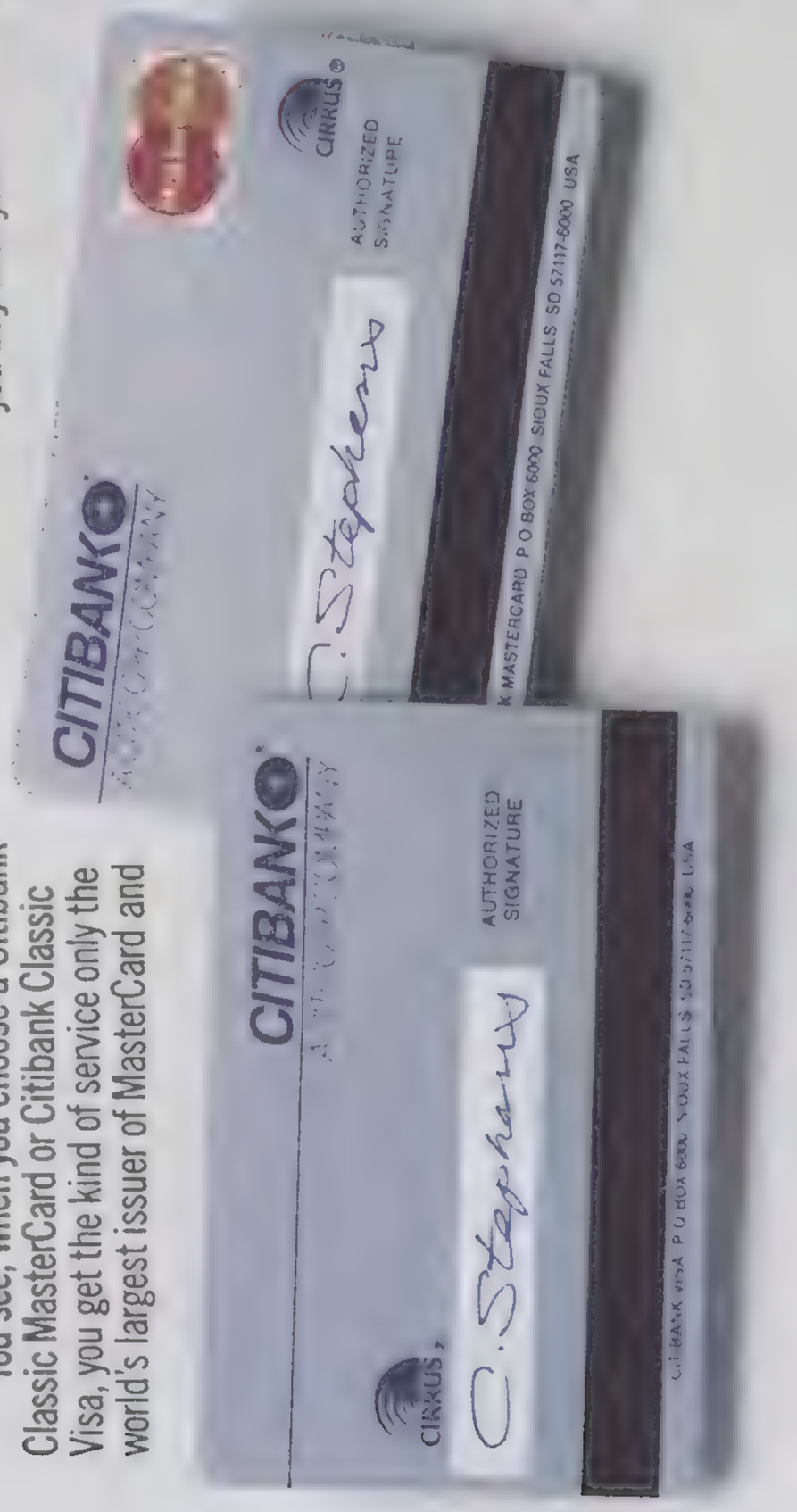

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HOROSCOPE

By Michael Lutin

Dear readers: The urge to pull the covers over your head is tremendous right now. But it's time to deal with who you really are and where you are in your life. Try to determine if you've actually learned from your mistakes. Covert hostility and aggression must be mentioned at this point, because not only is it Libra's month (although that in itself is a good enough reason), but with the new moon falling at Mars in Libra, you'll find yourself raging at people and then taking them out to dinner to try to assuage your guilt. People need to overturn regimes, reverse roles, regain some measure of dominance over their lives now. The trick is to confront, express displeasure, and get what you want without blowing the relationship or merger. Astrologically speaking, wherever Aries falls in your horoscope becomes the outlet for all your energy this month. But it could also help just to find an Aries to take out all your aggression on. This is not gratuitous cruelty; it's cosmic law.

LIBRA
September 23–October 22

Your focus this month is in the seventh house of relationships and confrontation. To regain control of your life, it is imperative that you understand and deal with your suppressed rage. It's not that you're chicken (it is always the Libras who ride singing into battle), but when war is waged you tend to defend others, never fighting for yourself. This is a moment when good-natured crabbiness goes a long way.

SCORPIO
October 23–November 21

You probably don't want to be told about patience, kindness, or passivity right now. But try to remember, even in your newfound state of strength and dominance, that we simply cannot be on top of every situation. Feel guilty for your sins and paranoid over secret enemies if you must, but your true outlet is in the sixth house of good, hard, honest work.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22–December 21

What a life! You want to go off on four new tangents but can only afford two. Let's see how creative you can be this month, with all of the activity in your fifth house of talent, love, and children. One of these would be plenty to cope with, but together they make for quite a party. The gambler in you has reawakened: pray the rent money is locked up.

CAPRICORN
December 22–January 19

Your outlet is the fourth house of home and intimacy. Since you've become a key player again in your own life, certain people may get mad at you and cry foul. Because you would never want to be thought of as cold, rigid, or unyielding, you can usually be talked out of decisions. Watch it happen again: you start out firm and get mushier as the days wear on.

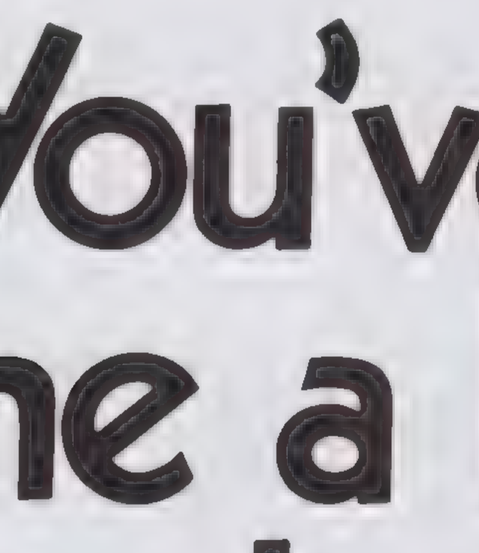
AQUARIUS
January 20–February 18

Bright, funny, optimistic, energetic, full of hope and travel plans one minute, stuck in cement the next? If you can develop a strong inner life, everything outside will fall into place. To heal the split, remember that your outlet is in the third house of direct communication, so don't hold stuff in this month. If you find yourself itchy, edgy, testy, or restless, dump your load on any available ear. Blasting a sibling or two could be vastly therapeutic.

HOROSCOPE ▶ 290

In 1904, Mrs. George Hubbard found a clever way to sneak a cigarette while her husband still got the attention he demanded.

You've come a long way, baby.



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HOROSCOPE

PISCES
February 19–March 20

Those combative Siamese twins, Freedom and Commitment, are at it again. Though determined (with darned good reason in light of recent events) not to be anyone's puppet ever again, you know that if relationships are to deepen, attractions and affections cannot just wander wantonly. And with your outlet in the second, or financial house, focusing your energy could earn you money. Any projects you postpone now (Pisceans adore postponing things) will be picked up again in early February.

ARIES
March 21–April 19

At times this month, your life might resemble a minefield. Blood pressures soar as people (especially Arians) are forced into productivity. You are skewered on the axis of dominance and submission—the challenge is not to escalate a war. Remember, you are everybody's scapegoat this month, and as usual, you take it all out on yourself.

TAURUS
April 20–May 20

You are so busy right now it's ridiculous. The niggling details of life are your primary concern, but when you are haggling over petty issues or bucking heads with someone as stubborn as yourself (especially on the 16th), be cool. Retreat and watch how relationships improve by month's end. Your outlet is the twelfth house of inner mind and psychic health.

GEMINI
May 21–June 21

Your outlet is the eleventh house of freedom, friendship, and socializing. But it's hard to have fun when Death and Taxes loom before you like a pair of cynical grandparents. You may still be very much in the woods, and it's still very dark, but even if you're lost, it's time for a little dancing.

CANCER
June 22–July 22

The way the planets are stretching you like taffy right now, a healthy outlet is your career, if you're lucky enough to have one. Even if all you want to do is lie around daydreaming, you know deep down you really don't want to insulate yourself from the reality of your relationships. If you want to survive, eventually you have to get out there and face those demons.

LEO
July 23–August 22

Your focus this month is on higher consciousness and a broader horizon, that is, travel. You have been working so hard you need a night out or a couple of days away to breathe some life into your relationship. Not that you should defect to the Soviet Union or anything, but you need that spin around the park at sunset, if just to put your career in perspective.

VIRGO
August 23–September 22

When you are as self-absorbed as you have been for the last few weeks, the emotions flow at a rate of half a drop per hour, if that much. You can direct freeway traffic while doing your bills and not really be touched by any of it. Your outlet this month is the eighth house of passion. So now's the time to explode. You're going to have to make the first move.

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer. ♥

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ROBIN MARANTZ HENIG reports on **liposuction**–cosmetic surgery's most popular body-sculpting procedure–now under federal review

LIPOSUCTION, THE MOST POPULAR COSMETIC SURGERY procedure in America, may prove to be the perfect metaphor for the 1990s. The procedure allows a surgeon to "sculpt" the human body; it relies on a machine rather than on good diet or exercise habits to rid the body of stubborn fat. In the search for The Body Beautiful, liposuction offers the ultimate: a chance to get something for practically nothing.

But even though its name makes the procedure sound as simple as vacuuming out a closet, liposuction is serious surgery. It is hard on the surgeon and risky for the patient. And the real irony of liposuction is this: for the antifat assault to work, a patient needs to be rather thin to begin with.

Despite the procedure's hazards and limited effectiveness, an estimated quarter of a million people will undergo liposuction procedures this year alone. The reasons for its stunning popularity: partly fashion, as seen in the slight increase in requests for knee liposuction that have followed the rise of hemlines; partly frustration, created by an aesthetic ideal difficult for most women past puberty to achieve; partly greed, responsible for the thousands of noncertified physicians now vying for a share of America's willingness to spend money in the name of vanity.

"A weary people, bored to death with running for ten years and contemplating without enthusiasm [running for] another ten" is how *Washington Post* freelance reporter Joyce Wadler describes the hordes who have found their way to liposuction. All it takes is one too many health club advertisements featuring Cher's hard body, Wadler writes, and "a single thought snakes through the national brain: 'Oh, the hell with it. I'll suck the damn fat out.' "

But it's not necessarily that easy. Even in the most skilled hands, liposuction is a relatively crude operation with cosmetic results that are hard to predict.

Even in the most skilled hands, liposuction is a crude operation with cosmetic results that are hard to predict

To suck out fat, a surgeon repeatedly thrusts a long, blunt instrument far into the patient's body, jarring loose the deep-seated fat cells. Indeed, liposuction—unlike other cosmetic procedures—requires less in the way of artistry or surgical skill and more of something closer to brute force.

Not only is this serious surgery; it is also risky. At the very least, liposuction patients—nine out of ten of whom are women—can expect to be sore and bruised for six weeks or more and can experience pain, swelling, numbness, or pigmentation discoloration. Reported complications also include localized infection, muscle damage, and bowel perforation. A life-threatening danger can be the development of blood clots or fat clots, which can travel through the bloodstream and lodge in the lungs or brain. If the clot ends up in the wrong place, it can be fatal.

Death from liposuction is rare, but possible. Of the nearly one hundred thousand operations reviewed recently in a report by the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (ASPRS), eleven deaths were reported, a death rate of about 0.01 percent. Other complications, from mild to life-threatening, occur about 10 percent of the time.

Women with resilient skin and very little of the dimpled skin texture commonly known as cellulite are the best liposuction candidates. This usually means that women under 40 are most likely to get good results. The procedure works best on isolated pockets of fat located in the hips, thighs, or abdomen. Liposuction in the buttocks can heal unevenly; calf or ankle liposuction may create noticeable skin pigment changes.

The safest amount of fat to remove, experts say, is about three or four pounds, or fifteen hundred to two thousand cubic centimeters. No more than seven and a half pounds (thirty-five hundred cubic centimeters) can be removed safely in any single procedure.

"This is not a quick fix for obesity," says Houston plastic surgeon Simon Fredricks, M.D., who compiled data for the ASPRS report on liposuction. "You don't go and get suctioned because you would like to look thin. You do it because you have a disproportionate genetically endowed area of fat that no amount of exercise will improve."

In fact, liposuction for the truly fat is dangerous. The more fat you remove by suction, the riskier the procedure becomes. As fat is removed, an empty tunnel is left behind that the body tries to fill. This leads to a shifting of blood and body fluids—common after other forms of surgery, but more problematic after liposuction because of the size of the tunnels the surgeon creates. If too many tunnels are made and body fluids collect in too many pools inside those tunnels, body cells are eventually depleted of the fluids needed for proper cell function.

Unless the surgeon is careful to "preload" the patient with lots of extra fluids before the operation and to have the patient's own blood on hand for transfu- ▶294

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sions if needed, the result can be a dangerous condition called hypovolemia, which can lead to shock.

WHO'S THE EXPERT?

In today's medical marketplace, the hands that perform liposuction do not usually belong to a plastic surgeon.

Any licensed physician can, in fact, legally perform liposuction—just as he or she can legally perform any other medical or surgical procedure. In most states, the law says nothing about what a physician needs, beyond an M.D. degree and a medical license, to hang out a shingle claiming expertise in any medical specialty. "If I wanted to, I could do brain surgery in my garage, and that would not be illegal," Harvey Zarem, M.D., a plastic surgeon in private practice in California and professor emeritus at the University of California, Los Angeles, has said. "It's stupid, but it's legal."

More than almost any other surgical procedure, liposuction may induce doctors to make a career switch, because the technique is relatively simple, the start-up costs relatively low, and the demand apparently endless. All of these factors combine to make liposuction attractive to practitioners in search of extra income.

Indeed, the whole idea of liposuction began with a doctor who switched fields. The father of liposuction, a French gynecologist named Yves-Gérard Illouz, simply modified his suction abortion machine.

A standard suction machine today sells for only four thousand dollars or so. Surgeons usually charge fifteen hundred to four thousand dollars an operation and can do them at the rate of at least a few a day. The arithmetic is simple: "A cosmetic surgeon can buy equipment on Monday morning, do two procedures on Monday afternoon, and make money all day Tuesday," says Congressman Ron Wyden of Oregon, who has held hearings on cosmetic surgery fraud and abuse.

Besides the profit motive, liposuction is attractive to some practitioners because it is so casually regulated. First of all, most liposuction procedures are performed in doctors' offices rather than in hospitals, which eliminates one important mechanism of quality control: hospital admitting privileges, given only to surgeons whose peers consider them qualified.

Wyden plans to introduce a bill this fall that would require all cosmetic surgery facilities, including doctors' offices, to be accredited. Although professional societies already have accrediting bodies to guarantee certain standards, at these "cosmetic surgicenters" accreditation is voluntary—and less than one percent of facilities have chosen to comply.

Because liposuction is purely elective and only in rare cases covered by medical insurance, it lacks anoth-

er form of oversight: review by third-party payers who would resist footing the bill for an operation they considered inappropriate.

A third form of oversight, certification of physicians by specialty boards, is also unusually complicated in the case of liposuction. Because liposuction is a procedure and not a specialty, there's actually no such thing as an officially certified liposuctionist. There are only "plastic surgeons" and "cosmetic surgeons." The two relevant certifying boards are the American Board of Plastic Surgery and the American Board of Cosmetic Surgery. But although their names sound similar, their requirements are not.

Body surgery may help a woman look better in clothes, but not on the beach

Only the American Board of Plastic Surgery is recognized by the American Board of Medical Specialties (ABMS), which works in cooperation with the American Medical Association. Plastic surgery is one of just twenty-three specialties that meet this group's requirements as a distinct medical field, with accredited residency-training programs across the country.

For a doctor to be certified by the *plastic* surgery board (known as being "board certified" in plastic surgery), a medical school graduate must fulfill a specific set of postgraduate requirements including general surgery residency, plastic surgery residency, two years in practice, and a series of examinations. It may take as long as ten years after medical school graduation for a doctor to be certified.

The American Board of Cosmetic Surgery, on the other hand, grants certification without the ABMS's approval. To be board certified in *cosmetic* surgery, a doctor must be board certified in another ABMS-approved surgical discipline (usually dermatology, general surgery, gynecology, ophthalmology, orthopedics, or otolaryngology); have been in cosmetic surgery practice for five years; have performed one thousand cosmetic procedures, including two hundred fifty in the previous year; and have passed a two-day examination. In response to criticism that these requirements are not stringent enough, the cosmetic surgery board will soon beef up its certification requirements with a proficiency exam that includes body liposuction, says board president Julius Newman, M.D., of The Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia.

The cosmetic surgeons and the plastic sur- ▶ 296

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HEALTH

geons have engaged in an astounding amount of public name-calling over who should perform these lucrative procedures. They even fight over what they're fighting about. It's a public safety issue, say the plastic surgeons, who claim cosmetic surgeons lack experience and legitimate training. It's a turf battle, counters Dr. Newman, who says that because plastic surgery residents are kept so busy doing reconstructive surgery on burns and birth defects, they tend to be self-taught in cosmetic procedures.

But for all the haggling over who should be allowed to do liposuctions, women shouldn't lose sight of the fact that, even in skilled hands, the results may not be very good. In some women, skin heals in unsightly ways—it may become wavy, baggy, lopsided, or splotchy. Most surgeons agree that liposuction helps a woman look better in clothes, but not necessarily better on the beach. Unless the skin is smooth and resilient—and thigh and buttock skin usually is not—taking out fat will leave excess skin that can wrinkle.

In the preoperative interview, surgeons usually try to find out a woman's expectations from liposuction. "A helpful interview question is: does the individual want to look better in clothes or in a bathing suit?" an *American Journal of Nursing* article recommends. "Patients who say they wish to look better in a bathing suit may not understand that there will be small scars and an uneven skin texture."

But it's easy to see where these women might have gotten the impression that liposuction would turn them into bathing beauties. In preparation for the ongoing congressional hearings on cosmetic surgery, Wyden's staff collected hundreds of cosmetic surgery advertisements from magazines such as *The Washingtonian* and *Los Angeles*. Of nineteen ads in a representative sample distributed at one hearing, eleven specifically mentioned liposuction as one of the services available.

And of those eleven, ten featured models in bathing suits. HEALTH ▶ 298

For more on cosmetic surgery, see Images, *page 192, and* Future Beauty, *page 406.*

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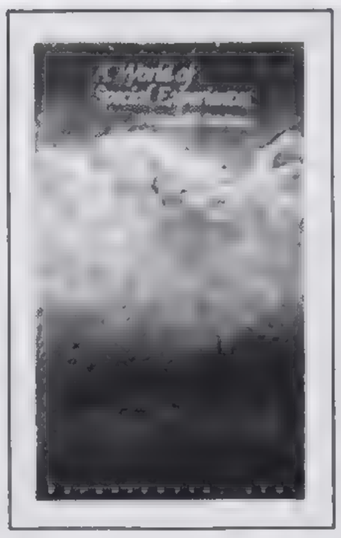

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HEALTH

The use of aborted **fetal tissue** in medical research is as controversial as abortion itself. PEGGY ORENSTEIN examines the issues

WHEN A WOMAN APPLIES FOR A DRIVER'S LICENSE, SHE'S usually asked whether she wants to become an organ donor. Most women don't think much about the question other than to shudder briefly at the thought; they just check a box, yes or no. But now there's another choice that certain women may face, one that makes some people uneasy: when having an abortion, should they donate the fetus to scientific research?

Roughly one and a half million abortions take place each year in America. That's over four thousand a day, over 165 an hour. Some scientists say that fetal tissue, because it's less likely to be rejected than adult tissue when transplanted into certain ill adults, could alleviate the symptoms of some of the most devastating diseases of our time. But with the abortion debate raging on, the issue of whether to continue potentially lifesaving research in the fetal-tissue field has become as explosive as the question of abortion itself. And, as with abortion, the debate has moved from an argument over medical ethics and women's health to a political crusade centered on fetal rights. "It's to the point where it's just as likely that we will proceed with research as that we won't," says Arthur Caplan, director of the University of Minnesota Center for Biomedical Ethics in Minneapolis. "Whether the right-to-life movement is big or small, its audience is listening and it has influence."

Right-to-lifers worry about abortion-for-profit and the sacrificing of fetuses in the name of science

Scientific research using aborted fetal tissue has actually been going on for decades; it's been instrumental in discovering vaccines against both polio and smallpox. But it's only recently that doctors have attempted fetal-tissue transplants to treat patients. After the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear plant disaster in the Soviet Union, Robert Gale, M.D., from the University of California at Los Angeles, transplanted fetal liver cells into six radiation victims in the hope that the cells would reproduce and replace the decimated bone marrow. Because of damage to other organs, all six victims died before results of fetal transplants could be evaluated, but Dr. Gale believes that the approach can be modified to treat other types of blood and marrow diseases. Lars Olson, M.D., of the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm, has transplanted fetal cells into victims of Parkinson's disease with some success. "We have approached the point where I believe it is unethical not to try this with human patients," he says.

Scientists are cautious when discussing the potential for this type of research, but there are indications that transplant- ▶ 300

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ing fetal cells could help the millions of people who suffer from Parkinson's disease, insulin-dependent diabetes, and, possibly, AIDS. Still, fetal-tissue research has become more a political than a medical issue. Early last year, when a group of scientists from the National Institutes of Health (NIH) approached the government for approval on a transplant project, Assistant Secretary for Health Robert Windom denied the request, a move that ultimately resulted in a moratorium on the use of fetal tissue. Antiabortion forces took the fight further: in the end, Congress and President Reagan banned the use of fetal tissue in any federally funded experiments. "Fetal tissue is a tremendous natural resource," says Robin Duke, cochair of the Population Crisis Committee in New York City. "To ban its use [in research and disease treatment] is not productive."

That is not, of course, how antiabortionists see it. They envision "living" fetuses being sacrificed in the name of research, and profiteering abortion clinics that sell their discards to the highest bidder. "You're introducing a beneficent reason for women to have abortions," says James Bopp, general counsel to the National Right to Life Committee (NRLC). "That arms abortion clinics with a reason to encourage women to have an abortion, a 'good' reason—to help save someone's life."

The fetal-tissue debate has moved from an argument over medical ethics to a political crusade centered on fetal rights

Even the scientific community has qualms about using fetal tissue for experimentation, but its concern has to do with women rather than with fetal rights. Both feminists and medical ethicists worry that, without proper restrictions, women could be coerced into becoming pregnant in order to donate tissue to a loved one. In fact, some women don't need to be coerced at all. On an ABC *Nightline* broadcast, Rae Leith, a woman whose father suffers from Parkinson's disease, said she'd willingly become pregnant and abort if she could donate the fetal tissue to her father. Some diabetic women are said to have considered impregnation in order to produce tissue for self-treatment.

"One could make arguments both ways on the right of a woman to decide when to get pregnant and what to do with the product of that pregnancy," says Kenneth J. Ryan, M.D., who headed a panel made up of ethicists, researchers, and pro-choice and antiabortion lobbyists convened by NIH to study the issue after the federal ban. "It's the right of self-determination versus the innate value of a fetus."

Other panel members were more passionate in their opinions. "If an abortion were to save the life of a woman, her child, her husband, or her parent, then aborting would be justified," says John Robertson, professor of law at the University of Texas School of Law in Austin. "Many people think it's treating the fetus as an object or it's abusing the body. In a real case of need, though, I think it would be ethically justified. If aborting in cases of rape and incest or genetic defect is acceptable, to abort to save someone's life should be acceptable as well."

As far as antiabortionists are concerned, though, dis- ▶302

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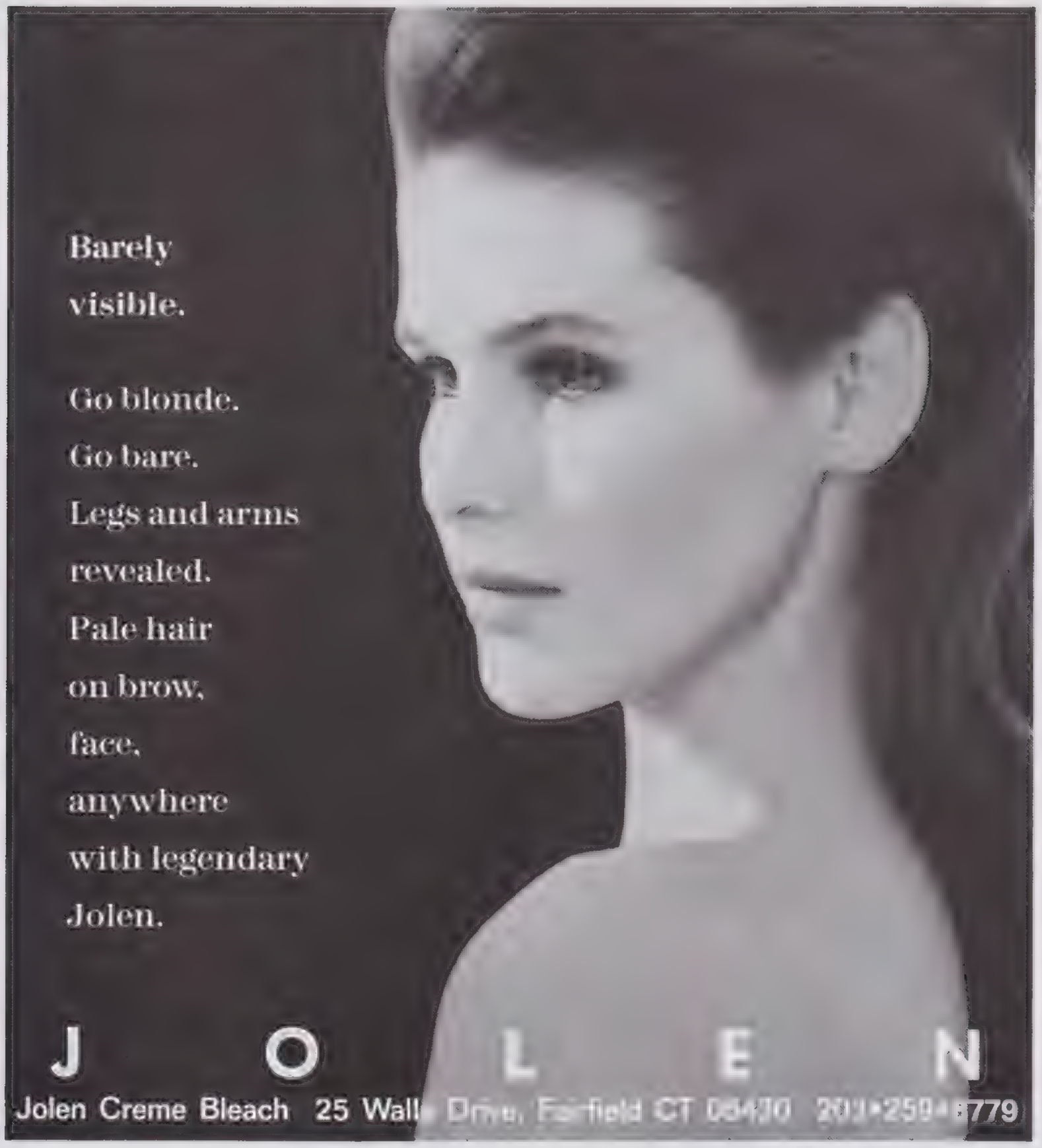

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cussing exactly who benefits from the abortion is beside the point. "I think those cases would be isolated, they would be rare," Bopp says. Instead, the NRLC has focused on the possibility that women who are ambivalent about abortions—some 40 percent according to NRLC statistics—will be more prone to go through with the procedure if they think some good might come of it, only to regret their decision later. "Everyone in the United States would know if fetal-tissue transplant was successful," Bopp says. "And that would influence women's decisions to have abortions. Some women who would not otherwise have had them will have abortions."

Medical ethicists and pro-choice advocates dismiss that notion. "It's ridiculous to think tissue research will influence a woman's decision to get an abortion," says Duke. "A woman wants an abortion because she wants an abortion, because she doesn't feel this is the time to give birth. Maybe she's married and has two kids and can't afford to have any more. Maybe she's not married and isn't in a position to have a child. There are myriad reasons for abortion. To produce fetal tissue for research is not one of them."

There is one trouble spot on which both pro-choice forces and antiabortionists agree: no one wants to see women or clinics make money from donating tissue. Federal laws prevent a woman from profiting from terminating a pregnancy, just as they prohibit financial gain from donating a kidney. But clinics receive an expense reimbursement for each tissue sample they harvest. "That will create economic pressures on abortion clinics," says Bopp. "Right now disposing of that tissue costs them money; this [tissue transplantation reimbursement] stands to be a bonanza for them."

"People in medicine bend over backwards to do the right thing," says Duke. "But I wouldn't be honest if I didn't say that I think this is a problem. As in everything in life, somebody's going to try to corrupt the system."

Finally, though, the objections of the NRLC have less to do with profit or increased incidence of abortion than with the idea of abortion itself. Bopp and his group fear that fetal research en- ▶ 308

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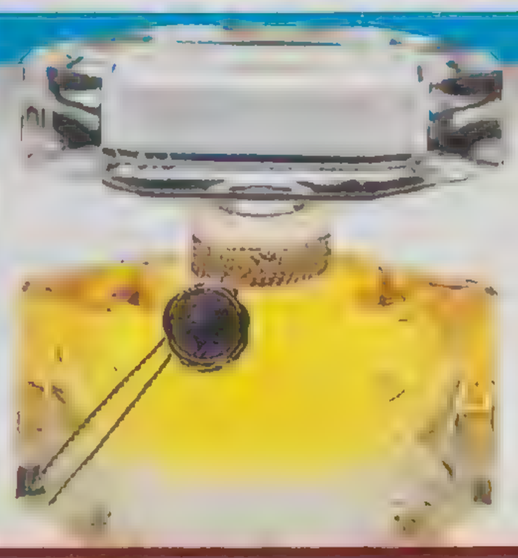

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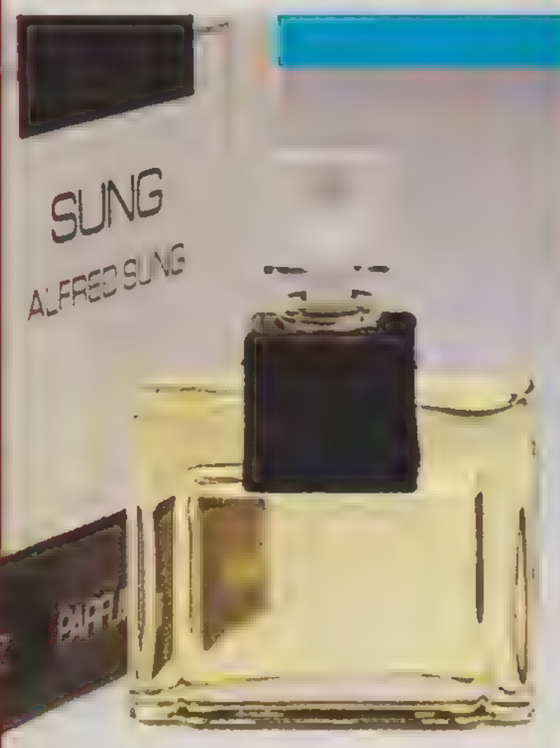

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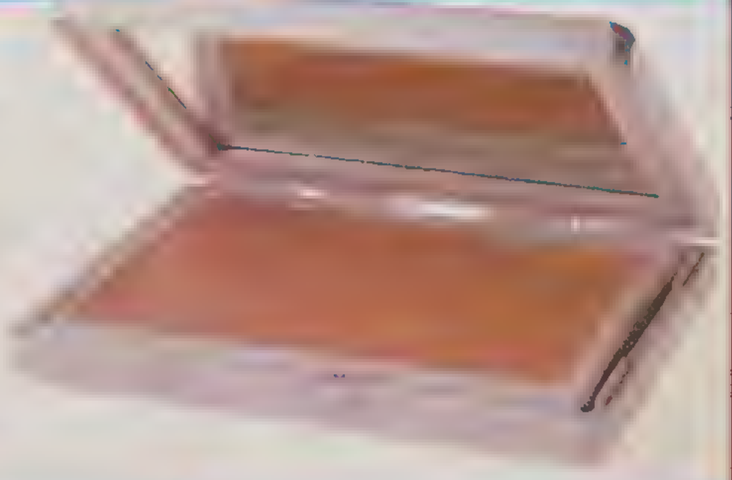

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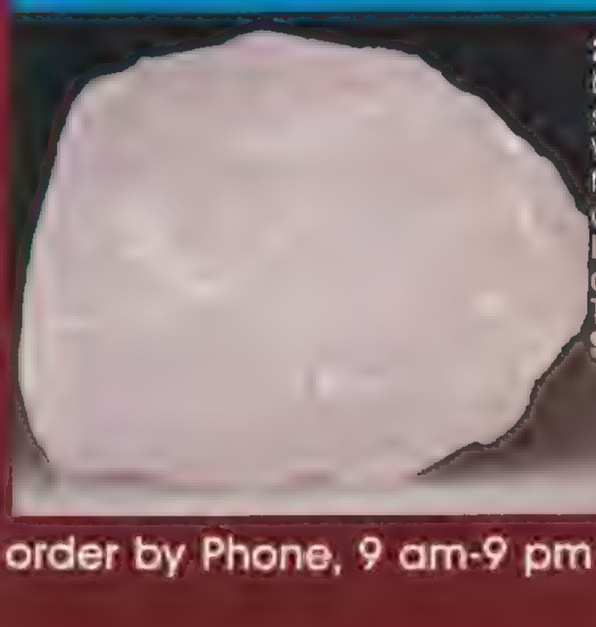

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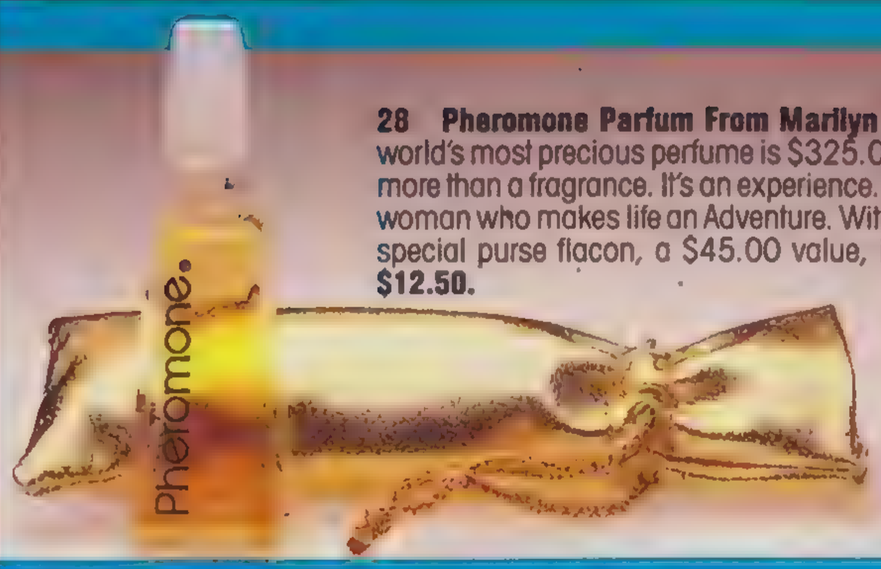

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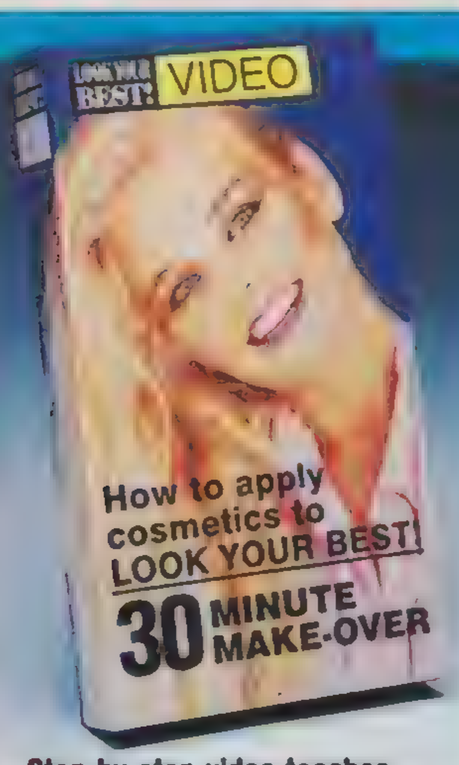

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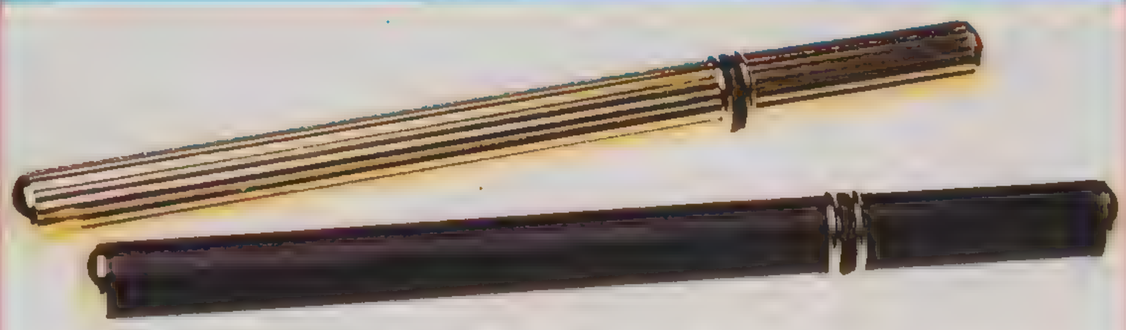

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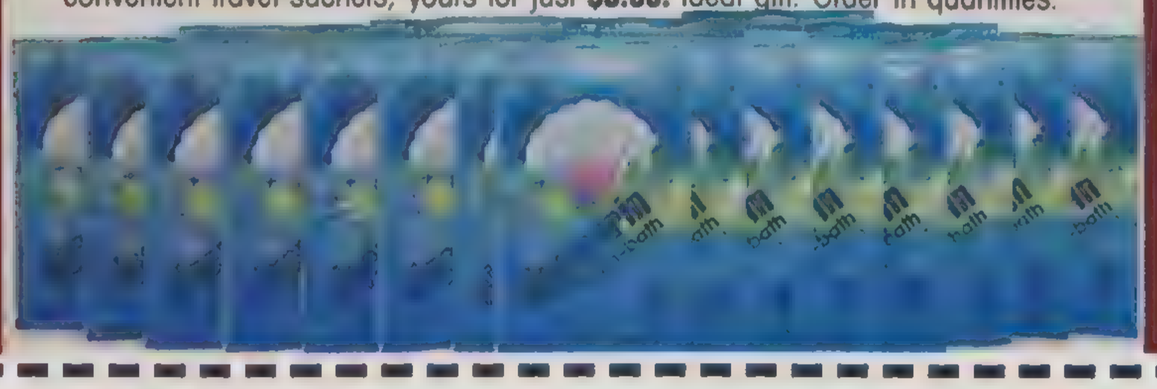

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HEALTH

courages the "abortion mentality": that it turns what they view as killing—and what other people view as a woman's right to self-determination—into an act that can benefit society. Such a benefit certainly wouldn't further their cause with either the courts or the legislature. "If our society allows the medical use of aborted babies' tissues," the NRLC has written, "the evil of abortion will be institutionalized in our nation."

The NIH panel rejected that analysis earlier this year and recommended that the government give a green light to limited fetal-tissue research, with the strict understanding that there would be no compensation and thus no financial motive for a woman to get pregnant and have an abortion. The NIH also recommended that the decision to abort precede the decision to donate a fetus for fetal-tissue research. But that hasn't ended the controversy. In spite of that recommendation, the Bush administration has not lifted the moratorium. "One danger of having the federal government duck this question is that research will move into the private sector," says Arthur Caplan. "It [fetal surgery] may be done without supervision or ethical scrutiny. Furthermore, there are many countries where this research is already proceeding at full speed. Driving it into the private sector or overseas risks the abuse of women, poorly informed consent, and lack of peer review. There is a real danger of poor quality control. Someone, for example, could be killed through a transplant by having AIDS transmitted."

Caplan and other medical ethicists would favor government sponsorship of a limited number of experiments to see what the potential of fetal transplantation is—whether continued experiments will, in fact, alleviate the suffering of the fifteen thousand people who are diagnosed each year as insulin-dependent diabetics or the more than 2.5 million sufferers of Alzheimer's disease. But in the current political climate, that's not likely to happen. "The objections are coming from a religious ideology, so they're very persuasive," says Duke. "The public must know what this is doing to hamper research." ▼

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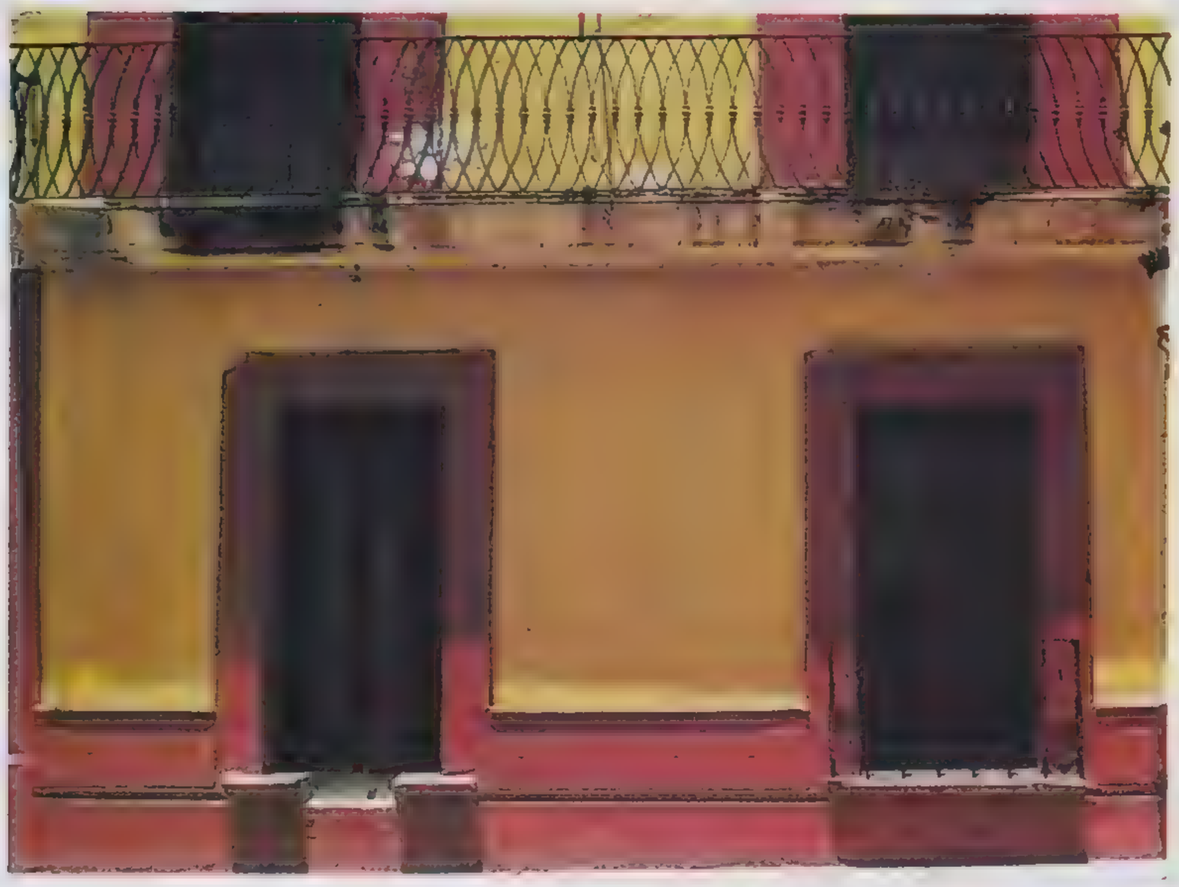
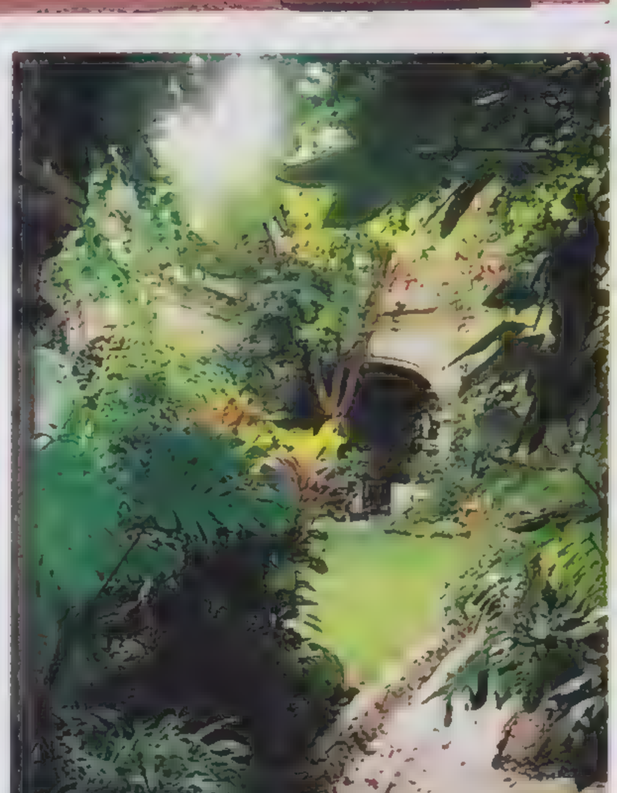
TRAVEL

Wild about Oaxaca: RACHEL URQUHART falls for the markets, the ruins, the beaches, even the mañana mentality of **Mexico's deep south**





IN MEXICO THERE is an old saying: *No hay reglas fijas*—"There are no fixed rules." It applies to everything from the likelihood of finding a maguey worm in one's mescal to precisely whose pockets to line when one has, say, dented a rental car. For a brief moment, as we overlooked the city of Oaxaca from Monte Albán's ancient temples, a guide almost had my fiancé and me persuaded that the one thing it did not apply to was the seasons, that they were as fixed and inflexible as a Swiss train schedule. The guide gazed up at the sky, saw a single cloud in the distance, looked at his watch, and said with great confidence, "Tomorrow the rainy season begins." For the next ten days, as we explored Oaxaca and the neighboring Pacific coast, we didn't feel a drop. *No hay reglas fijas*.

Anyone who has tried to say *Oaxaca* without having heard the word first (it's pronounced wa-HA-ca) will be relieved not to have to call it by its original

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: Manuel Alvarez Bravo's 1933 *Daughter of the Dancers;* pomegranates at Oaxacan market; lush courtyard of Oaxaca's Presidente Hotel; Spanish colonial doorways.

Aztec name, Huaxyacac, which probably sounded like an elaborate sneeze and is said to have meant "in the nose of the guaje tree." Indian names are important in this mountainous central region, since more than a million Oaxaqueños still speak the ancient indigenous languages and one-fifth of the state ▶ 312

Clockwise from top: courtesy of the Witkin Galleries, New York; ©1989 JOE VIESTI; ©1989 VILLOTTA/The Stock Market; DAVID RYAN

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Monte Albán, now in ruins, still dominates the valley it once ruled.

doesn't speak Spanish. In the crowded markets of urban Oaxaca as well as along dusty rural roads, you can hear the Oriental-sounding twang of Zapotec and Mixtec being spoken by the broad-faced, craggy-profiled inhabitants of the surrounding villages.

But this said (*No hay reglas fijas*, remember?), the overall feel of Oaxaca (the city) is distinctly and charmingly Spanish. Large, ornately decorated cathedrals dominate quiet squares where men take their midday siestas. Two-story buildings glow through the traffic-clogged streets in gentle yellows, pinks, oranges, and aqua blues. Carved wooden doorways reveal inner courtyards blooming with geraniums, orange blossoms, and bougainvillea.

At night, from the cafés surrounding the *zócalo*—a large shady square built around a pretty iron bandstand—you can hear musicians performing sad Mexican songs on their trumpets and guitars. On Sunday, under a huge tree in one corner of the square, a twenty-piece band plays "Indian Love Call" and a series of rousing marches from what can best be described as the Juan Philip Sousa school. Groups of young men and women parade in opposite directions around the *zócalo*, the better to eye one another as they stroll by. Not even the occasional political rally—the teachers were on strike while we were there—causes much disorder. Neat lines of neatly dressed people march by carrying neat, colorful banners.

What makes this benevolent scene all the more delightful is that foreign tourism does not dominate: during our stay, casual observation suggested a low incidence of pale, spotty men in Tom Petty T-shirts. Most tourists in Oaxaca are Mexican, in town for a weekend of sitting in cafés, enjoying the year-round good weather, and shopping in the famous markets.

Oaxaca's markets even rival its cathedrals, which are stunning (Aldous Huxley called the Iglesia de Santo Domingo "one of the most extravagantly gorgeous churches in the world"), and its museums—among them the jewel-like Museo Rufino Tamayo and the wacky museum adjoining the Basilica de la Soledad, with its collection of foreign currency, stuffed birds, and Tippi Hedren look-alike mannequins clothed in native costume. Housed under a hangarlike structure, the produce market seems to stretch for miles: table after table of tomato pyramids (the Oaxacans build pyramids out of everything they sell, even tubes of toothpaste), onions, at least fifty kinds of chili pepper, star fruit, pineapple cut and sliced to look like flowers, and oranges piled like ancient cairns. Gory mounds of shiny innards lie next to pigs' heads and brains, and long strips of thinly sliced meat hang like laundry around the outside of the market. Mountains of shrimp and fresh fish are displayed beneath colorful murals that change regularly, repainted every other week or so. One of the ones we saw was a fresco of Christ blessing a red snapper.

High above the city, the ruins of Monte Albán are bathed in a geometric pattern of converging shadows as the sun sets behind the forty square kilometers of temples and pyramids. Built originally by the Zapotecs around 700 B.C. as the capital, Monte Albán was briefly taken over by the Mixtecs before being mysteriously abandoned fifteen hundred years after it began. The treasures inside its many tombs escaped the conquistadors' notice only because the entire city had decayed to the point of looking like a lumpy outcrop atop the hills surrounding Oaxaca. Ironically, having survived the Spanish conquest, many of the objects discovered in Monte Albán by archaeologists were stolen from the Museo Nacional de Antropología, in Mexico City, just last year. (Mexican authorities recovered the objects four months ago.) Since the site was set upon by scholars and treasure seekers in 1952, only the main complex has been excavated. It stretches out like a vast man-made plateau, its high pyramids aligned with one another according to complicated astrological and mathematical calculations. From cer- ▶ 314

Carved doorways reveal courtyards blooming with orange blossoms

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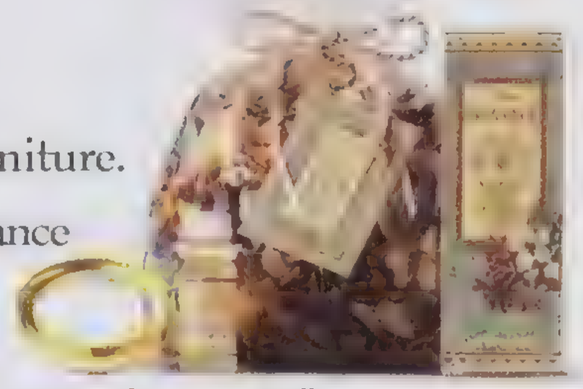

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tain areas of the plaza, the acoustics are so good that a single handclap echoes several times before fading into the hot, dry wind. In the ball court, athletes often competed not for lucrative Nike contracts but for the privilege of being sacrificed to the gods—ground rules that would have profoundly affected *my* game. Across the main plaza, a series of fifth-century drawings on flat rocks were thought, until recently, to depict dancers, each engaged in a sort of Zapotec funky chicken. But a closer look—and a knowledgeable guide—reveals that pain, not pleasure, is responsible for the figures' gyrations. Their faces are frozen in grimaces of agony. Some are missing a hand or a foot; women, with surprisingly accurate renderings of their reproductive organs, are shown giving birth to breech babies. All of which has of late convinced many archaeologists and historians that the Dazante Wall and Patio could have been a hospital and that the stones were forerunners of medical textbooks.

Forty-six kilometers east of Oaxaca—past Santa María, El Tule's huge, allegedly two-thousand-year-old cypress tree, where local children use mirror shards to reflect white light onto places where the gnarled bark has formed a monkey's face or an elephant's head, and past a cavera drawing of a man and a cow etched onto a rock above the road like a prehistoric Marlboro billboard—are the Mixtec-style buildings of Mitla. The site is smaller than Monte Albán but stunning in the intricacies of its stonework. Unfortunately, the Spaniards—ever the sensitive conquerors—tore down much of the ancient city to construct a Catholic church that now dominates the site. But what's left of the main temple is largely decorated by a stone mosaic inlay. Tens of thousands of Mixtec and Zapotec stoneworkers moved giant slabs of rock from a nearby quarry, cut perfectly fitting pieces with flint and obsidian chisels, and then puzzled them together without mortar and in the shape of a cross in order to give the building flexibility in an earthquake.

Athletes often competed for the privilege of being sacrificed to the gods

Oaxaca's Pacific coast is an altogether different world. Flying there from the city of Oaxaca is an experience sure to become less remarkable as the numbing influence of tourism spreads. At the moment, however, it involves a plane small enough to be cast partially in shadow by a giant swallowtail butterfly perched daintily on the wing, and an airline—Aerovías Oaxaqueñas—small enough that several travel-industry officials on the coast had never heard of it. Once again, we kept reminding ourselves, *no hay reglas fijas*.

The nerve-racking forty-minute flight over mountains (helpfully squiggled with dirt tracks to remind

you why you are risking your life on a tiny Mexican plane instead of risking your life on a tiny Mexican road) deposits you in Puerto Escondido, a collection of ugly shacks and buildings on a parched gray plain surrounded by dead trees and lapped at on one side by the crystalline Pacific.

"There's nothing here," the energetic woman who ran one of the rental car companies told us, "but at least it's still virgin." And she was half right.

We stayed in Puerto Escondido only long enough to rent a car—something less than half a day—and then headed down Highway 200, the long straight road that parallels the coast. After the green hills around Oaxaca, the landscape is startlingly barren. Black vultures are everywhere, hanging overhead in the airless heat and prompting the nervous motorist to check the fuel gauge every other kilometer or so. At one point we had to bring our little Volkswagen bug to a stop as six of the huge birds convened over a dead cat in the road. Other points of interest en route are ubiquitous gray trees festooned with large boxes covered in blue plastic. They turned out to be killer-bee traps, and there were hundreds of them. With the exception of occasional—and very welcome—glimpses of the Pacific, it is not a landscape that invites exploration.

At night musicians play sad songs on their trumpets and guitars

Puerto Angel, though more charming and less commercial than Puerto Escondido, consists of a dirt track running through an army base and a series of shacks and beachside restaurants that serve delicious fresh fish. My limited Spanish vocabulary did not include the word *tortuga*, and so, despite a public television–educated abhorrence of sea-turtle-killing, I soon had us dining obliviously on *tortuga al mojo de ajo*, otherwise known as turtle cooked with a garlic sauce.

At siesta time Puerto Angel is given over to the pigs and chickens, which scamper freely through the streets and lend Puerto Angel the atmosphere of an Old West frontier town. This image evaporates, however, whenever one of the leathery, aging hippies who camp nude at the beautiful Zipolite beach comes into view.

The most luxurious accommodations here are at the Hotel Angel del Mar, situated on a cliff overlooking the quiet Playa Panteón. (To reach Angel del Mar, follow the signs to the edge of town until you reach the base of a nearly vertical ascent. Then point your VW toward the first hairpin turn, step on the gas, and scream yourself hoarse for about twenty-five seconds. A valet will show you where to park.) The hotel in the off-season is Bates Motel creepy, but at thirty dollars a night it's cheap and cooler than the more rustic posadas in town. A gray and grizzled old man limps up the stairs with your luggage as wind howls through the rooms, slamming doors and billowing the faded, moth-eaten curtains. From the lobby, you can hear the tinny sound of a radio playing Mexican disco covers of such early seventies hits as "Alone Again (Naturally)" and "You've Got a Friend."

One day and one stomach virus later (the result of reckless seafood ingestion and exposure to Gilbert O'Sullivan ► 316

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songs), we were again headed down the coast. With much grinding of gears we drove our little VW past a Bienvenido a Huatulco sign—painted rather unencouragingly on the side of a crashed tractor-trailer—and into Huatulco.

With a similar grinding of gears, Huatulco is making the transition from a string of sparsely populated, impoverished fishing settlements to what the Mexican government hopes will become—I'm sorry to say—another Cancún. Everything in the resort development is in the midst of being built or watered. Against the drab hills, stretches of newly planted grass and palm trees look about as absurd as a Lily Pulitzer dress in a strip mine.

Even so, the giant pink stucco Sheraton is a welcome sight after hours on the hot coastal road from Puerto Angel. Beyond a huge swimming pool that shimmers with the reflection of palm trees and a thatched-roof restaurant, the clear blue Pacific breaks onto a perfectly golden sand beach.

But *No hay reglas fijas* is definitely in strict observance, even here. Porters rake the sand in the ashtrays and imprint it with a Sheraton seal almost hourly—and yet there was no mail pickup or delivery. Rooms are equipped with air-conditioning, minibars, automatically lit closets, televisions, and marble bathrooms—but a simple change of airline flights requires four hours and a trip to two neighboring villages. As Charles Macomb Flandrau wrote in a 1908 guidebook, *Viva Mexico!*, "A well-regulated, systematic, and precise person always detests Mexico and can rarely bring himself to say a kind word about anything in it, including the scenery. But if one is not inclined to exaggerate the importance of exactitude and is perpetually interested in the casual, the florid, and the problematic, Mexico is one long, carelessly written, but absorbing romance." Eighty-one years later, Mexico—even the Mexico of swank-resorts-in-embryo, club sandwiches, and cocktails—is still, charmingly, Mexico.

TRAVEL ▶ 318

Rachel Urquhart *is a reporter for* Spy.

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TRAVEL NEWS

By Richard Alleman

Looking west: The Horned Dorset Primavera's Caribbean

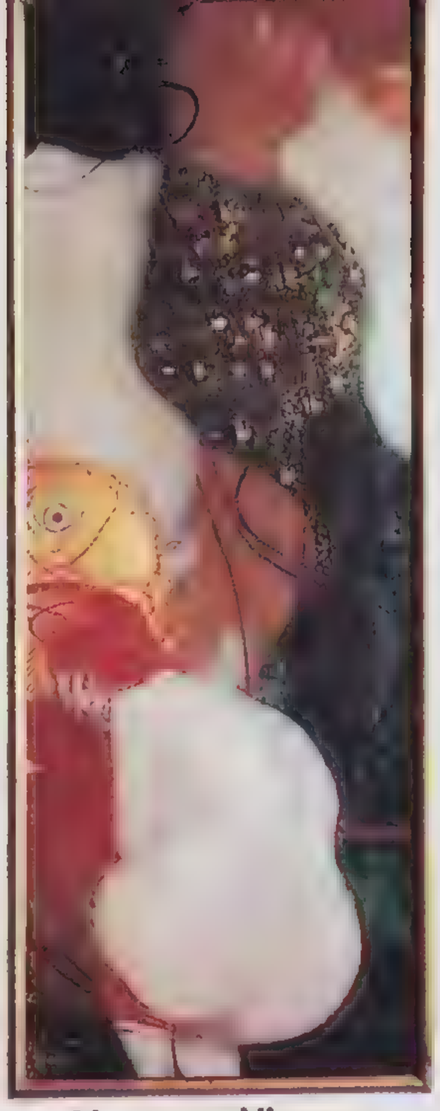
Puerto Rico: the other side

Far from the glitz of San Juan, Puerto Rico's west coast has lush mountains, palmy beaches, and practically no tourists. But a new hotel—The Horned Dorset Primavera—may soon put the area on travelers' maps. Set on a tropical hillside by the sea, this luxurious hideaway has twenty-six suites divided among five Spanish Colonial–style buildings; all suites have terraces, four-poster mahogany beds, and lavish marble baths. There's also a huge pool, a small beach, and a breezy main house with lounges, terraces, and a dining room on the water (great whale watching in winter). Best of all is the food—from the lunchtime *salade niçoise* with fresh seared tuna to the six-course, prix fixe ($35) dinners. It's a thirty-minute flight from San Juan to Mayagüez and a twenty-minute drive from the airport to the resort. Rates: $130–$150 per couple from May to November; $190–$210 December to April. Call (809) 823-4030.

New Year's in Vienna: the big bash

To celebrate the turn of the decade with appropriate style, a deluxe tour organizer in New York has plotted this irresistible New Year's fling. It starts December 29 with a Concorde flight from New York to Vienna and continues with five days of opera-going, insider sight-seeing, and heavy-duty hobnobbing with the rich and royal at private parties as well as at the legendary New Year's Eve Ball at the Imperial Palace. The group will stay at the landmark Hotel Bristol and will Concorde back to NYC on January 4. Price: $5,800 per person. Call the Annemarie Victory Organization at (212) 486-0353 for additional details.

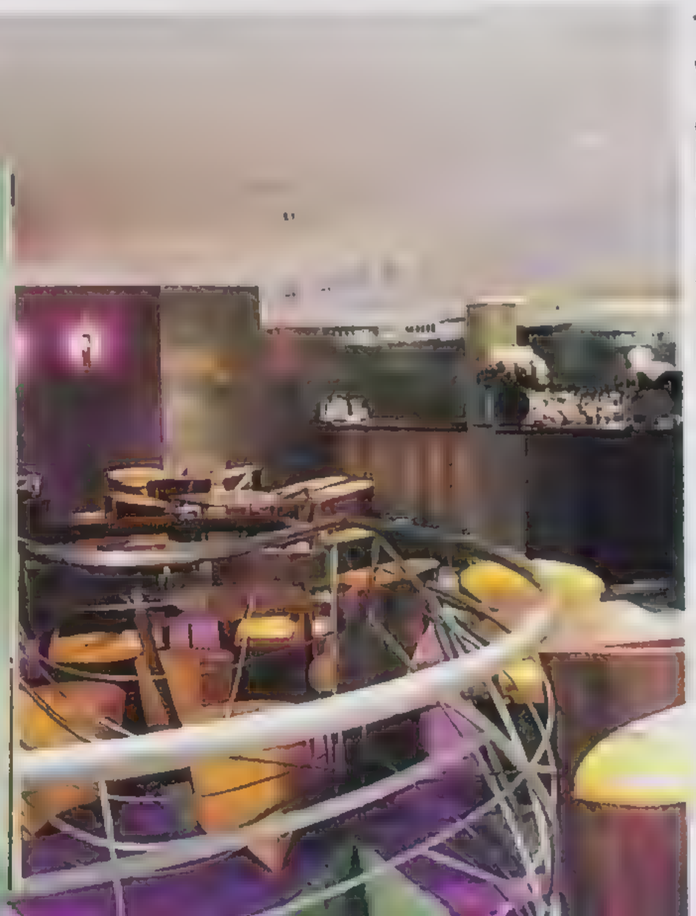
For a less expensive, more freewheeling Viennese New Year, Ciga Hotels' "Welcome to Europe" package provides seven nights, breakfast included, at many Ciga Hotels in Europe for $840, double occupancy. Since Vienna's two top hotels—the aforementioned Bristol and the palatial Imperial—are Cigas, shrewd travelers can use the plan to sample both. See travel agent or page 315.



Nouveau Vienna: Gustav Klimt's Gold Fish

Hot property: La Villa

The most exciting new small hotel in Paris is La Villa, at 29 rue Jacob in Saint-Germain-des-Prés. The creation of twenty-nine-year-old French design star Marie-Christine Dorner, La Villa surprises with its combinations of vibrant and cool colors, its site-specific furniture and fixtures, and its gimmicks (such as room numbers projected in light on the corridor carpet). Two bars and twenty-four-hour room service complete the picture. Rates range from approximately $110 for a small double to $375 for the largest suite. Phone: 43-26-60-00; telex: 202-437 F.



Two views of La Villa: FAR LEFT, mint-green moderne bedroom by Marie-Christine Dorner; LEFT, purple-paneled bar with steel-and-leather armchairs.

Top left and center: LEN JENSHEL; top right: Giraudon/Art Resource; bottom right: ROBIN MALTETE

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DRIVING

The Europeans are losing their lock on luxury. DAVID BARRY reports on the **new Japanese competition**

THE NISSAN MAXIMA IN THE TV COMMERCIAL IS CLEARly a serious player. Fashionably black and four-door, it cuts through big-city traffic carrying a woman executive who obviously has no time for anything less than the best. Her car has the sleek, understated Bauhaus-moderne shape that says nineties affluence, and if you didn't look twice, you might mistake her $21,000 Maxima for a $37,000 BMW 525i.

The resemblance is no accident, any more than the striking similarity between the lines of the new $35,000 Lexus from Toyota and its designated market target, the $62,000 Mercedes-Benz 420 SEL. This may sound like fast company for family cars from Nissan and

The Nissan Maxima '89 GXE: finally, looks that match performance

Toyota, but the Japanese luxury car has arrived, with much more than look-alike styling to sell. The Japanese cars boast the same high-tech performance features that have made German sedans the standard of the world. The biggest difference between these cars is price—the German cars cost almost twice as much.

The V-6 Nissan Maxima, like the comparably priced ($22,000), six-cylinder Toyota Cressida, has been nibbling at the lower rungs of the status-sedan market for some time. Now Toyota and Nissan have upped the power ante from six to eight cylinders with their new Lexus and Infiniti lines, respectively, both of which are full-size, V-8 luxury sedans good for 150 mph. And speed is important. Even if you do not personally lust for power, performance has always been the real basis of luxury-car status. At the top of the heap are the V-12 160-mph BMW 750iL and the V-8 150-mph Mercedes-Benz 560 SEL. But thanks to steady erosion of dollar against deutsche mark in the world market, the price of either of those German status machines is a whopping $73,000. Toyota and Nissan, on the other hand, have managed to keep the price of their own V-8 luxury lines down to about $35,000—just a shade over the cost of an *economy* BMW or Mercedes. On the road, the Japanese deliver their advertised speed in total comfort, with the grace under pressure that we tend to associate with German cars. Both Lexus and Infiniti offer the full-body-wrap luxury of sumptuous leather, polished hardwood trim, orthopedic-grade seating, sensible instrumentation, and sophisticated, effective climate control.

Measured against the second-echelon BMW and Mercedes sedans, Lexus and Infiniti come out ahead in sheer performance, although the BMW and the Mercedes offer more finesse and bottom-line driving sophistication. The German cars also offer the superbly satisfying bank-vault door slam. The Japanese haven't gotten their door slam to sound like serious money yet, but give them time. The Infiniti falls several points short of both the BMW and the Jaguar (it's not clear which car is being imitated) in terms of styling, and as handsome as the Lexus is, its silhouette lacks the Teutonic majesty of the Mercedes.

The question is whether these qualities are worth an extra $30,000—or nearly twice the price of admission. After all, the Japanese cars did not get here by short-cutting engineering, skimping on production values, or using cheaper technology. Both Lexus and Infiniti have the same high-tech components—antiskid disc brakes and independent suspension at both ends, fuel-injected engines with five-speed synchro-mesh or electronic four-speed automatic gearboxes—that the German cars have. And as for Volvo and Saab, the Lexus and Infiniti V-8s simply outclass the best of them.

With all this talent, you'd think the Japanese could do better than the weird, quasi-Latin names they give their American-export offspring. Fortunately for them, what counts in the car market is not name but image. Honda, Toyota, Mazda, and Datsun first became American household names as economy carmakers. Then in the 1970s, when American manufacturing quality went to pot, the Japanese automotive image molted from economy to high-tech quality. Finally that image is becoming synonymous with luxury as well.

GEORGE LANGE

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FOOD NOTES

Important new cookbooks from two great masters

JULIA CHILD'S FIRST WORK IN NINE YEARS HAS BEEN met with the advance hoopla that usually accompanies a blockbuster novel. The Book-of-the-Month Club is offering it as the November main selection—the first time ever for a cookbook—and Knopf has ordered an unheard-of first printing of seventy-five thousand copies. However, this is one cookbook that lives up to its press as well as its title, *The Way to Cook*. Not only does Child provide classic techniques that will educate a whole new generation of cooks, but she also encourages more accomplished cooks to improvise.

Instead of grouping recipes by food types, Child organizes them by method. Each chapter is structured around a handful of master recipes (a soup base, a meat braise, a composed salad) that are followed by endless variations. Thus a basic Mediterranean soup base is transformed into Santa Barbara Fish Stew or becomes an aspic coating for a fish dish. An "all-purpose crepe formula" is filled with flaming apples, rolled into chicken and mushroom roulades, or stacked into a lobster-layered tower.

Throughout the book Child offers advice and accompaniments: croutons for the soup, the best pan for the crepes, mayonnaises for the salads and the best way to store them. Clear photographs take novices through many of the steps in the more than eight hundred recipes. This is not a trendy book—no blue cornmeal or chipotles here—but one, like a sophisticated *Joy of Cooking*, that will educate and inspire.

Many of the recipes in Julia Child's seventh book were sampled on her popular *Dinner at Julia's* TV show.

Another indispensable volume is Doubleday's *Traditional French Cooking*, the first English-language edition of the Larousse classic. An enormous *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of food, it is based on the lifework of renowned French gastronome "Prince" Curnonsky, who died in 1956. The impeccably organized book contains more than twelve hundred recipes, a glossary of terms, and menus from France's great chefs. There are eighty-three recipes for chicken, eighteen for rabbit (including a rabbit in tarragon sauce), and no less than 208 for dessert. Nothing is left out: grouse, kid, and thrush each have a section. But the best are the straightforward delights such as a briny sea urchin soufflé in its own shell, or a *croque-monsieur* with Roquefort. Like Child's, Curnonsky's rule was, "Make it simple... and let things taste of what they are."

New York's Café Loup goes public

The address may be different, but the ambience and menu remain reassuringly the same at New York City's charming Café Loup. Here, a berry tart and steak frites.

WHEN CAFE LOUP MOVED TWO BLOCKS WEST TO SPACIOUS NEW QUARTERS AT 105 West Thirteenth Street, loyal patrons shuddered. For years the tiny Greenwich Village bistro had served as a virtual private club to a discerning few who enjoyed the fine collection of jazz, the porcelain ashtrays on the bar, and the original photographs on the walls. But owner Bruce Bethany has not shed any of the props or personnel that lent his restaurant its charm; he has simply made them available to more people.

Although much larger and more dramatic, the new space has white walls and dark wood that keep it simple, and the lighting and the staff keep it intimate. The same laid-back bartenders dispense cocktails (real ones, often made with juice squeezed from an old-fashioned juicer). Café Loup is probably the only place in town where people actually order a Pernod on the rocks or a champagne cocktail. The food is still the best of the bistro genre: a perfect tangy mussel remoulade, a good pâté, fresh oysters, saucisson. The duck is always a marvel—with green apples and calvados one night, *au poivre* (green peppercorns, brandy, and cream) the next. There are good herbed lamb chops, steak frites, and roast veal with mustard sauce. And the works of Berenice Abbott, Ansel Adams, Brassaï, and Annie Leibovitz still grace the painted brick walls.

Top: IRA SCHERER; bottom: BRIAN HAGIWARA

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couture report: the

To the untrained eye, the couture may seem a mysterious mix of theater
As **Joan Juliet Buck** reports, couture breaks down into four schools

the man:

Although Schiaparelli had done a broad-shouldered look in the thirties, YSL's first "smoking" (1966) sent shock waves through society by slipping a woman into a man's tuxedo. What followed: a torrent of strong squared shoulders, invisible waists and hips, and fly-front trousers from many couturiers.

the woman:

When Chanel reopened in 1954, her first collection was a near disaster in France. But American women, who had never really given up the classic Chanel suit, were thrilled. Her easy cardigan jacket, feather-light tweeds, and bold coloring remain a strong influence.

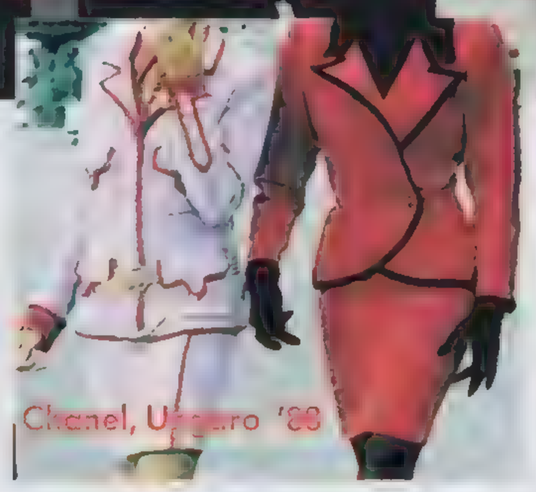

Illustration: RODGER DUNCAN. Details, last pages

four schools of design

and clothes. But there is actually method to the madness. of thought: the man, the woman, the doll, the abstract

the abstract: Even Dior said, "Balenciaga is the master of us all." And master he was of the pure, the abstract, the intellectual. His disciples have sometimes pushed conceptual design to the outer limits. For some, the new couture rule seems to be "more is more."

the doll: In 1947, Christian Dior's New Look took women out of the broad-shouldered, mannish look of the late thirties and war years and put them back—into his dream of femininity. There were small shoulders, tiny nipped-in waists, curved, padded hips, and yards of fabric for skirts. Later interpretations of this doll-like look recalled everything from Barbies to mermaids.

text begins ▶ 336

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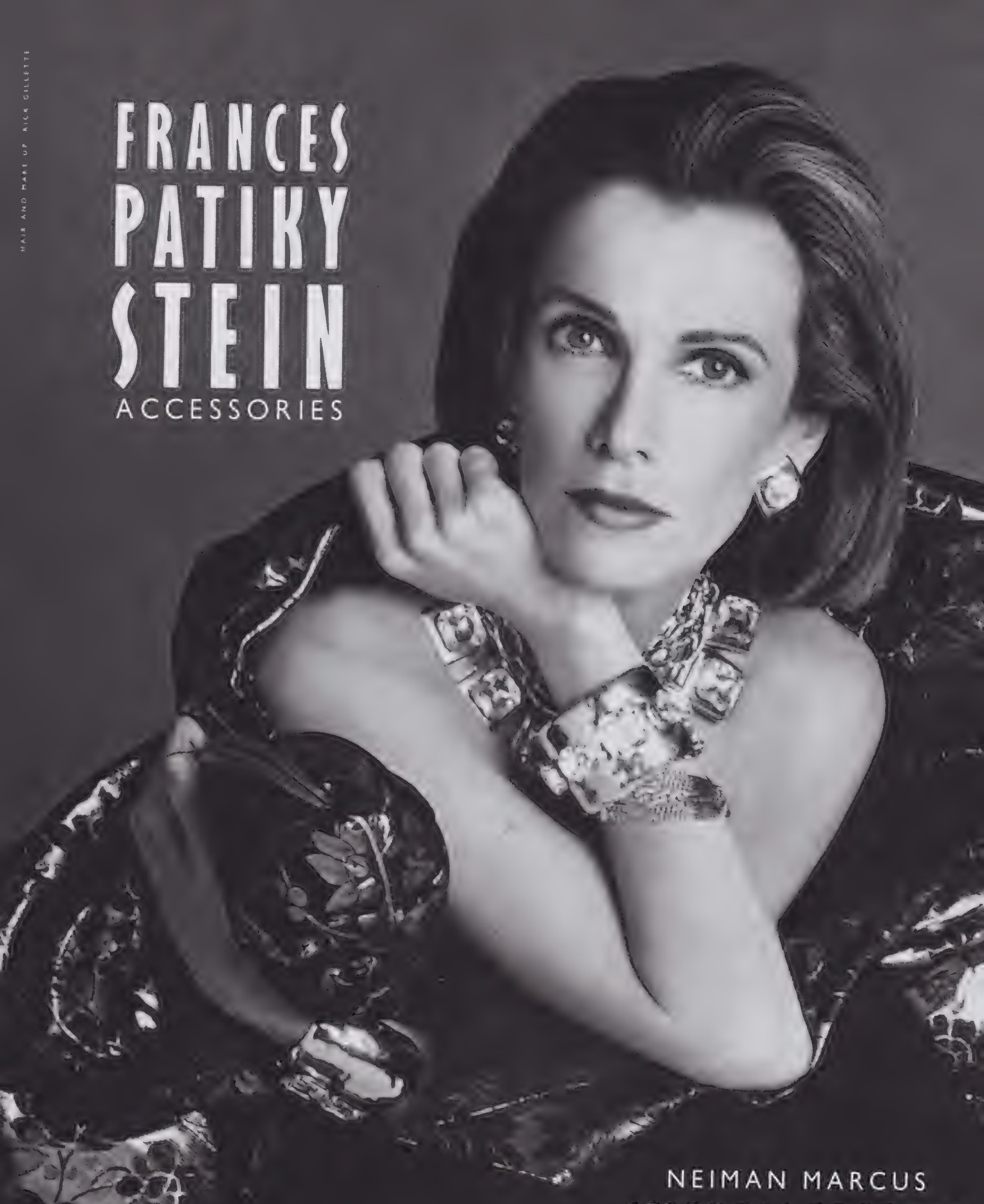

NEIMAN MARCUS
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PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

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Gown, **Martha;** Fur, **Pellicce;** Jewelry, **Harry Winston Petit Salon;** Shoes, **Charles Jourdan;** Candelabra, Meissen dog, champagne cooler and glass, tapestry cushions and coupe dish, all from **Asprey;** Chocolates, **Neuchatel;** Rug backdrop and commode, **Blantree and Company.**

Photo: Norman Parkinson

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COUTURE REPORT

THE SOUND TRACK AT THE YVES SAINT LAURENT SHOW was a tape that combined arias from three Mozart operas: *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte*, and *The Marriage of Figaro*. As a familiar group of notes hit my ear, I leaned over to an opera buff sitting two seats away. "Which version of *Figaro* is that from?" I asked. "That's *Don Giovanni*!" she said, adding, "Silly!" With the evening dresses came Cherubino singing "Voi che sapete." A boyfriend of mine had directed *The Marriage of Figaro*, and I know "Voi che sapete" by heart. Certain that she'd have to agree with me, I leaned across a second time. "Now *that's* from *Figaro*!" I said. She turned and shook her head. "No it isn't," she said, "Sorry!" And she smiled.

YSL convinced women that the best way to offer their bodies was as a bare triangle of flesh inside a tuxedo jacket

Watching the collections is just like that. You look at something you know to be one thing and you're told—silly! sorry!—that it's another. You see lime green, orange, and brown combined and you know you've seen it before—yes, in that cheap apartment you didn't rent in West Los Angeles, and in motels, yes, motels—and you're told that this is a new "Renaissance" combination "lit with mustard." You see tops as heavy as den sofas, skirts as insubstantial as Kleenex, and people applaud. At last you see something simple, flattering to the female body, and the next day you read in the newspapers that it was "constipated."

Revolutions used to happen periodically in fashion, reversing the old order, putting the unknown into sudden focus and shoving the familiar into exile. No longer. In the same way that people can no longer tell the difference between *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, they can no longer tell the difference between a brown panne velvet cushion and a black coachman's coat, between a doily and a doormat. The last twenty years of fashion have virtually eliminated the rules of style. There is no intrinsic difference between day and evening clothes, between proper and incorrect, ladylike and absurd. We have instead a system of conspicuous consumption that defies anything sociologists in the fifties dreamed about. Instead of offering flattering, expensive clothes for rich women to wear and ordinary women to copy, the couture now presents unwearable clothes for the press and its readers to take as gospel, while rich clients fool about in the dressing room, amending the excess to their own taste. If they are very good at improving on the designer's ideas, the clients can then go into business for themselves. It's the trickle-up effect.

Chanel understood the need to be efficient by day and seductive at night

It used to be that there was a Platonic ideal of womanhood, shimmering away inside each woman's hopes and each man's libido, a ▶342

GUY MARINEAU, Illustration; BODGER DUNCAN

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COUTURE REPORT

creature of long neck, slim arms, tiny waist, rounded bosom, flaring hips, long legs, and thin, thin ankles. The creators of the four great strains of fashion each approached this ideal woman in a different way: Yves Saint Laurent turned her into a man, sent her out in a pantsuit, and convinced his followers that the best way to offer their bodies was as a bare triangle of flesh inside a tuxedo jacket. Chanel dressed woman as woman; the breasts were not high and young, the waist was just a little thickened, there were pockets by day and chiffon at night. Her point of view was practical and mature, and it honored the conflict that her clients felt between the need to be efficient by day and seductive at night, and therefore seductive while efficient and efficient while seductive. Her legacy lives on in the fragility of a Chanel blouse (one spill and it's dead), in cardigans with gold buttons and pussycat bows that, alas, have nine lives.

Two years after the end of World War II, when women had been providers, scavengers, factory workers, soldiers, and widows, Christian Dior created the woman as doll. He cut and bound cloth so that it made curves, believed in décolleté for day (how my mother used to embarrass me, with her suit jackets open over low, curved necklines), padded out the hips, and instituted an era of stiff little walks, wrist-held handbags, drooping, frail shoulders, and big skirts. The doll-woman didn't chair meetings. She went to lunch and gave out the impression she had sex in the afternoon, if her lover could get the buttons undone in time.

Balenciaga's woman was an abstract concept; he was hypnotized by cut, and in his clothes the waist moved where he wanted it to, the shoulders rose as petals, fell as fichus, disappeared under draping, were made invisible by great puffs of satin rising, organically but asexually, from below. His clothes were art, but never flattering. Flattery, any artist will tell you, is for court photographers.

Today we are left with the heirs to Chanel, Dior, and Balenciaga silhouettes and with Saint Laurent himself. Chanel's heirs include Valentino, who makes pretty women, and Karl Lagerfeld in some of his collections. One of Dior's most surprising followers is to be found in ready-to-wear: the doll is all about sex, and Azzedine Alaïa offers, without padding, a woman with mischief on her mind. Gianfranco Ferre's first collection for the house of Dior this season is a successful synthesis of Dior's construction and Ferre's own flowing severity. He has done day dresses that unbutton in the back and coats with big bows, and has created a strict, provocative new silhouette. Whether women—the rich ones who can buy the real thing, the ordinary ones who can cobble together approximations until the mass market catches up—will want to look strict without looking masculine is as yet unclear.

Dior '89

Dior '87

Chanel '89

Dior's doll-woman didn't chair meetings. She went to lunch

For the past few years we have been surrounded by the legacy of Balenciaga: abstract designs, conceptual combinations of antagonistic fabrics, shapes that are indifferent or hostile to the female form. Christian Lacroix, though he put fur lapels and a tassel in the middle of the back of a pure Saint Laurent pantsuit, is of the school of Balenciaga: he has presented bubbles, poufs, tea cozies, cheese bells, flower beds, and mismatched curtains as clothes over the past few years, and the rich ladies have gone to balls unaware of the disquieting effect their outfits produced. Balenciaga paid frequent homage to his native Spain with embroidered jackets and toreador bobbles; Lacroix is from Arles, and *l'Arlésienne*—a woman in a fichu, velvet bodice, long flowered skirt, and pointy lace headdress—has hovered menacingly over many of his creations. To my eye, fichus—triangles of fabric tied tightly over the shoulders—suggest dowager's hump; brutal combinations of colors and prints imply chronic distraction in the wearer; while short, wide skirts set high above the waist approximate the look of a pregnant hamster. (Not everyone shares my opinion. Lacroix has his fans. From the beginning he has made me laugh, for which I am often grateful.)

And yet Lacroix has rejuvenated fashion: when he first showed three years ago, under his own name, dressing was merely a matter of choosing between the man and woman styles. It was he who brought ►350

GUY MARINEAU. Illustration: RODGER DUNCAN

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Lady and the VAMP

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Her appeal is infinite.
Her shoes are Italian. Of course."

From left to right: Men's oxblood leather cap toe lace-up. Women's faux leopard pump. Men's stained calf wingtip slip-on. Fine Italian footwear can be found at Parisian, Birmingham, AL.

"We never agree, but we always see eye to eye."

Jessica Rainwater, who achieved widespread recognition on "Family Ties," returned to the stage this past summer in the Berkeley Repertory Theatre's production of "Lulu." Since then, Jessica has several film projects waiting in the wings. Another step in the right direction: her high heeled lizard pumps from Italy. Hill-Edelman Medical Cap (at times) also from Italy. Tom Dalton footwear can be found in Palo Alto. Prescription free lens.

When it comes to black tie affairs, he always said, "the more intimate, the better."

A former model, Kelly Lynch has appeared in such films as *Bright Lights, Big City, Cocktail* and, most recently, *Roadhouse* opposite Patrick Swayze. In her latest role in *Drugstore Cowboy*, Lynch plays a strung-out drug addict married to a criminal...as the actress herself puts it, "a survivor." Wearing black over- the-knee stretch fabric boots from Italy, Kelly is about as invincible as they come. His, Italian woven satin formal pumps.

She said, "Go west, young man." He just kept driving.

Vanessa Williams' debut gold album with Wing/Polygram, "The Right Stuff," is just another victory in a burgeoning career. Vanessa has also appeared in such feature films as *The Pick-Up Artist* and *Under the Gun* and on television in the Emmy-award winning special, "Motown Returns To The Apollo." Here she steals the show in pleated suede pumps from Italy. Fine Italian footwear can be found at Margapita, Coconut Grove, FL.

For further information regarding the footwear and fashions seen on these six pages, contact the Italian Shoe Center, a promotional division of The Italian Trade Commission, New York, (212) 980-1500.

Lady and the VAMP

In Store Events

VOGUE presents an evening of classic Italian style at:

Margapita
Mayfair in the Grove
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October 26, 1989
For more information, please call
305-448-6740

VOGUE and GQ present an evening of classic Italian style at:

Parisian
Riverchase Galleria
Birmingham, AL
October 24, 1989
For more information, please call
205-940-4831

Otto Tootsi Plohound
137 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY
For more information, please call
212-925-8931
between 11:30 am – 7:30 pm.

GQ presents an evening of classic Italian style at:

F.G. Bodner
9700 Collins Avenue
Miami Beach, FL
For more information, please call
305-861-4516

Object COUTURE REPORT

Balenciaga's clothes were art, but never flattering. Flattery is for court photographers

back the doll and the abstract in full force. Asexual, abstract dressing has periods of favor: Poiret made women look like embroidered velvet eggs just before World War I, and in the sixties grown women adopted Courrèges in the belief that they were being young and somewhat space-age if they wore the pastel, sleeveless, square-necked, short, thick shifts that rose around their necks like barrels when they sat down due to the stiffness of the fabric. Ungaro's early clothes were of that same unbending mold, before he went wild with slash-and-drape dolls. There was Paco Rabanne, whose dresses made of plastic discs bound together by metal rings were inorganic, warlike, and uncomfortable. Givenchy was of the Balenciaga school, but he has as his muse and model Audrey Hepburn, whose perfect proportions suggested enhancement rather than elimination.

The four different silhouettes each treat the female body in a specific way: man flattens and lengthens; woman follows and adorns; doll enhances and reveals; and the abstract disguises and denies. No designer wants to be called a dressmaker, and a strain of misplaced intellectualism has crept into couture just as goat cheese has crept into the cuisine of the Southwest. The choice of deliberately complex, gratingly illogical artifacts suddenly makes shopping seem like an avant-garde enterprise, like buying "difficult" art or listening to atonal music. It's brave, just as it was brave to buy paintings by Jean Michel Basquiat or have Frank Gehry design a house. Conceptual clothes make women look ridiculous to the untrained eye of their inferiors, while signaling to their peers that they are brave and discriminating. Look at photographs of belles at Longchamp in 1913: hobble skirts and pancake hats make them look ungainly and a little crazy, but they knew they were the cutting edge of style.

Dior '89

Style swings in a pendulum motion because people get bored. We are coming to the end of the conceptual doily phase. Designers mutate: Saint Laurent started off at Dior making clothes that sometimes looked like Balenciaga, and every designer can be counted on to come up with his version of Chanel. Not everyone can be a great composer; there's honor in a great performance, and variations get more applause than the original theme. As long as the audience can recognize the tune.

GUY MARINEAU. Illustration: RODGER DUNCAN

GIORGIO ARMANI

CALZE

Photograph: Herb Ritts

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FUR COLLECTION

VOGUE

Point of view

great ideas...

If September is the month to think about serious clothes—important suits for work, substantial tweeds, and investment furs—October is the month for dressing with a lighter touch. And with the couture comes a constellation of terrific ideas that will play right through December. To watch for: the star of the collections—Chanel's new longer jacket with a very feminine nipped-in waist; long enough to cover the hips, it makes even a short chiffon skirt more wearable and is bound to become a classic. Equally influential: YSL's brocade suit; cut as close to the body as one in simple tweed, it brings an old-fashioned fabric into 1990. And, as always, the couture brings a certain sumptuousness: the most glittery embroidery (newest in gold), fur trim, or salt-and-pepper beading on a tweed suit. Bound to be picked up everywhere (for day and for night): tiers of chokers at the neck, shoulder-length earrings, high brocade boots for day, handbags to match suits . . . . More news—as Iman, perhaps the greatest runway model of the decade, heads west to pursue a film career, she speaks about beauty and her personal style . . . . The American infatuation with the rugged wild West continues. But now designers have added their own special touches. Traditional jean shirts get reworked in florals, car coats turn up with Navaho patterns, and fringed coats take on a life of their own when worn at a real dude ranch . . . . The connection between fashion and beauty is reaffirmed in our two stories about velvet. The fabric of choice for all designers, velvet is worn in one of two ways. If it's less expensive, it's got to be dead simple and in black. Otherwise anything goes: gold embroidery, studs, quilting, layering over lamé. Velvet boots and shoes are accessories that now work twenty-four hours a day. The perfect match: new makeup with a velvety texture.

The new look of fur: plush. Everything from beaver to mink has a soft, velvety finish. The important shapes: sporty anoraks or more formal swings.

Making a comeback: the suede fringed coat. No longer a hippie revival, it moves over jeans for weekends, over skirts for city days.

Big beauty news: powder—even in lipstick. New technology allows for more refined surfaces, colors as rich as velvet. Truer reds, purples.

A Chanel jacket that projects a long, lean line. It has narrow shoulders and sleeves, a snug torso, and it's cut to curve over the hips. The bravura trim, multiple buttons, and pockets are Chanel signatures this season. Chanel jewelry. Another classic—Chanel's Teint Pur Oil-Free makeup in Ivory. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele Photographer: Peter Lindbergh; runway, Guy Marineau

couture report

Couture maps out a new classic—the long and curvy jacket. What else is new: brighter brocades and even more lavish embroidery

Lagerfeld's inspiration for this 1989 jacket: a suit designed by Coco Chanel in 1939—and never shown. Lagerfeld's version has the same long, fitted silhouette, plus patch pockets. He pairs it with a short, draped chiffon skirt. In this story: hair, Donald for Bruno Pittini, Paris; makeup, Stéphane Marais assisted by Onoda for l'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, last pages.

the new suit shape:

curvy

Karl Lagerfeld says these Chanel jackets are about women "not trying to look like their boyfriends"—they're fitted to female curves

A style hallmark: mixing the severe with the soft. Chanel's classic tailored wool jacket and a short, draped wool crepe skirt.

A wool tweed Chanel jacket that features a double dose of color. It's covered with black-and-white plaid and shot with red.

Dior's suit piles texture on texture. A cardigan and matching skirt in a rough tweed that's embellished with beading. An invisible embellishment, the fragrance Poison, by Christian Dior. Details, last pages.

The fabrics that rule the collections: bold,

Is it a jacket or a coat? Chanel's long and narrow check jacket, worn over leggings, could also be paired with a skirt.

Paris made waists worth watching. Valentino's fitted suit jacket—sided with contrasting insets—played up that point.

Dior mixes up day and night: a herringbone suit is draped with a shawl that's beaded with jet.

A Chanel suit with exaggerated details: the fabric's a superscale check, the buttons are big, and it's trimmed with ribbon.

overscale tweeds and graphic checks

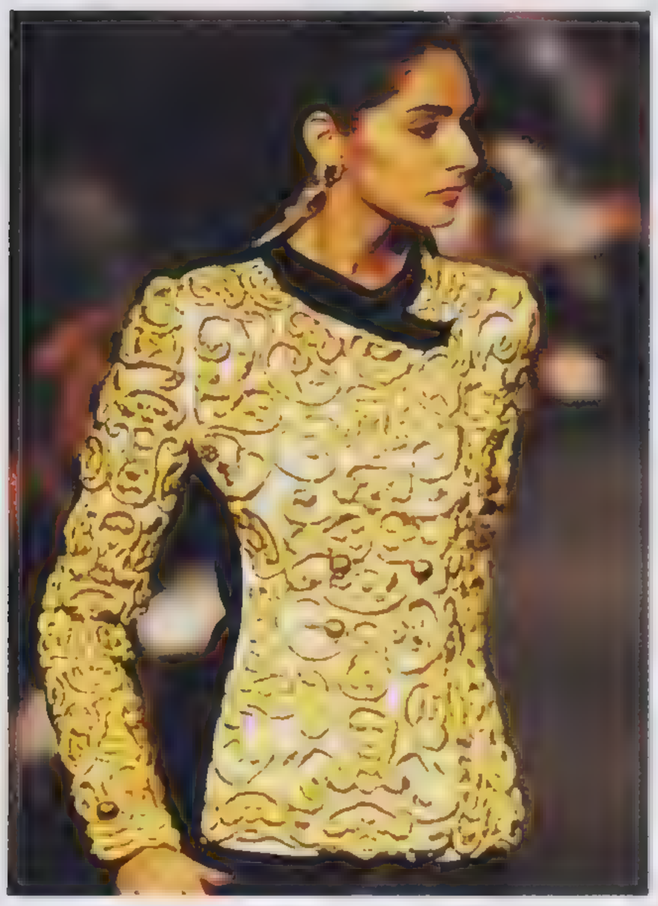
A pair of glittering brocaded and embroidered suits. The news—embroidery on a velvet skirt, LEFT; on a jacket collar, RIGHT. By Emanuel Ungaro. Details, last pages.

a decorative edge:

embroidery

Always a couture favorite, embroidery is more lavish than ever. The stars: in gold

At Christian Lacroix: a colorful folkloric pattern ornaments a round-necked black wool coat.



A case of opposite attraction: Chanel's luxuriously embroidered jacket is backed in plain black velvet.

breaking tradition:

brocade

The fabric is back–but not as you know it. Now there's brilliant color, a sexy shape

Unexpected treatment: YSL's high brocaded boots brighten a day suit with a black Persian lamb jacket.

All-out brocade for evening—a bias-cut dress with a gigantic stand-up collar that frames the face. By YSL.

Yves Saint Laurent takes a modern approach to brocade, showing it for day—over wool jersey skirts. Here, his brocade jacket, silk blouse. A subtle flush of color—Rouge Intense Lipstick #3 in Sandalwood Pink by Yves Saint Laurent Beauté. Details, last pages.

Backfire: a silk chiffon evening dress is shirred in the back. By Jean Louis Scherrer.

Christian Lacroix's skirt can move into day when a plain turtleneck is substituted for an ornate jacket.

The latest foil for the simple black evening dress: a short, full coat in brocade. By Valentino.

The brocade suit—Emanuel Ungaro's way: with a peplumed jacket and a straight skirt.

Traditionally reserved for evening, lavish

Brocade as never before—cut into a small short-skirted coat by Yves Saint Laurent. Details

versions of brocade are worn for day

iman

After years as queen of the runway, Iman the Magnificent is heading west for a career as a film star. ***Lesley Cunliffe*** *catches her in transit*

At once earthy, sensual and aloof, Iman is sometimes a bigger draw at the collections than the clothes. OPPOSITE PAGE: Typical of her dramatic, uninhibited approach—bold Chanel jewelry . . . and short "Josephine Baker" hair. Earrings, Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. THIS PAGE: Iman acts up over a clip from *No* [illegible] in Christian Lacroix's [illegible] and African-inspired [illegible] Sweater by Christian Lacroix Haute [illegible] Collection. [illegible] bracelets, and [illegible] Picasso for [illegible] story: [illegible] Patrick [illegible] Jose [illegible]

[illegible] fashion editor [illegible] Photographer Helmut Newton

Oscar de
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A small ad hoc gathering in a rigorously stylish warehouse conversion in New York's newly fashionable Sofi (South of the Flatiron) district: though it is the dog days of August, certain of life's complications have kept this select group in the city. They all should have been in the Hamptons. Still, it is an agreeable Friday evening. As some drape themselves in various attitudes over the severely architectural features of the penthouse, the talk among these clubland heroes turns to Iman, the fabulous black model.

Talk about how really fabulous she is for her age (officially thirty-three, "but all models shave a bit off, they have to . . ;.") and talk about how this spring her smooth-swiveling prance and deep-down hauteur had electrified the crowds at the collections in Paris—for the absolutely last time. How, after two years of talking about it, Iman the Magnificent really was retiring from the catwalk. That she had sold the house in New York, and put her eleven-year-old daughter Zulekha into summer camp, and after Paris and a tour around Spain she would head straight to L.A.

The sumptuous furnishings bought for the house on New York City's Upper East Side when she was married to basketball star Spencer Haywood (furniture that had done service after their divorce, in the more modest West Side duplex she'd shared with stockbroker Will Regan) were in transit. And the spectacular seventeenth-century Venetian furniture (including a $30,000 mirror from Rose Cumming that looked like it came from a palazzo on the Grand Canal), the acreage of beige Fortuny wall-and-window drapery, the marvelous paintings, the sculpture from Upper Volta and Senegal, and lots and lots of marble will all go into storage until she finds a house in L.A., preferably in the hills. Because now, after having apparently quit modeling, and having lost interest in the *kikois* she had designed and promoted for a scarf company a few years ago, Iman is going full tilt into acting. That's the sort of thing they were saying about Iman. "Well," thrilled the campest member of the party, "I loved her when she played the trisexual-transvestite-drug-pushing-club-owner in *Miami Vice* that time." The others seemed slightly worried for her, itemizing her other acting ventures as they wandered in and out of the various rooms.

Her first was a small role in Otto Preminger's *The Human Factor* in 1979. She made a memorable appearance in *Out of Africa,* and on *The Cosby Show* she was delightful as a pregnant woman with four sons, desperate for a girl; 1987 was a good year with two films, *No Way Out* (she played a South African living in Washington, D.C.) and *Surrender* (she was Michael Caine's girlfriend). And this year, on television, a major role as a club owner (*In the Heat of the Night*).

One of the people darting into the kitchen that night to toy with his share of the sushi was Peter Beard. It was he who had discovered Iman, who had bagged her one day when he had gone into Nairobi for supplies (amazing what one can pick up on safari . . .). He had stage-managed her entrée to the New York fashion scene, arranging for her to work at Wilhelmina. He comes up with an old *New York Post* clipping: the first-ever mention of Iman. It was Eugenia Sheppard's Inside Fashion column, dated July 22, 1975. The copy began, "New York will soon be bowled over by the arrival of a fashion model from Nairobi who will appear wearing an elephant fetish jacket and a dozen or so gold band necklaces. She is 5'10 1/2", one foot of which . . .seems to be a miraculous neck." The fashion writer went on to quote Beard: " 'She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She represents all the grace and dignity of the old Africa.' "

"The truth is, she's a great actress," says Bill Blass. "She uses her body like an instrument"

Iman was immediately famous. "Okay, so we did set up the legend," says Beard, "but it got completely out of hand. The press ended up calling her a *goat* herder, which was a complete insult. We said she was herding cattle: there's a big difference." (Actually the daughter of a Somalian diplomat, Iman was a university student in Nairobi.) "I really first saw her," says Beard, "one day as I was driving down Standard Street in Nairobi with Kamante, who was, as you know, Isak Dinesen's faithful retainer. Iman was dead anxious to get out of Africa."

Spared the ordeal of go-sees (which most new models endure) by a blaze of publicity, Iman started working right away. "I used her from the start," says Bill Blass, who with his characteristic sharpness got the point of Iman immediately. "The truth is, she's a great actress. She's always still Iman, but her ability to transfer her attitude from one house to another is incredible. She uses her body like an instrument, and I'm not talking about her sensuality."

Iman confers legitimacy upon a collection. As a model-star she is sometimes a bigger draw than the clothes. Designers prize her ability to transform designs simply by giving them the Iman treatment. She elevates the commonplace little number to *her* level. She has grown up with a lot of the younger designers, like Fernando Sanchez, who says, "She's the High Priestess—we all call her that (Iman means priest in Arabic). Of course she's dramatic, but behind the slightly grand attitude she is very professional. Never lets you down. And whatever happens, if there's a problem, she'll handle it: make them laugh, keep them in awe—whatever is needed to cover a disaster. But beyond the fact that she's famous, Iman is the perfect model, she gives *expression* to the clothes."

French designer Thierry Mugler, her great fan and friend, says, "She feels the atmosphere of the crowd (and holds their attention like nobody else). She knows how to use those hips. I know how to dress them. We go to the extreme together. We dance a lot and laugh and scream and tell stories. But in work she is very professional. She comes, she's there, she's ready. She knows what she wants and knows what's good for her in hair and makeup and clothes."

Photographers say the same. She often styles the shot herself, always does her own makeup. She tells the photographer when he's got his shot, and she'll be right. This ▶ 470

From Somalia to Seventh Avenue: Iman's background is the stuff of legend. Contrary to early lore that had her herding goats in the bush when photographer Peter Beard found her, she was actually a college student in Nairobi.
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: **Iman at Beard's African farm; with ex-husband and former basketball star Spencer Haywood and daughter Zulekha, in 1978; modeling in Oscar de la Renta's fall '89 show; with Calvin Klein at a Metropolitan Museum of Art dinner dance.**

Clockwise from top left: PETER BEARD/Visions; MICHAEL EVANS/Gamma-Liaison; PIERRE SCHERMAN; RON GALELLA

Iman prefers unusual clothing mixes—such as heavily embellished brocade jackets (worn over bare skin à la Prince) and ripped blue jeans, OPPOSITE PAGE. Jacket from Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. Iman's jeans. Her signature accessories: jewelry, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co., and Paloma Picasso bag. THIS PAGE: The perfect contrast: enormous "diamond" earrings and extravagantly brocaded boots against dark skin dusted with gold powder. Boots by Yves Saint Laurent Footwear, earrings by Yves Saint Laurent Couture. Antique Irish carpet over sofa, Niall Smith, NYC. Details, last pages.

true

RIDING COAT

"The western tradition of riding is not refined," says Bayard Fox, owner of Bitterroot Ranch in Dubois, Wyoming. "It's more the bronco-busting school of thought." Here, herding cattle at Breteche C... ranch in W... Wyoming, wit... manag... Curtis. Th... gear for ... trail—a ra... that's constructed specifically for riding: it unbuttons up the sides and straps to the legs. By Hermès, about $795. In... Bouti... Pal... Ch... Lev... In this ... Geo... ...

Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

west

As city-weary vacationers in search of novelty and excitement seek more and more rugged destinations, the dude ranch has taken on the cachet of a resort. Typically western designs have taken a similarly fashionable turn

SUEDE ROUNDUP

In the early 1900s, ranches interviewed clients, choosing only those whom they considered "top society." Now everyone is welcome. But some things never change: the average visitor, says Fox (of Bitterroot Ranch), "hardly knows how to milk a cow." OPPOSITE PAGE: The right slouchy jacket for the modern cowgirl. By Fiorucci, about $600. Fiorucci, NYC, Miami, Houston. Calvin Klein wool trousers (about $390) and silk shirt (about $240). Bergdorf Goodman; Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Harry B's, Nashville. THIS PAGE: The little fringed skirt goes to town. By Michael Hoban for North Beach, about $225. North Beach Leather stores, NYC, Boston, Chicago. Details, more stores, last pages.

TIME-OUT

Weekend clothes that are as appropriate in Connecticut as they are in Wyoming. OPPOSITE PAGE: A cashmere sweater, white blouse, suede jodhpurs. Cardigan by N. Peal Cashmere, about $395. N. Peal Cashmere, NYC, San Francisco, Ontario Canada. Silk charmeuse blouse by Samantha Robbins for Sami, about $130. Peress, NYC; E Martini, Charlotte NC; Amourette, Carmel CA. Calvin Klein jodhpurs, about $975. Barneys New York; Georgina, Hewlett NY; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. THIS PAGE: Franco Moschino's homage to the spaghetti western—a fringed skirt—worn with cowboy boots by The Justin Boot Company. Skirt by Moschino Prêt à Porter, about $600. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. Boots, about $270. Billy Martin's, NYC; Alcala's Western Wear, Chicago; Cavender's Boot City, Dallas. Details, more stores, last pages.

WEST DRESSED

Riding vacations have become so popular that American ranchers are sponsoring treks to the Giza pyramids, to the Loire châteaus. Back home, American motifs prevail—the Navaho-print blanket is still used as a saddle pad. Ralph Lauren chooses a similar print for a long robe coat. THIS PAGE Ralph Lauren Country coat in wool, about $890. Saks Fifth Avenue; Polo/ Ralph Lauren, Denver, Beverly Hills. OPPOSITE PAGE Where one might expect a shirt in denim—one in a floral cotton and linen. Shirt by Ralph Lauren Country (about $165) and cotton canvas coat by Ralph Lauren Roughwear (about $345). Both at Polo/ Ralph Lauren, NYC. Shirt also at Polo/ Ralph Lauren, Pittsburgh. Coat also at Polo Ralph Lauren, Denver. Details, last pages.

EASY RIDERS

The great American cotton shirt and jeans. It's a classic combination as appropriate back home as it is for an outing with ranch hands from Breteche Creek. Shirt by The Gap, about $32. Available at The Gap stores. Jeans by Levi's Womenswear. Details, last pages.

HOME ON THE RANGE

The American dude ranch has such mythic appeal that some vacationers fly in from Zürich just to "round up the herd" and "muck the stalls." A day at Breteche Creek Ranch. TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: It starts with a ride along the trail at Breteche Creek Valley; at camp, a long Navaho-print wool coat by Ralph Lauren Country; the daily roundup in a shirt from Basco by Lance Karesh; a pair of boots by Acme Boot Co. has detailing as fine as handmade versions. MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: A pair of authentic cowboy chaps; a Rolex watch in stainless steel; a local hangout, the Cody Saddle Company. BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: The ranch pickup truck; Old Wolf lisping in the [illegible] on the Sho[illegible] a turtleneck [illegible] Calvin Klein; [illegible] by Orvis New York; Bogner [illegible] the western shirt [illegible] for [illegible] womenswear. Details, [illegible]

GREAT PLAINS
The twenty-first century has caught up with ranching, and cowboys are being supplanted by machines. Yet almost a million visitors a year still descend upon ranches to see the real thing. OPPOSITE PAGE: A cotton vest, for fishing or for extra warmth on the trail. By Banana Republic, about $48. At Banana Republic stores. Wool Menswear shirt by Pendleton, about $54. Hoffman's, Latham NY; Town and Country Shop, Eagle River WI; Bellevue Pendleton, [illegible]evue WA. Jeans [illegible]ap, about [illegible]e Gap [illegible] of a

D[illegible]029. THIS PAGE: A long riding coat for a morning on horseback. In cotton canvas, by Ralph Lauren Roughwear, about $345. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Denver. Jeans by Guess? Georges [illegible] Da[illegible]

TRAIL BLAZERS

Most visitors, while hoping for the "true cowboy experience," will settle for four-star cuisine: The Home Ranch in Clark, Colorado, serves pheasant instead of meat loaf at dinner. But during the day, a warm jacket and a sturdy hat are as formal as it gets. THIS PAGE: Another incarnation of the classic Indian blanket—as a short wool jacket. By Options, about $535. Betsey Bunky Mini, NYC; Neiman Marcus; Regine, Los Angeles. An equally [illegible] approach to [illegible] Brush On Body Paint Emboui[illegible] Mou-Bubbles in Bursting Sepia by [illegible] PAGE: The ever-present fringed suede coat by Ralph Lauren Country. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Pittsburgh, Beverly Hills. Jeans by Levi's Womenswear. Details, last pages.

"Velvet should be like an accessory," says Donna Karan. "Wear it anytime—like a watch." Karan adopted that formula, showing velvet jackets with ski pants as well as sequined skirts. That break-the-rules attitude is shared by other designers. "When velvet is used for casual clothes, it shows that you don't have to be so rigid about what's appropriate," notes Michael Kors. His idea of casual velvet: black drawstring shorts. Velvet also comes in rich jewel colors, embellished with beading, pleating, and even hand painting, to mix with bright brocade, gold or silver lamé. Rifat Ozbek downplays this elaborateness, street-style, putting an embroidered velvet jacket with blue jeans. Velvet does yet another crossover, casting its magic over makeup. Powder has traditionally given a matte, velvety finish to the skin; today there are even powder-based matte lipsticks. Because velvet and matte makeup don't reflect light, their colors are especially intense, making them the perfect foil for each other. For that reason, "a matte face is a real 'made up' face," says makeup artist Laura Mercier, who created the look, opposite. "It's sophisticated because it's more finished."

the velvet

Velvet naturally inspires reverential treatment. Designers give it that—and more. To go with it: the matte velvet finished face

The perfect velvet item, OPPOSITE PAGE: Christian Lacroix's multicolored lamé scarf with fringe, about $883. Jimmy's, Brooklyn. The perfect velvet makeup: Knowing Red Perfect Lipstick; Jet Black Automatic Pencil on eyes. All, Estée Lauder. These seven pages: hair, John Sahag for John Sahag salon, NYC; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain Photographer: Penn

touch

Velvet gets the elaborate treatment: it's printed, pleated, draped, and topped by a bustier that's ornamented with beads. Silk bustier and silk velvet skirt by Gianni Versace. Gianni Versace Boutique, Chicago.

the velvet touch

Rifat Ozbek heaps riches on richness, embroidering a velvet bolero and pants with gold, decorating a bra with coins. Bolero (about $960), bra (about $555), and crepe pants by Ozbek. Carol Rollo/Riding High, NYC; The Gazebo, Dallas; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. For a flawlessly finished face: Barely Beige More Than Powder by Estée Lauder. Details, more stores, last pages.

Call it a fighting fire with fire approach: dramatic accessories—like this velvet scarf and chandelier earring—need equally strong makeup. The face color that's going strong here: eyes shaped with Persian Blue Pro-Colors Eyeshadow; lips defined with Coral Pearl Luminesse Lipstick, all by Cover Girl. Velvet and chiffon scarf by Rifat Ozbek. Silk stretch gauze bodysuit by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, about $645. Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Earrings by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun.

Elegant take on a sixties standard—hand-painted velvet. A sarong swathed over a silk gauze bodysuit by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Skirt, about $1,550; bodysuit, about $600. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Auer's, Denver. Details, more stores, last pages of this issue.

Texture goes full force: a lamé-collared velvet wrap jacket over gold-shot silk pants. Jacket by Donna Karan New York. Bergdorf Goodman. Pants by Romeo Gigli, about $1,095. Bergdorf Goodman; Maxfield, Los Angeles.

the velvet touch

This ankle-length dress is absolutely simple—all the better to show off the fabric: a spectacular lace-patterned cut velvet. Shrugged over it: a quilted wrap coat that's a patchwork of rainbow color; it's of silk faille with a silk jacquard lining, by Oscar de la Renta. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress also at Neiman Marcus. Coat also at Auer's, Denver. Details, more stores, last pages.

The other side of velvet—totally simple. In black, and in spare shapes, it's an option for day

black velvet

A dressed-up—and a dressed-down—approach to evening. THIS PAGE A dress that's glove-tight on top, easing into a shapely skirt. By Victoria Falls, about $440. Victoria Falls, NYC; Asta De Blue, Philadelphia; Khyber Crossing, San Francisco. Chanel bag. A plus for hair: Rene Furterer's Rt6 Shampooing Gel for Frequent Use. OPPOSITE PAGE A crewneck wool sweater (with jeweled embroidery), jeans (in velvet), plus a silk scarf. Sweater by Adrienne Vittadini. Cotton velvet jeans by Michael Kors, about $360. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; The Gazebo, Dallas. Scarf by Sylvia Heisel, about $275. Barneys New York; Mendelsonn, Philadelphia; Linda Dresner. In this story: hair, Recine for Recine New York; makeup, Craig Gadson. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Jenny Capitain
Photographer:
Tiziano Magni

A version of the little black Audrey Hepburn dress, OPPOSITE PAGE, scoop-necked, plunging to a V in the back. Vogue Pattern #7389. Fabric by J. B. Martin Co. Prada bag. THIS PAGE: It couldn't be sleeker, simpler, or barer—Laura Biagiotti's velvet bustier dress with pencil-thin straps. About $1,100. Quarante, Newton MA; Lily Simon, Canada. Details, last pages.

Mixing fabrics makes the difference, OPPOSITE PAGE. The jacket's done up in velvet; the pants are in brocade. Jacket by DKNY, about $575. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Pants by Randolph Duke, about $160. Detour, NYC; Gail Beth's, Litchfield CT; Saks Jandel. Silk blouse by Perry Ellis Portfolio, about $155. Barneys New York; Loretta Blum, Dallas. A face powder that adds a velvet finish: Oro² by Princess Marcella Borghese. THIS PAGE: A long halter dress in stretch velvet by Tarlazzi II by Angelo Tarlazzi, about $560. Angelo Tarlazzi Boutique, NYC; Isaacson's, Atlanta; Bottego Contessa, Chicago. The jewelry: strands of black beads. Onyx necklace by Robert Lee Morris. Tiered black glass necklace by Jay Feinberg. Details, more stores, last pages.

future beauty

What does "ideal beauty" look like? Plastic surgeons are studying the facial proportions of top models to help find the answer. Using a computer, the portraits of four leading models, ABOVE, TOP TO BOTTOM, Karen Alexander, Lauren Lindberg, Cordula, and Kara Young, were digitalized and combined to create one "perfect face," OPPOSITE PAGE. Ideal image by Nancy Burson; software designed by David Kramlich. Details, last pages.

Tomorrow's "ideal face," as ***Shirley Lord*** *reports, will be the result of new inventions, fresh ideas, and a pervasive attitude that nothing need stand in the way of a more perfect you*

Mirror, mirror, on the wall . . . Look in a mirror at a cosmetics counter these days, and chances are it will be attached to a computer capable of manipulating your features, coloring, and hairstyle to produce your idea (or the manufacturer's) of you at your "fairest." Your image, a miracle of video and computer technology, can be restyled and reshaped electronically as fast as buttons on the terminal are pushed.

This is child's play compared to the actual reshaping going on in the operating room. There, computer images act as "windows" through which plastic surgeons can clearly see and examine patients' tissues, muscles, and bone structures. From these electronic images are developed blueprints of the appropriate surgical procedure. This has meant a tremendous advance in correcting abnormalities. However, the computer is also increasingly used in cosmetic surgery to show would-be patients how they're going to look after a face-lift or an eye job. While interesting, these images can also be dangerously deluding.

"Computers can't predict soft-tissue changes," says plastic surgeon Darrick Antell, M.D., D.D.S., attending staff in plastic surgery, St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital–Columbia University Medical School. "Bone changes, yes; soft tissue, no. If I move the chin forward one centimeter, we know, within reason, you will get one centimeter difference. When it comes to the nose, if someone makes an adjustment on the computer to show a patient how her 'new nose' is going to look, it can't and doesn't account for how the skin is going to drape in that area. The end result can be a disappointment."

Dr. Antell is one of a growing number of plastic surgeons who believe in improving on nature. A few years ago he applied for and received a research grant from the American Society of Aesthetic Plas-

Left, top to bottom: TIZIANO MAGNI, WALTER CHIN, TIZIANO MAGNI, WALTER CHIN.

tic Surgery to study what he calls "today's ideal standard of beauty." He and coinvestigator James W. Smith, clinical associate professor of plastic surgery at The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, used top models from Ford Models as subjects, measuring their facial proportions with calipers to compile a huge dossier of micromeasurements. They were guided in part by *Anthropometry of the Head and Face in Medicine*, a reference book by L. G. Farkas, associate professor, department of surgery, University of Toronto, who has done work comparing ancient Greek canons of facial proportion with today's average population.

Smith and Antell feel their ongoing study is contributing to the success of their cosmetic and reconstructive surgery operations. "The blueprints of humans produced by electronic surgical imaging don't realistically portray what changes are and are not possible," says Smith. "Whereas when I do overlays with drawing paper on a patient's photograph, using this armory of ideal micromeasurements as a guide, I am able to determine with a better degree of possibility if the patient is deficient in the malar [cheekbone] area—or has too much bulk in the jaw. Perhaps the slant of the eyebrows is off or the size of the nose. It's often such a subtle little thing."

To the suggestion that their ongoing pursuit of perfection for their patients is creating unrealistic expectations, Antell and Smith have only contempt. "On the contrary," says Smith, "now more and more women of every age want to improve their appearance by making what may be only the slightest change, and more and more plastic surgeons are working with them to discover what can be done to change them from average to exceptional. You could say it's cosmetic surgery coming of age."

Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical professor, department of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine, has been dealing for more than twenty years with thousands of patients' dreams and aspirations for ideal looks. A pioneer in a number of revolutionary treatments, including hair transplants, cryosurgery to correct dark under-eye circles, and Retin-A for premature aging, Orentreich says today, "Although undoubtedly there are many sophisticated new tools and techniques available that produce fast visual improvements, it is neurotic to become obsessive about one's appearance just as it is a sign of neurosis to neglect it. There is a great deal we can do, but too much cosmetic surgery can look terrible.

"Take the use of silicone injections into the skin for the elimination of fine lines or scars. We learned over the years that the best results are achieved by injecting only microdroplets at very well-spaced intervals of time, say, every four to six months. The silicone stimulates the skin to produce its own new tissue to 'fill in' the wrinkle or indentation, not the material that is injected. Nothing 'instant,' or even fast."

Permanent cosmetic changes are also increasingly effected by tattooing, not only for eyeliner (for those allergic to eye makeup or with vision problems) but for reshaping lips, eyebrows, or areolae surrounding the nipples. At The Orentreich Medical Group, a special sterilized "gun" is used that dispatches a mixture of inorganic pigments to achieve an exact skin-tone match. (A similar gun is used on the West Coast at beauty clinics like About Faces, Sausalito, California.) In places where a medical problem has caused a loss of pigment, Orentreich now tattoos real gold into the skin, "because it can stimulate the manufacture of natural pigment," he explains. "But I must stipulate that it takes time—it's not an overnight miracle."

The cosmetics industry was built on the promise of miracles, and it's expected that companies will invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in computers to show consumers not only the changes that can be made with makeup and haircolor but with skin-care products, too. Even today, Estée Lauder's Personal Profile Printout and Skin Analyzer Machine, Shiseido's Replica Skin Diagnosis System, Terme di Saturnia's Skin Sensor, Lancôme's Video Beauty, and Christian Dior's Double Exposure can show a woman what her skin looks like and what it needs. Soon Prescriptives will have a small machine at its counters capable of pressing every custom-blended powder product, for every skin tone. Lipstick can be custom-blended, too. Visage Beauté and Charles of the Ritz provide makeup on a one-on-one basis, and Key Identity, a small company in New York City, has begun blending individual skin-care products.

Permanent cosmetic changes are also increasingly effected by tattooing, not only for eyeliner but for reshaping lips and eyebrows

Other companies believe there's no more personal approach than do-it-yourself. This month Yves Saint Laurent introduces Principe Actif, a twenty-one-day, two- to four-times-a-year treatment, which comes as a capsule and an airy cream that you have to mix together. Princess Marcella Borghese's new Controtempo Antidote for the Eyes also needs your input: you have to mix a cream and a gel together to achieve relief from dry lines. For the future, there's optimism that Retin-A will become the first antiaging prescription drug and that skin care will become much more important. As dermatologists already stipulate, Retin-A must not be used without a good moisturizer every day and plenty of sun protection. The nineties will bring plenty. Coming soon: chemically treated fabrics with an SPF of 60; a personal sun vane that warns you when it's time to hit the shade; vending machines at the beach that spray you with the right SPF at the touch of a button; towelettes soaked in sunscreen for wipe-on protection. At least one hundred new sun-care lotions are scheduled for introduction next year alone. A wrinkle-free era? It won't be for want of trying.

In the 1990s, skin care will mean "do it yourself" products like Yves Saint Laurent's new Principe Actif moisturizer, a capsule and cream that you mix together. Ring, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. Details, last pages.

PENN

a taste of things to come

Peering into a future world of left-handed sugars, artificial fat substitutes, and genetically engineered nutrients, Jeffrey Steingarten learns that one man's technology may be another man's poison

A favorite science fiction novel of my boyhood was *The Space Merchants* by Pohl and Kornbluth, in which the world is controlled by American advertising agencies. Resources are so scarce that rich people exchange wedding rings carved from oak. Most of the world's animal protein is sliced from Chicken Little, which grows beneath eighty-story algae farms in Costa Rica. On every floor, in acres of tanks, algae convert energy from tropical sunlight into sugar. This is piped directly into Chicken Little, a fifty-foot mountain of throbbing, pulsing, ever-growing, undifferentiated chicken flesh.

Ever since reading the book I have been a breathless enthusiast for food science and engineering. Until recently, my favorite biotechnology product was a scientifically cultured, single-celled fungus called *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. When combined with starch, water, and certain proteins, the fungus generates carbon dioxide, which gets trapped in little protein pockets and expands when the mixture is heated. The result is crusty, delicious yeasty bread, which man has enjoyed for six thousand years. The first certified biotechnologists were professional yeast makers in Egypt who by 300 B.C. had *Saccharomyces cerevisiae* under sufficient control to earn a living selling it.

My second-favorite product of biotechnology used to be wine. The story and the organism are roughly the same.

These days it is harder to pick favorites. You can't open the morning newspaper without finding an announcement from a USDA laboratory, a university scientist, or one of America's 150-odd food biotechnology firms about a newly engineered species, product, or process. So it seems a perfect time to inaugurate the prestigious *First Annual Vogue Chicken Little Awards for Achievement in Dining Science*.

This year we have winners and runners-up in four categories: Less Food, More Food, Better Food, and Novel Food. Many are prospects for the near or distant future—after all, genetically engineered foods did not exist until 1984, and the Food and Drug Administration has yet to approve any for the dinner table.

Less Food

These are foods that contribute fewer calories, saturated fats, or other noxious things to our diet than their natural prototypes. This year's winner is Lev-O-Cal, a left-handed sugar. It looks and tastes like sucrose or granulated sugar (which is right-handed), behaves like granulated sugar in baking and candy making, unlike existing low-calorie sweeteners, but passes through the body undigested. Lev-O-Cal is owned by Biospherics of Beltsville, Maryland, and has yet to undergo testing for FDA approval.

When you look at an old-fashioned sugar molecule and count down five carbon atoms from the top, you find a pair of oxygen and hydrogen atoms sticking out to the right. With left-handed sugars, the pair veers off to the left, fooling your digestive enzymes, which can handle right-handed sugars only. Intent on persuading Biospherics to send me a few hundred pounds of Lev-O-Cal, I forgot to ask how you or your enzymes can tell if you are looking at the sugar molecule from the front or the back.

Biospherics could not spare any Lev-O-Cal, but they did send me a little plastic envelope of D-tagatose as a consolation prize, a right-handed sugar with less than a quarter of the calories of table sugar. The envelope of D-tagatose was labeled EXPERIMENTAL FOOD ADDITIVE SAMPLE FOR USE IN IN VITRO OR ANIMAL STUDIES ONLY. NOT INTENDED FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. What is man but an experimental animal, I asked myself as I fished out a teaspoon of D-tagatose and dumped it on my tongue. Crystalline white and very fine, it will make a fine candy bar until Lev-O-Cal arrives.

First Runner-up: Olestra, the fat substitute from Procter & Gamble. By designing a chemical complex of sugar and soybean oil, P&G have created a gigantic sucrose polyester molecule that our lipase enzyme is powerless to digest. The result is a cooking oil with no calories, no fat, and no cholesterol. "Olestra is not a silver bullet," I was cautioned by a P&G spokesman. He is wrong. Olestra is a silver bullet.

If the FDA decides that it is safe, this discovery could eliminate half the fat in our diets. But Procter & Gamble are, I regret, missing the big picture. For one thing, P&G have inexplicably asked the FDA for approval to put only 35 percent olestra in home cooking oil (75 percent for professional frying ▶472

Peeling an orange was never this easy. Thanks to a new process, soon to be commercially available, citrus peels literally fall away from fruit, giving new meaning to fast food.

women & sm

Today, most doctors label cigarette smoking a disease—one that kills one out of six people in this country, a thousand people a day. Most people who die from smoking cigarettes start the habit in their teens. And most of these young smokers are girls. According to former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, "The most regrettable aspect [of cigarette-caused illness and death]. . .is that it is as preventable as it is predictable."

Koop's message is that "smoking represents the most extensively documented cause of disease ever investigated in the history of biomedical research." So why is it that with all we know about cigarettes, more than a quarter of American women still smoke? Does their cigarette addiction differ from that of American men's?

Lung cancer has surpassed breast cancer as the number-one killer of women.

Erica Frank, M.D., looks at why women can't stop smoking

In some ways female smokers resemble male smokers. According to Joseph Califano, former secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare: "Women who smoke like men, die like men who smoke." However, smoking is clearly a women's issue because the risks of diseases classically associated with males, such as heart attack, ulcers, and lung cancer, as well as female diseases like osteoporosis and cervical cancer, are all increased in women who use tobacco. In addition, women's reproductive health and even children's health are endangered by smoking.

"Cigarette smoking is one of the worst forms of child abuse there is," according to Rick Richards, M.D., president of Doctors Ought to Care (DOC), a physician-led organization dedicated to decreasing diseases caused by lifestyle choices. "Smoking is one of the most important preventable causes of miscarriage, premature labor, and mental and physical growth retardation of the fetus during pregnancy. A parent's smoking is the most easily prevented cause of children's ear and upper respiratory infections. Children of smokers are also more likely to become smokers themselves."

The dangers familiar to male smokers now appear to be more common in women than previously predicted. Lung cancer has surpassed breast cancer as the leading cause of cancer death in women, with a lung-cancer risk for women smokers about twelve times that of nonsmokers. Smoking may account for 90 percent of heart attacks among female heavy smokers (those who smoke more than two packs a day), but may also double or triple the heart-attack risk for women who smoke as few as one to four cigarettes a day.

There are, of course, two sides to the smoking equation: initiation and cessation. On both counts, American women do worse than American men. In the last decade, smoking among men aged twenty to twenty-four has decreased from 45 to 33 percent but has increased from 33 to 35 percent among young women.

Why do women start smoking? Various factors may be involved: imitation of family members or others; peer pressure; a feeling of invincibility. But many experts, including the British and American medical associations, feel that the $2.4 billion spent annually on cigarette advertising and promotion is one of the most effective inducers. All Americans are subjected to cigarette advertising; but women especially are viewed as high-priority targets by the tobacco industry.

Model David Goerlitz used to pose for cigarette ads. Now he's appearing in a new antismoking campaign sponsored by several organizations, including the American Cancer Society, in which celebrities speak out against smoking. Goerlitz says, "When we went on ad shoots, I was supposed to act like a soldier, to appear rugged to teenage boys. The promoters told me to tell the press that we were just aiming for brand switching, but I believe they were really trying to entice kids to smoke."

Although today some male sports stars refuse to endorse products they believe are unhealthful, top women athletes are caught in a conundrum. Many of them, especially those on the pro tennis circuit, have made extraordinary earnings playing in tournaments sponsored by tobacco companies. Virginia Slims, for one, promoted women's pro sports long before other sponsors. Merrett Stierheim, the executive director and CEO of the Women's International Tennis Association, stated that "I don't think there's any sport in the world that's had a finer sponsor than Virginia Slims. . . .They have been extremely loyal to women's tennis and I think the players reciprocate that loyalty."

Tennis players are not the only beneficiaries of cigarette companies. Other groups—professional and amateur male sports, women's and minority causes, and the arts—have all received such support. Minority causes, in particular, have been heavily sponsored by the tobacco industry. Brown & Williamson's Kool Achiever Awards (for those who "improve life in the inner city"); Philip Morris's support of the United Negro College Fund; and RJ Reynolds's former sponsorship of the Ebony Fashion Fair have raised questions about

oking

the reasons for many black leaders' silence on this major cause of death among blacks.

The other side of the smoking equation is cessation. By marketing cigarettes such as the failed Premier and the new low-nicotine Next cigarettes, even cigarette companies seem to acknowledge that many consumers would like a less disease-generating habit. However, there is mounting evidence that low-yield-cigarette smokers do not experience a reduction in cigarette-related disease as compared with regular cigarette smokers (because they may smoke more, inhale more deeply, or still be exposed to the same levels of the many other toxins in cigarette smoke). Although many smokers of both sexes would like to stop, each smoker is beset by his or her own impediments. Some smokers find the practice relaxing; others seek nicotine's high. For a few, it is simply a habit; but for most it is an addiction, requiring twenty to forty hits a day.

When it comes to quitting, women do worse than men, with only 40 percent of women who ever smoked having quit versus 46 percent of men. Studies that examined smoking trends among doctors and nurses—who should know better—reveal this disparity. Though smoking is on a decline in both groups, nurses (the majority of whom are women) on the whole have been slower in giving up cigarettes than have doctors (the majority of whom are men). While 30 to 40 percent of both groups smoked in the 1960s, the figure for doctors had dropped to 21 percent by 1975 while remaining constant for nurses.

Although the reasons for this phenomenon are not certain, some studies indicate that this may be because women are less confident in their ability to quit, more reliant on the emotion-blunting effects that some experience with cigarettes, less able or willing to tolerate any withdrawal cravings, or more fearful of weight gain (although women who quit will likely gain *less* weight than men). Additionally, some experts have found that women are less likely to perceive the personal health risks of smoking, more dependent on interpersonal factors (such as social support) in order to quit, or less persistent in their attempts to quit.

There are now about forty million Americans who have managed to give up smoking voluntarily. Benefits of cessation on physical endurance (decreased shortness of breath with exercise, less smoker's hack, fewer respiratory infections), on taste, and on one's pocketbook can be seen immediately. Among ex-smokers, many of the serious cardiovascular and pulmonary risks associated with cigarettes approach those of nonsmokers within ten years. There are also a thousand people a day who involuntarily quit smoking in this country—by dying from heart attacks, strokes, and lung cancer. In the end, then, a smoker can choose to which group of ex-smokers she will eventually belong: she can voluntarily give up smoking—or be forced, finally, to quit.

quit-smoking techniques

There are many ways to stop smoking cigarettes. Since the jury is still out on which method is best, evaluate your own reasons for smoking and pick methods that you feel would motivate you to stop.

Education

It is crucial to learn about the risks associated with smoking cigarettes. Such information is available from organizations like the American Cancer Society, bookstores, and cessation clinics.

Avoidance

Visit places such as museums or libraries where smoking is not allowed. Avoid friends, situations, foods and beverages associated with smoking.

Substitution

Chewing gum (to provide the oral satisfaction cigarettes give) or playing with a pencil or paper clip (to keep hands busy) may provide a good temporary substitute for old habits.

Slow weaning

One can gradually phase out cigarettes by switching to less enjoyable brands, making oneself aware of each cigarette smoked by keeping a smoking diary, cutting down the number of cigarettes smoked per day, or decreasing the amount of each cigarette smoked.

Cold turkey

Swift withdrawal is generally a very effective method, and may be particularly helpful to those who require an abrupt declaration of independence from cigarettes.

Financial investment

Spending money on a smoking-cessation program may increase a smoker's sense of investment in quitting.

Relaxation techniques

The use of deep breathing or other centering exercises can be effective to combat an anxiety-created urge to smoke.

Quit kits

Books, motivational tapes, videos, and other guides to cessation provide an independent but structured approach.

Self-reward

Treating yourself to usually denied pleasures can reinforce the benefits of cessation.

Group support

Role-playing, other nonsmokers, and psychotherapy may be useful.

Drug treatment

Pharmacologic aids have been available (as herbal remedies) since the midthirties. Modern drugs such as nicotine gum, available with a prescription, may help, but should be used in conjunction with behavioral therapy. Clonidine, an antihypertensive, is currently being investigated and may prove to be the first effective nonnicotine drug therapy. Additionally, some antianxiety and antidepressant drugs are being investigated as possible aids in cessation.

Aversive conditioning

Aversive conditioning includes negative stimuli, such as the application of small shocks every time the smoker takes a puff, to bring negative associations to tobacco consumption.

Your physician

Many physicians now receive special training in smoking cessation.

Spas

Although most spas believe that smoking cessation is a problem for medical intervention, a few spas offer programs. Among them, Safety Harbor Spa & Fitness Center; Canyon Ranch (see overleaf).

kicking the habit

During the sixteen years I smoked close to two packs of cigarettes a day, my parents and my husband offered me money, trips, jewelry, even a sports car to quit. I turned them all down. I craved nicotine. I loved every heady, pleasure-filled puff. And cigarettes—unlike some friends—never let me down.

So my sudden decision to quit took everyone by surprise. "Why now?" they asked. The gamble of smoking cigarettes had paid off—so far. Although I'd been smoking for more than half my life (I started at twelve), I miraculously hadn't developed any smoking-related illnesses. But other signals could no longer be ignored. I needed to smoke first thing in the morning. During exercise, I could barely catch my breath. My laugh turned raspy—and became harder and harder, my husband said, to distinguish from a cough.

Holland Sweet, twenty-eight, has been smoking for more than half her life. Here, how she quit

My feeble attempts at quitting consisted of hypnosis (an utter failure) and trying the cold-turkey approach, which lasted two days. Friends recommended a local quit-smoking program, where you learned to snap a rubber band on your wrist every time the urge to smoke came over you. Quitting seemed torturous enough.

What I desperately needed was a more supportive approach. Few spas have them. Tucson's Canyon Ranch did: healthy spa living in a beautiful setting, a smoke-free atmosphere, and a quit-smoking program with, they claimed, an 80 percent success rate.

To prove I was a willing quitter, Canyon Ranch requested I stop smoking the morning of arrival. By the time I checked in at the ranch, I felt sick. I expected to find some perverse comfort in seeing the overweight women who, I imagined, would be milling about in oversize robes. What I saw instead were healthy, toned bodies, and almost as many men as women. I felt defeated before I'd begun.

Somehow I made it to my stop-smoking orientation, where I found a man in dark glasses and six apprehensive-looking women, all chewing on cinnamon sticks. I took a seat and was handed a stick, too, along with some lemon water to sip on.

The purpose of the orientation is to help people decide whether they're ready to quit smoking and pursue the cessation program. "There's no point going through the program if you can't make a commitment," says Chris Chapman, who helps run the program. Chapman demonstrated deep-breathing exercises to help us through nicotine cravings, which, she said, lasted for only thirty to ninety seconds each time. Sometimes recent ex-smokers experience "rapid-fire" (multiple) cravings. But these pass, too, Chris promised.

Back in my room, I tried to make sense of my spa schedule, but I couldn't concentrate. My skin was crawling; I felt disoriented; so I went in search of the nearest pool—hoping a few laps would dampen my desire for a cigarette.

At dinner, I joined one of the Captain's Tables. Most of the other guests were at the Canyon Ranch for reasons other than to stop smoking—to diet, to reduce stress levels, even just to vacation. My brain was throbbing. I was relieved that the conversation revolved only around calories and sit-ups. After inhaling the low-cal dessert, I slipped away to walk off the after-dinner-cigarette urge and to be out of earshot just in case I needed to scream.

I woke at 3 A.M. I tossed around for a while but could not fall back to sleep. I decided to try the breathing exercises. If I hadn't been so physically uncomfortable from nicotine cravings, I wouldn't have tried them (I'm not exactly the meditating type), but quite unexpectedly, they worked. Somehow, with each rib-lifting breath, plus four cinnamon sticks, I managed to get through the first night.

The next day I was free until my afternoon stop-smoking session. Heading to breakfast, I noticed Arizona for the first time: I was struck by the majestic beauty of Canyon Ranch, how the Santa Catalina Mountains wrapped around the lush desert terrain. I decided to exercise my way through the week: stretch 'n' flex, laps in the pool, tennis lessons—an all-out attempt to regain last summer's form—and a ninety-minute killer aerobics class.

After lunch, I headed to session two. Since orientation, five people had decided they weren't ready to commit to the program yet, so only three of us were left. Julie Waltz Kembel, the director of the stop-smoking program and an ex-smoker, introduced herself and passed out a handbook (excerpts from her book, *No Ifs...Ands...or Butts! A Smoker's Guide to Kicking the Habit*, Northwest Learning Associates, 1988).

Julie discussed physiology and what smoking did to the body. Fortunately for me, she didn't dwell too much on the health risks associated with cigarettes. "The addiction to nicotine is as bad as, if not worse than, heroin," said Julie. She added that it would take two or three days to clear most of the nicotine out of our systems and recommended that we drink lots of water. Besides nicotine, there are more than four thou-

sand other chemicals in cigarettes—including arsenic, carbon monoxide, and formaldehyde.

Julie spewed out facts I'd heard before, but I was listening to them for the first time. I wanted to know how quickly my body would recover from the effects of smoking cigarettes for so many years of my life. Asking that question was a giant personal step for me.

Within hours of my last cigarette, I learned, my risk of heart attack decreased; in a few days, my sense of taste and smell should improve. But it will take ten years before my lungs are repaired.

Late that afternoon, I heard that a man I had dinner with my first night at the spa died of a heart attack. He was a four-pack-a-day smoker. When I was a smoker, I would have rationalized that, at sixty-eight, the man had led a long, fulfilling life. As a nonsmoker, I faced one fact head-on: smoking kills.

Everywhere I went at the spa, from the aqua-aerobics class to the eucalyptus-scented aromatherapy room, I met ex-smokers. They were friendly, functioning people. I met two sisters at the spa who were not in the program but who'd just quit. We happily agreed to support one another when we left the spa and exchanged addresses. The ranch staff looks out for you, too (it helps that there are two staffers for every guest). I felt cared about—and taken care of.

I woke up the second night to more nicotine cravings. My taste buds were screaming. I ran to the bathroom and brushed my teeth. So *this* was what Colgate tastes like.

Feeling a bit less jittery the next morning, I joined the fourteen-mile bike ride to Sabino Canyon. Pedaling through the desert, I smelled cactus and flowers. My sense of smell—gone for years—was coming back! I felt as if I could tackle anything, so I stepped up my pace. Four days before, my lungs couldn't have done this. But I could inhale and exhale—evenly. For the first time in years, I experienced no chest pain or tightness. I could breathe. I was soaring.

In the afternoon I played tennis, but heading off to the shower, I suddenly burst into tears. I *wanted* a cigarette so badly. This wasn't a craving; it was out-and-out desperation. I dashed into the locker room and luckily bumped into one of my program mates, who helped me through the next few moments. I wondered what I would do back home without my support team to back me up.

At session three, Julie likened quitting smoking to losing a friend. One trick if it feels overwhelming, she says, is to think "not now" rather than "I'm never going to smoke again for the rest of my life."

Since no one smokes indoors at the spa and all normal triggers (for example, alcohol, stress) are removed, the guts of the smoking-cessation program is teaching you how to remain a nonsmoker once returning home. "You have to start by changing daily routines," said Julie. "Put yourself in environments where you didn't smoke, ones that are suggestion-free." I smoked everywhere in my house, including the bathroom. Would I have to move? Julie suggested I alter my morning routines. A cigarette and coffee in the kitchen before walking the dog could become a longer dog walk, followed by tea in my office at home.

While the soul-searching group sessions were the mainstay of the program, we also had homework to do. In the handbook, there were smoking profiles, other smokers' stories, and mental exercises. One example: You're on a ski holiday. After dinner, everyone at the ski house lights up a cigarette. What do you do? My answer: I wouldn't go on a trip with all smokers. "Good," Julie said later. "You've always protected your ability to smoke; now you must protect your right not to."

"Each of you is going into battle," said Julie, who explained that the group must start thinking of cigarettes as evil. The reasoning: if we think of cigarettes as friends, we will turn to them when trauma strikes.

I decided I needed more help. I ran to the ranch store and bought a silver snake ring, trying to believe that if I ever reached for another cigarette, the snake, now wrapped around my pinkie, would bite me. On the outside, they would have locked me up for such a thought. Not at the ranch.

My fifth—and final—session was a private one with Julie. I told her I wouldn't smoke if I could live at the ranch, but I was afraid of how I would fare unprotected in the real world. Could I get by with my cinnamon sticks and snake ring? We pinpointed some rough terrain ahead—my first night home and my upcoming tenth high school reunion—and plotted ways to get through it.

It's been three months now. I tried to eat my way through the first weekend home, but my husband gently pointed out that I was sabotaging my progress. Saved. Supported.

To satisfy the hand-to-mouth connection, I now drink loads of tea and chew cinnamon sticks. As for the snake ring, I'm thankful it ended up in the closet.

The biggest surprise lies in the stamina I've gained. Although most women complain of weight gain, I've lost three pounds and dropped a skirt size. I even ran for three miles, and carried on a conversation the entire way—a sign that I wasn't overexerting myself.

While I still desire cigarettes, the magic lies in my new strength to say no. And the biggest charge comes every morning: I wake up breathing more easily.

Support groups are terrific catalysts for change, but I realize now that if it hadn't been for *my* desire to quit, I'd still be smoking. No spa or hypnotist could have changed that.

where to get help

Office of Cancer Communication
National Cancer Institute
National Institutes of Health
Bethesda, MD 20014
(800) 4-CANCER

American Cancer Society
Contact your local chapter or:
1599 Clifton Rd. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30329
(404) 320-3333

American Heart Association
Contact your local chapter or:
7320 Greenville Ave., Dallas, TX 75231
(214) 373-6300

American Lung Association
Contact your local chapter or:
1740 Broadway, New York, NY 10019
(212) 315-8700

U.S. Office on Smoking and Health
Centers for Disease Control
5600 Fishers Lane
Rockville, MD 20857
(301) 443-1690

en, Pfeiffer
for comfort.
Didier

starface

Michelle Pfeiffer has survived Hollywood, celebrity, even Shakespeare in the Park with her mystery intact. *Graydon Carter* is bowled over

I was supposed to have gone bowling with Michelle Pfeiffer the other night. It was a Monday, the last week of her run as Olivia in the New York Shakespeare Festival's star-glutted production of *Twelfth Night* in Central Park. The cast had the night off, and so, evidently, did New York City's bowling fraternity. We were sitting around talking in Pfeiffer's room at the Wyndham Hotel, a charming little place on Fifty-eighth Street, when a factotum called to apprise her of the situation. "The bowling alley is closed on Monday?" she said to the person on the phone. "You're kidding me! Oh my God!"

Oh my God, indeed. I had been told that bowling was a particular enthusiasm of hers. Before the telephone call, she had spoken of it passionately—so much so that I imagined bowling must be some sort of poignant throwback to her childhood in blue-collar Orange County. I asked her how long she had been bowling. Three months, she said. Perhaps it wasn't such a tragedy after all.

We made do with drinks and chips in her hotel room as a prelude to dinner. She was done up in the standard dress of successful young actors and actresses these days: oversize this, thrift shop that, scuffed lace-ups, distressed jacket, unmade hair, no makeup. Were she a man, she would still be wearing yesterday's beard. Michelle Pfeiffer is taller than you would expect (I'd venture five seven, but it could be the heels). And despite a sort of soapy tan and a permanent network of tiny red veins in the inside corners of her eyes, she seems only slightly less brittle than she appears in movies. As expressionlessly attractive as she is from a distance of three feet, she has a face that only truly hits its stride on a movie screen. Up there, hers is a face fairly built for expressing moments of enormous happiness or devastating sorrow. Down here, she just looks beautiful and painfully thin.

In an alarming number of interviews, Pfeiffer has felt compelled to apologize to one person or another for some momentary fit of testiness, with the explanation that she's having an off day. Fortunately, this did not appear to be an off day. Still, I couldn't help feeling that disheartening unease one gets in the presence of someone apparently working damned hard at keeping the charm purring along on the surface of things while an emotional cataclysm simmers underneath. At one point, after hearing her talk about how audiences often confuse the characters she plays in movies with her own personality, I asked if this was the case with *Sweet Liberty,* in which she plays an actress capable of great sweetness when the cameras are rolling and something less attractive when they aren't. She shot me a look that could have opened a clam across a crowded room and answered with a terse, "*No*. Because I know that I am *not* that person." It was at that very moment, and armed with the knowledge that she cares deeply about her own privacy, that I decided it might be best not to ask Pfeiffer about her rumored affair with John Malkovich during the filming of *Dangerous Liaisons* or her eight-year marriage to Peter Horton, an actor on *thirtysomething*.

Pfeiffer seems genuinely unaffected by the surface riches and trappings that can attach themselves to an actress of her celebrity. "I mean in one way, it always is a bit unreal to me," she says. "I remember a few years ago my accountant saying that he was going to get me an American Express card, and I said, 'What? Do you think they'll give me one?' You know, you never really leave who you are. I have no desire, nor have I ever had, to go out and buy big boats and to have seven houses."

Uninterested in the Hollywood social scramble, she prefers to spend her time poking about hardware stores, junk shops, and garage sales. "I'm the kind of person who likes to haul lumber and go to flea markets and bring back furniture and things like that," she says. To this end, she recently traded in her BMW 320i for a green Range Rover, thereby moving up one peg in Hollywood rolling stock cliché. Both cars are a far cry from her childhood, when she saw few movies, "because my mother didn't drive and there wasn't a theater near us." Her father, an air-conditioning contractor, raised her and her two younger sisters like men, she says. (Both siblings have become actresses.) Pfeiffer began working after school about the same time she discovered dramatics. She tumbled through a variety of jobs—as a supermarket checkout clerk, as an assistant at a preschool, at an optometrist's office, and in a jewelry manufacturing firm. Her only real training was as a court stenographer. A victory in the Miss Orange County beauty contest at nineteen led to the Miss L.A. contest, which she entered solely because an agent she wanted to meet was one of the judges. He signed her on, and after picking away at some minor commercial work, she was ready to utter her first line as a dramatic actress, on an episode of *Fantasy Island:* "Who is she, Naomi?" Regrettably, she never got to work alongside Ricardo Montalban and Herve Villechaize.

"The last thing I wanted to do was to go back on that stage. I prayed the whole way to the theater. But I got up and did a great show"

A decade later, Pfeiffer is rightly heralded as one of our finest screen actresses. And she's getting better as she goes along, as her performances in *Married to the Mob, The Witches of Eastwick,* and *Dangerous Liaisons* attest. In her new film, *The Fabulous Baker Boys,* Beau and Jeff Bridges are brothers with a two-piano lounge act that's going nowhere until Pfeiffer, playing a singer, gives them the only real success they've known. It is a strange little film, a logy, smoky melodrama of the kind that once starred actors like Dana Andrews and Gloria Grahame, and it probably won't make anybody a whole lot of money, but it is a jewel in its own way: a vivid, beautifully acted portrait of three of life's sweet losers.

Twelfth Night was Pfeiffer's first play, and, she says, quite possibly her last. At least for Joseph Papp's Public Theater. The production was star-heavy—it also featured Jeff Goldblum, Gregory Hines, Stephen Collins, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio—and the critics were lying in wait. "Ms. Pfeiffer," Frank Rich wrote in *The New York Times*, "offers an object lesson in how gifted stars with young careers can be misused by those more interested in exploiting their ▶ 475

Pfeiffer guards her privacy jealously. Here, with Lois Smith, her friend and publicist. Details, last pages.

the painted face

No subject is more compelling than the human face.
In looking at exhibitions of three masters,
Jonathan Brown finds the power of portraiture lies in
its ability to both reveal and mystify

In the twentieth century, portrait painting has become an endangered species, surviving mostly in the embalmed images of industrialists, financiers, and philanthropists that adorn boardrooms across the land. Who would guess from the founder's frozen smile and lifeless eyes that the portrait was once a dominant art form? Or remember that three of the most famous images of all time—Leonardo's Mona Lisa, Rembrandt's *Nightwatch,* Velázquez's *Las Meninas*—are works of portraiture?

It has been said that the invention of photography led to the demise of painted portraits, but this is not so obviously true. Photographs do provide greater spontaneity and verisimilitude, but only a few foolhardy souls have ever willingly chosen to be portrayed exactly as they looked. The choice of a photographer is just as crucial as the selection of a portraitist. Will it be Arbus or Avedon, Rembrandt or Van Dyck? Painters and photographers are both great respecters of people's ideas of their own appearance.

The assassin of the painted portrait has been art itself. The death throes of the easel portrait coincided with the birth of abstraction. We can see the subject start to disappear, step by step, in the portraits of Picasso. *Gertrude Stein,* of 1906, is recognizably the famous writer and bohemian, but the features of Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler in Picasso's portrait of 1910 are scattered across the canvas in a daring formal arrangement that reveals nothing of the sitter's proclivities or pretensions. Portraiture was the inevitable casualty of an artistic vanguard that sought to commune with art instead of nature.

But in an earlier time, portraiture was at the very center of artistic activity. Portraits were popular as records of a person's appearance and status, even if these were controlled by the vanity of the sitter and the ability of the artist. The old masters further enriched the genre by employing a vocabulary of symbol and gesture to advertise moral virtue and character, making their portraits microcosms of the age, revealing not only the sitter's appearance but also his system of values.

Through a coincidence of historic proportions, works by two of the greatest old-master portraitists are on view at American museums this fall. An exhibition of thirty-eight paintings by Don Diego Rodríguez de Silva y Velázquez is at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art from October 3 through January 7, 1990, and eighty works by Frans Hals are at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., from October 1 through December 31. And to round out the harvest, from October 12 through January 7, the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., is showing fifty-nine

Three faces of portraiture: Velázquez's restrained royalty, OPPOSITE, **Infanta María Teresa,** ***circa 1651–54,*** **detail.** OVERLEAF, LEFT: ***Frans Hals's contented child, a detail from*** **Catharina Hooft with Her Nurse,** ***circa 1619–20.*** OVERLEAF, RIGHT: ***A detail of Francis Bacon's*** **Portrait of Isabel Rawsthorne,** ***1966.***

works by Francis Bacon, one of this century's most provocative portrait artists. Seen together, these three exhibitions provide a memorable course in art history.

The Velázquez exhibition is a coup for Met director Philippe de Montebello, who engineered a clever trade. He sent John Brealey, his peerless paintings conservator, to the Prado in Madrid for a year, and in return the Prado has lent seventeen canvases by the great Spanish master. An equal number have been borrowed from other museums. This may seem a small show, but it constitutes about 35 percent of the artist's extant work.

Velázquez's low rate of production was determined by the propitious circumstances of his career. In 1623, at the age of twenty-four, he left his native Seville for Madrid and became the painter of King Philip IV, a hapless monarch who presided over the decline of Spain but was a great lover of painting. Velázquez remained on the royal payroll until his death in 1660 and never had to worry about the pressures of the marketplace. In return, he had to devote much of his energy to painting portraits of the royal family and their courtiers. The Spanish court was governed by a strict protocol that assured that a person who forgot his place promptly lost it. Velázquez's official portraits are steeped in this atmosphere of decorum; no sign of inner life is allowed to seep through the pores, no false step is ever taken.

But if the sitters risk nothing, the painter risks all. While adhering to the restrictive formulas of Spanish court portraiture, except in his images of dwarfs and jesters, Velázquez devised a new technique that provides these lackluster Hapsburgs with an undeserved escape from oblivion. The life of the Infanta Margarita is notable only as an example of the inbred marriages favored by European royalty. Her mother was her father's niece, and Margarita married a first cousin, the Emperor Leopold I of Austria, who ignored her. Yet her portrait by Velázquez in the Vienna museum, done when she was two, is a ravishing work of art, with beguiling color harmonies and a scintillating play of light that give life and charm to the poker-faced princess.

Seventeenth-century Holland, where Frans Hals spent his life, was the antithesis of Spain. Calvinist, mercantile, expansionist, tolerant, and mildly democratic, the Dutch republic was on the rise as Spain began to fall. It was an optimistic, ebullient society given to extremes of pleasure and penitence, and this is the world projected in Hals's irrepressible portraits.

Hals, who was born fifteen years earlier than Velázquez and outlived him by six, worked in Haarlem as a free-lance portraitist. Without a salaried appointment, he had to be constantly on the prowl for commissions. His output was more than twice as large as Velázquez's; over two hundred portraits survive, depicting a wide cross section of Dutch society. There are portraits of the ruling elite of Haarlem: beer barons who prospered by trying to slake the republic's unquenchable thirst for ale and stout, public officials, ministers of the church, schoolmasters, army officers, artists, playwrights, and poets. Hals often painted portraits of women, who enjoyed a higher status in republican Holland than in monarchical Spain. The *Female Regents of the Old Men's Almshouse*, one of the master's last paintings, is unsurpassed as a statement of dignity and self-confidence in the administration of public affairs.

The artist also reflects the importance of marriage and the family in Dutch life. The *Family Group in a*

Velázquez's magisterial* Pope Innocent X, *from 1649–50,* ABOVE, *served as an inspiration for Francis Bacon's* Study for a Pope II, *1961,* OPPOSITE, *one of a series that evokes a distinctly different mood.

Landscape, of around 1620, enthusiastically endorses the pleasures of family life. Seated on the ground in the open air, an unbelievably calm and composed Dutch couple are surrounded by their ten children (three of whom were separated from their parents and siblings when the picture was cut down). The special concern for Dutch children at a time when the young elsewhere were still considered an economic liability is recorded in *Catharina Hooft with Her Nurse* (1619–20). Catharina was two when Hals did her portrait, the same age as

the Infanta Margarita in the work by Velázquez. The lovely, lonely Margarita is a real princess, but the lucky Catharina is treated like one.

Citizen Hals and courtier Velázquez lived in separate worlds but had one thing in common—both were virtuoso painters of extraordinary originality. Sketchy painting, as it was termed in Spain, or the rough style, as the Dutch called it, originated with Titian and the Venetians in the sixteenth century, but Hals and Velázquez each interpreted this tradition differently. Hals employs slashing strokes with a compelling combination of economy and bravura, while Velázquez works

People watchers tend to be portrait lovers, and no other type of art provides such an immediate barometer of the human condition

with daubs and blobs of thick pigment to produce uncanny illusions of light and color. Both artists revel in the act of painting and the joy is contagious.

Portraiture in the twentieth century, nearly a casualty of the "death of the object," has survived despite the odds. People watchers tend to be portrait lovers, and no other type of art provides such an immediate barometer of the human condition. However, the best portraitists of our century have analyzed their subjects' feelings instead of their appearance or social status. After Freud's exploration of the subconscious, it is impossible to hide one's thoughts and feelings behind a straight face. The people in Francis Bacon's portraits don't even try.

Bacon's eightieth birthday is being celebrated with the Hirshhorn exhibition, which will travel to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. He works in a semiabstract style, inspired by Picasso's Surrealist period, that lays bare the frazzled ganglia and battered egos of the contemporary world. The artist's cast of characters are screamers and writhers, charged with a psychic energy too great to bear, too painful to discharge.

Bacon is a self-trained painter who did not find his artistic voice until the late 1940s, with an assist from Velázquez. In 1951, he produced the first in a series of variations of the Spaniard's *Portrait of Pope Innocent X*. In this solemn work of 1649–50, Velázquez magnifies papal infallibility. Bacon, in his expressionist interpretations, destroys it, showing the pope in the throes of a panic attack. The head of the universal church explodes in a fit of existential agony.

Bacon's portraits depict the denizens of a godless world, alienated from each other and terrified by their loneliness. In the moving *Triptych, May–June 1973*, he borrows the format of a Renaissance altarpiece to show death without the hope of resurrection. A solitary figure, Bacon's dying friend George Dyer, vomits in a sink, lurches across a starkly lit bathroom, and dies on the toilet seat. Future generations may refute this morbid interpretation of late twentieth-century man, but it is just possible that Bacon has created the representative portraiture of our time.

badminton court

One of the greatest English country houses, Petworth Nursery finds its own the dramatic of England's most down-to-earth duchess

…etto's view of Badminton and the deer park, OPPOSITE, *painted in 1749, now hangs in the library.* THIS PAGE: *The duchess of Beaufort, with springer spaniel Mabel and pups in one of the conservatories that flank the east front lawn.*

Editor: André Leon Talley
Photographer: Oberto Gili

"I don't mind making my own mistakes—but I *do* mind making my own curtains." The duchess of Beaufort is at home, very much at home, at Badminton, in the level hunting country of Gloucestershire, which has been the seat of the dukes of Beaufort since 1612. Through her unobtrusively magnificent worsted curtains (whose construction was delegated to Tom Parr) can be seen the flatlands that make up for what they may lack in visual quality with good, old-fashioned quantity. The Beaufort domain stretches out for miles, with stone villages scattered randomly like crumbs on a plate. Somewhere in the middle sits Badminton itself, a generous helping of honeyed and creamy stone, an orderly slice of history.

Canaletto, too, felt at home in this minimal landscape when he came to paint it in 1749. The unruffled park stretches out along a green baize lagoon to the horizon, with trees, rather than palazzi, along its banks. In the distance, rather than the Rialto bridge, but arguably as beautiful, sits William Kent's fantastical Worcester Lodge, built for the fourth duke, its paint just dry in time for Canaletto's visit.

The present duke knows about pictures and has had new light brought to the Canalettos in the house. Their ravishing tints have been relieved of years of grime. The duchess, meanwhile, has set to work on their surroundings and the landscape itself, making new gardens outside and spreading *luxe, calme et volupté* within. By all accounts, her actions were overdue. A huntsman of my acquaintance, familiar with the old order, remembered these rooms—indeed, the whole proceedings—as being "rawther dawk."

The Canalettos once stood on easels in the suite of grandest rooms, little used by the last duke and duchess. Having no children, they had little to fear about the paintings being knocked down, and in any case they preferred a modest and oaky sitting room to lofty glamour. Their chosen heirs, Caroline and David Somerset, had four children as tumbling as spaniels, "and now with their wives, we are ten before we start," the duchess explains. The Canalettos now hang with considerable chic over the more unreadable leather tomes in the library, remodeled by Wyatville, circa 1809, made comfortable by the duchess, circa 1989. "Badminton has been a home for literally three hundred years. So many houses have seen their families come and go, been half lived in, not lived in, too broke to be lived in. But the Beauforts have been here nonstop. We lived for two hundred years before that at Raglan Castle but, tiresomely, Cromwell bombarded it and burned the great library in the courtyard. There was actually a lot of castle left when he had finished, but the Welsh ransacked it for stones to build cottages and pigstys, so there is rather less now. Raglan was perhaps a bad general in the Crimean War, but a good designer. He invented raglan sleeves."

For the Beauforts, home has always been where the hunt is. The first question David Beaufort's family asked him when he announced his intentions was not "Is she nice?" or even "Is she pretty?" (she is rather more than both), but "Does she *hunt*?" She did not. But it became, wisely, a passion, and even now that she has hung up her spurs, the sound of the huntsman's whistle (the Beauforts do not cry halloa upon sighting a fox) can set her heart beating. The hall is lined with vast paintings by John Wootton of this obsession. Enough canvas to shelter a hunt ball in a downpour depicts the horizon at Badminton and before it, stag hunting; hawking at Netheravon, their place in Wiltshire; the pursuit of the hare over Salisbury Plain; and racing on Newmarket Heath. In the center of this echoing hall, where in 1863 the ladies took it into their heads to invent the game of badminton with a few bats and shuttlecocks and the kind intervention of a string running from the mantelpiece to the front door, there now stands a desk. "It's *vile*," says the duchess, rather surprisingly. "By William Vile, you understand, royal cabinetmaker, 1753."

Outside in the garden, everything is far from vile. Caroline Beaufort is a most talented gardener. Working with François Goffinet, whose designs she adapts freely—"Goffinet is very good and I am very difficult"—she has created a beautiful, skillful sequence of geometric, hedged "rooms." These have been softened with armfuls of generous and knowledgeable plantings in limited palettes—gardens of blue, of silver, of pale English pinks and whites, "not particularly original, but what I like." The effect is to bring a marvelous sense of relaxed orderliness to the least formal and jumbled of the house's facades, a very domestic southerly aspect, where the duchess's bedroom and those of particularly lucky guests look down on ovals and squares punctuated by low fountains with demure single jets.

There is something curiously of the Alhambra about this court, a feeling that the spirit of Russell Page, the great garden designer whose last work is to be found outside the house's east front, would applaud and appreciate. "It will be two years before the garden is really nice. The design for the

The walls of the house are lined with vast paintings of the hunt at Badminton—enough canvas to shelter a hunt ball in a downpour

hedges outside the east front was Russell Page's swan song—he knew he was dying when he did it." Page had worked extensively at Longleat, the great house where the duchess, the daughter of the marquis of Bath and the writer Daphne Fielding (who now lives in another building on the grounds at Badminton), spent much time as a child. "My grandfather lived at Longleat and we went there for two months in the summer and for a month at Christmas, so it wasn't proper home, although we had our nurseries there and so on. But I adored the ghosts. There are as many there as there are none at Badminton. When I got married we came to Badminton every weekend, as Master and Mary were to leave it to us. We lived here from 1950 to 1964. Master and Mary were of the generation for whom children were seen and not heard and I am afraid that my children were seen, heard, and everything else. So eventually, we went to live in the village, at the Dower House, which I loved. We made a garden there room by room, year by year, and Russell designed a lovely garden house for it. When Master died, David and I were rather daunted for a

The duke's sitting room on the ground floor, OPPOSITE, ***is the most relaxed in the house and the duchess's favorite. The sofas are covered in awning-stripe slipcovers, and the room is lined with favorite photographs of relatives and friends. The life-size painting by Sir Francis Grant depicts the eighth duke and duchess of Beaufort with hounds at the hunt.***

badminton court

moment. You know, 'Everyone else is moving out of big houses,' et cetera, et cetera. Then, with extraordinary good luck, the duke of Marlborough asked us to stay for the weekend at Blenheim Palace. So we went. And afterwards, on the way back, we turned to each other and said, 'What are we making such a fuss about? Badminton's a *cottage*.' So we set to and David said, 'We must roll out the garden like a carpet, otherwise we'll be dead before we see it.' ''

Order and pattern prevail at Badminton. In the walled garden, rows of vegetables look promising in the reclaimed earth around a sparkling new hothouse. ''I thought it was going to be twenty feet long, but it was twenty yards and now to make it look right, I am very much afraid that the only thing to do is to make it bigger.''

This orderliness is not exhausted by work on a house with 116 rooms, but overflows into a passion for jigsaw puzzles. ''I belong to a library that sends you a puzzle through the post,'' says the duchess. ''They are made of wood and come with no picture, just a title. It might be *Bunny Goes to Market, Sea View,* or at the moment, *Friends, Romans, and Countrymen*. Only my brother Christopher and a very few others are allowed to help. So many people say, 'I've always thought it such a waste of time to do puzzles,' which is so true. I do them whilst watching television, and I suppose I like to think that doing two things that are a waste of time adds up to being all right.''

Although upstairs new patterns enliven the mustier rooms, the character of the house has been refreshed rather than changed. ''I told a group I was taking around the other day that the wallpaper downstairs by Willement was over one hundred and fifty years old. There was rather a silence, then someone said, 'You must be getting awfully sick of it.' ''

Over the wallpaper hang portraits of the Elizabethan Worcesters, before they received their dukedom and became Beauforts. These Elizabethans amassed a magnificent fortune at Raglan and were able to lend 990,917 pounds (''billions now'') to Charles I to help with the defense of the realm. The dukedom of Beaufort was a little thank-you from Charles II after his restoration to the throne. But royalty has more to thank the Beauforts for. They had Queen Mary to stay for the whole of World War II. She arrived with seventy-one pieces of personal luggage and fifty-three servants, including some particularly overpowering maids. The duchess at the time had officer qualities and was a match for them, writing in her diary one day, ''Splendid day—made all Queen Mary's servants cry.'' Meanwhile, Queen Mary took it out on the trees in the park. ''She cut down quite a considerable number, for which we are most grateful,'' says the current duchess.

Her Grace the duchess of Beaufort has the local Conservative Ladies Association rapt. Standing a stately head and shoulders above them, she reaches with ease to the vast chandeliers topped with ducal crowns and whizzes down their centers to show how candles can be put inside to glitter out through their brilliants. Watching someone being as good as this at being

The bedroom with Ionic columns, TOP, ***is a favorite of weekend guests.*** LEFT: ***Valet Billy Ewers in the boot room, where he polishes the boots of the present duke.*** OPPOSITE TOP: ***The state dining room, lined with ancestral portraits. The carvings of foliage and fauna around the fireplace are by Grinling Gibbons.*** OPPOSITE BOTTOM: ***The painting over the fireplace in the duke's bedroom is by John Wootton; its frame is by William Kent. The curtains are from Colefax & Fowler, the rug from Bennison.***

badminton court

badminton court

Large golden yew hedges, ABOVE, *frame both sides of the manicured lawn on the east front of the house.* OPPOSITE TOP: *The duke's bath, the size of a sitting room, features a screen with a hunting scene, and three tall windows overlooking the front lawn.* OPPOSITE CENTER: *In the blue hall where badminton was invented in 1863, the toys of grandchildren now hold pride of place.* OPPOSITE BOTTOM: *A Ping Pong table sits temporarily in front of a side table holding armor found in the attic. The paintings of the hunt and the room are by* Wootton.

duchess is as satisfactory as watching an opera singer at her peak tackling Brünnhilde. "On the table you will see a large bowl for holy water. Above your heads is a Rococo plaster ceiling by Thomas Roberts, where rather less holy water had come through regularly from the last duchess's bath. That butch little boy in evening dress over there grew up to be George IV, and over here is Ramsay's portrait of Queen Charlotte, painted, as was said, 'after she had lost the full bloom of her ugliness.' " She points out a faithful poodle's progress from the flaming fields of Waterloo, where he was found standing guard over his dead French master, only to come and lord it over the hounds of Badminton and get in on successive portraits of his new master. It is a virtuoso performance. As the Conservative ladies crunch off across the gravel to their bus and the shadows lengthen in the Canalettos, the spaniels settle back into comfortable positions. *Friends, Romans, and Countrymen* beckons, and Badminton has never looked so good.

In the east room, ABOVE, ***leather couches flank the fireplace. Over the mantel is a William Kent mirror that once hung in Worcester Lodge. The portraits are of former residents of Badminton.*** LEFT: ***The duchess's signature: an antique butler's table holding numerous small vases, each containing a different type of flower from her garden.*** OPPOSITE: ***In the state dining room the table is set for a formal dinner. The portrait is of the first duchess of Beaufort, also a famous gardener. Beyond is the family dining room, with white linen slipcovers, curtains from Colefax & Fowler, and a rug from Christopher Hodsoll.***

badminton court

tough guise

Michael Douglas brings a family history to his hard-edged screen characters. **James Truman** hears him out

So many people in Hollywood will tell you what a great guy Michael Douglas is, how accommodating he is as a producer, how unselfish he is as an actor, that you eventually have to consider the improvements a few Michael Douglas moves would make to your own life. "First of all, there has to be a lot of hair action," Douglas explains, slapping on some imaginary hair mousse. "And some of this," he adds, locking his jaw into a grimace, sucking air noisily between his teeth. "And all the passive-aggressive stuff." Out on the floor, flapping his hands and shrugging his shoulders, Douglas demonstrates the passive-aggressive stuff: "Just try it out. . . I dunno. . . I MIGHT BE WRONG. . . it's just an *idea*. . . it's probably nothing. . . Go *on*. . . do it your way. . . you're probably right. . . I just thought. . . ." It's an artful portrait of the hustler as gentleman, no less persuasive for being transparent. Going toe to toe with Michael Douglas, Jack Lemmon once remarked, "is like being hit with a thousand powder puffs."

As a producer, Douglas's name has the kind of supernatural glow that attaches to anyone whose films have never lost money. Yet his two biggest hits, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Romancing the Stone,* each took five years, and relentless determination, to get made. When Kathleen Turner, his friend and costar in *Romancing the Stone,* at first declined to appear in the sequel, *Jewel of the Nile,* Douglas promptly sued her. "Michael draws a clear distinction between personal and business relationships," she says. "Aside from suing me, he was very charming."

Until recently, this kind of dynamism didn't intrude into Douglas's acting. From his apprenticeship in *The Streets of San Francisco* to his starring roles in the *Romancing* movies, he specialized in playing a particularly benign kind of action hero—ingratiating, decent, and implausibly well-mannered. Having followed in his father's steps by becoming an actor, he seemed determined to leave a different set of footprints. "I never felt comfortable with rage or intensity," he has said. "That was my *father's* trademark. Sometimes during a performance I'd start doing something and say to myself, 'Gee, I feel like Dad,' and I'd make an effort to carve it out. The only advantage was that people tended to forget I was Kirk's son, which was important to me at that time."

In any event, coming to terms with his inheritance was what made Douglas a compelling screen personality. Playing a besieged adulterer in *Fatal Attraction* and a reptilian commodities broker in *Wall Street,* he created two big, contemporary, pop characters—yuppie villains, of a kind, who seemed to express an entire generation's ambivalence toward, respectively, family and money. To each, he brought a previously unglimpsed intensity and rage. Yet the revelation in these performances wasn't so much the distance he was able to put between himself and his father as the distance he eliminated between himself and his screen characters. "He's a man, when you know him, with enormous vulnerability," says Adrian Lyne, *Fatal Attraction*'s director. "He found it quite difficult at times to play a character whose own weaknesses and vulnerability are at the forefront. It wasn't easy for Kirk Douglas's son. He's a nice guy, but he's not just a nice guy. He's incredibly driving, incredibly ambitious. He has an edge, a danger, which shows in his performance."

In his new film, *Black Rain,* which he also coproduced, Douglas plays a defiantly un-nice guy. He's a cop with a grievance and an edginess that won't quit. "I was looking for a tougher, action-type picture," he says. "In choosing roles, I look for something to which I can bring an essence of myself. In this one, I was angry and paranoid, not a lot of fun to be around." The film itself is a fairly routine police procedural, enriched by its locations and villains—Japanese, in both cases—and the dazzling style of its director, Ridley Scott. A twist in the casting gives the role of the smooth yuppie cop to Douglas's partner, played by Andy Garcia; it falls to Douglas to rage and fret and deliver such lines as: "Until you sign off on this dickhead, his ass is mine."

Sitting in his trailer in the Twentieth Century Fox back lot, Douglas is anxiously awaiting news of *Black Rain,* which is being screened for the first time across town. (The news is: back to the cutting room.) He is already halfway through his next film, *The War of the Roses,* a black comedy also starring Kathleen Turner and Danny DeVito. Antagonists in a fast-deteriorating marriage, Douglas and Turner have just played a scene in which they ruin the Christmas holiday for their young son. It's eerily reminiscent of a passage in Kirk Douglas's autobiography, *The Ragman's Son,* in which he describes visiting his estranged wife, Diana, and their two sons. "Michael started to cry," he writes. "Thirty-five years later, he told me it bewildered him. I wanted so much to create with Michael and Joel the relationship I had missed with my father. . . . Still, there was a wall between us."

"I remember my father as a screaming lunatic, yelling at me," Douglas says. "He was tough, real tough, and I ▶ 475

MAX VADUKUL. Grooming by Howard Barr for Cloutier, LA.

fat people

In her new short story, *Alison Lurie* proves dieting is a poor substitute for love and fat is a state of mind

never ran into any spooks in sheets, no headless horsemen, haunted mansions, nothing like that. But there was something weird once.

It was a while ago, when Scott was in India on that research grant. What happened first was that I began noticing fat people. I saw them snatching the shrimps and stuffed eggs at parties, I saw them strolling along Cayuga Street with the swaying sailor's gait of the obese and pawing through the queen-size housecoats in J. C. Penney. They were buying tubs of popcorn at the flicks, ahead of me in line at the post office and the bank, and pumping self-serve gas into their pickup trucks when I went to the garage.

I didn't pay much attention at first; I figured that since I was dieting I'd become more aware of people who should be doing the same. My idea was to lose fifteen pounds while Scott was away—twenty if possible, because of what he'd said just before he left.

We were at the county airport on a cold weepy day in April, waiting for Scott's plane and trying to keep up a conversation, repeating things we'd already said. I'd seen Scott off on trips before, but this time he'd be gone over three months. He was saying he wished I were coming, and promising to wire from Delhi and write twice a week, and telling me he loved me and reminding me again to check the oil in the Honda. I said I would, and was there anything else I should do while he was away?

Then the flight was announced and we grabbed each other. But we were both wearing heavy down jackets, and it didn't feel real. It was like two bundles of clothes embracing, I said, all choked up. And Scott said, "Well, there is one thing we could both do while I'm gone, Ellie; we could lose a few pounds." He was kissing my face and I was trying not to break down and howl.

Then Scott was through the skeleton frame of the X-ray scanner and out the door, and then he was crossing the wet tarmac under the dark lump of his carry-on bag and climbing the steps. It wasn't till I'd gone back to the main waiting room and was standing inside the teary, steamed-up window watching Scott's plane shrink and blur into fog that I really registered his last remark.

I drove back to Pine Grove Apartments and dragged off my fat coat and looked at myself in the mirror on the back of the closet door. I knew I was a big girl, at the top of the range for my height, but it had never bothered me before. And as far as I knew it hadn't bothered Scott, who was hefty himself. Maybe when he suggested we lose a few pounds he was just kidding. But it was the last thing I'd hear him say for three months. Or possibly forever, I thought, because India was so far away and full of riots and diseases, and maybe in one of the villages he was going to they wouldn't want to change their thousand-year-old agricultural methods, and they would murder Scott with long, wavy, decorated knives or serve him curry with thousand-year-old undetectable poisons in it.

> Maybe while I was cheating on my diet, Scott was cheating on me, I thought

I knew it was bad luck to think that way, Scott had said so himself. I looked back at the mirror again, turning sideways. Usually I was pleased by what I saw there, but now I noticed that when I didn't breathe in, my tummy stuck out as far as my breasts.

Maybe I had put on some extra pounds that winter, I thought. Well, it should be pretty easy to take them off. It could be a project, something to do while Scott was gone. I wouldn't write him about it, I'd save it for a surprise when he got back. "Wow, Ellie," he would say, "you look great."

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Only it turned out not to be as easy as all that. After two weeks, I weighed exactly the same. One problem was that all our friends kept asking me over and serving meals it would have been a shame to refuse, not to mention rude. And when I didn't have anywhere to go in the evening I started wandering around the apartment and usually ended up wandering into the kitchen and opening the fridge, just for something to do.

It was about then that I began to notice how many fat people there were in town. All sorts and all ages: overweight country-club types easing themselves out of overweight cars; street people shoving rusted grocery carts jammed with bottles and bundles. Fat old men like off-duty Santa Clauses waddling through the shopping mall, fat teenagers with acne, and babies so plump they could hardly get their thumbs into their mouths.

Of course I'd seen types like this before occasionally, but now they seemed to be everywhere. At first I put it down to coincidence, plus having the subject on my mind. It didn't bother me; in a way it was reassuring. When some bulgy high school senior came for an interview at the college and tried to fit their rear end onto the chair by my desk, I would think as I smiled nicely and asked the standard questions, Well, at least I don't look like that.

My folks knew I was trying to lose weight and wanted to help, but they only made it worse. Every time I went over to the house for Sunday dinner, Dad would ask first thing if I'd heard from Scott. It got to be over three weeks, and I still had to say, "No, nothing since the telegram," and remind them that we'd been warned about how bad the mails were.

Then we'd sit down to the table and Mom would pass my plate, and there'd be this measly thin slice of chicken on it, and a bushel of cooked greens, as if I was in some kind of concentration camp for fatties. The salads all started to have sour low-cal dressing, and there was never anything but fruit for dessert: watery melon, or oranges cut up with a few shreds of dry coconut on top, like little undernourished white worms.

All through the meal Mom and Dad wouldn't mention Scott again, so as not to upset me. There was nothing in the dining room to remind anybody of Scott either, and of course there wasn't any place set for him at the table. It was as if he'd disappeared or maybe had never even existed. By the time dinner was over I'd be so low in my mind I'd have to stop on the way home for a pint of chocolate marshmallow.

I'd hang up my coat and turn on the television and measure out exactly half a cup of ice cream, 105 calories, less than a bagel. I'd put the rest in the freezer and feel virtuous. But when the next commercial came on I'd open the freezer and have a few more spoonfuls. And then the whole process would repeat, every commercial, until the carton was scraped clean down to the wax.

It got to be four weeks since Scott had left, and I still didn't weigh any less, even when I shifted my feet on the scale to make the needle wobble downwards. I'd never tried to lose weight before; I'd always thought it was ridiculous the way some people went into agonies over diets. I'd even been kind of shocked when one of my married friends made more fuss about taking a second slice of peach pie than she did about taking a lover. Displaced guilt, I used to think.

Now I was as hysterical about food as any of them. I brooded all afternoon over a fudge brownie I hadn't had for lunch; and if I broke down and ordered one I made up excuses for hours afterwards. "I didn't promise Scott I'd lose weight," I would tell myself, or "It's not fair asking someone to give up both food and love at the same time."

I started to read all the articles on losing weight that I used to skip before, and I took books out of the library. Over the next couple of weeks I tried one crazy diet after another: no-carbohydrate, no-fat, grapefruit and cornflakes, chipped beef and bananas and skim milk. Only I couldn't stick with any of them. Things went wrong at night when I started thinking about how I'd written nine letters to Scott and hadn't got one back. I'd lie in bed asking myself where the hell was he, what was he doing now? And pretty soon I'd feel hungry, starving.

Now I was hysterical about food. I brooded all afternoon about a fudge brownie

Another thing I kept asking myself, especially when I chewed through some dried-out salad or shook Sweet 'n Low into my coffee, was what Scott, assuming he was still alive, was eating over there on the other side of the world. If he wasn't on a diet, what was the point? I would think, watching my hand reach out for the blue-cheese dressing or the half-and-half. He hadn't meant it seriously, I'd tell myself.

But suppose he had meant it? Suppose Scott was becoming slimmer and trimmer every day; what would he think if he knew I hadn't lost a pound in nearly five weeks?

Trying to do it on my own wasn't working. I needed support, and I thought I knew where to find it. There was a young woman in the admissions office called Dale. She was only a couple of years older than me, maybe twenty-six, but in two months she'd just about reorganized our files, and she obviously had her life under control. She was a brunette, with a narrow neat little figure and a narrow neat little poodle face; you got the feeling her hair wouldn't dare get itself mussed up, and she'd never weigh one ounce more than she chose to.

I figured that Dale would have ideas about my problem, because she was always talking about interesting new diets. And whenever some really heavy person came in she'd make a yapping noise under her breath and remark later how awful it was for people to let themselves go physically. "Heaven knows how that hippopotamus is going to fulfill his athletic requirement," she would say, or "That girl's mother ought to be in a circus, she hardly looked human." And I'd think, do I look human to Dale?

So one day when we were alone in the washroom I let on that I was trying to lose some weight. Dale lit up like a fluorescent tube. "Yes, I think that's a good idea, Ellie," she said, looking from herself to me, poodle to hippo, in the mirror over the basins. "And I'd like to help you, OK?"

"OK, thanks," I said. I didn't have any idea what I was getting into.

On our way back to the office, Dale explained to me that overweight was a career handicap. It was a known fact that heavy people didn't get ahead as fast in business. Besides, fat was low-class: the duchess of Windsor had said you ▶ 466

furs

city states

The two sides of fur: darker tones
for city coats, slightly off colors and
sheared surfaces for the country

Lagerfeld's scarf—wrapped around the head like a piece of fabric. In loden-dyed sheared kolinsky by Karl Lagerfeld for Revillon Furs. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. A rich fur needs equally rich ... for her cheeks—Elizabeth ... Cheek Color in ...

urban planning

Giving sophisticated fits a modern look: casual shapes such as sporty parkas and full-cut bathrobes

Some furs are really two coats in one—such as the unusually patterned fur by Fendi that reverses to leather in a solid shade, THIS PAGE. In Canadian squirrel. Fendi Fur Salon, NYC; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Salon at I. Magnin, Chicago. OPPOSITE PAGE: The parka has been reinterpreted in luxurious fabrics—velvet, satin—now, even mink. Wild-type mink by Donna Karan for Birger Christensen. Northern Lights at Bloomingdale's; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Salon at I. Magnin, Chicago; Robert Mann Furs, Southfield MI. Gianfranco Ferre silk organza shirt and matching scarf. Cartier bracelet. Ring, Bulgari—The Hotel Pierre. Details, last pages.

After ten years of experimentation, furriers have developed a process called "velveting"; it removes the coarse long hairs and exposes the short downy underlayers. THIS PAGE: A short swing coat in velvet mink by André & Lisa Bisang for the Tepper Collection. Neiman Marcus. Suede trousers by Mario Valentino, about $825. A soft color for skin: Powder Foundation #1 in Natural Beige by Yves Saint Laurent. OPPOSITE PAGE: A sheared beaver coat is as lightweight and sporty as one in cloth. By Calvin Klein for Alixandre. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks Jandel; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Salon at I. Magnin, Chicago. These four pages: hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Vincent Longo for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Jenny Capitain
Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier

country side

Designers have discovered new techniques for softer, more supple furs that fit the relaxed style of the country

weekenders

The new color scheme:
subtle, unusual shades.
The best for the country–
pale neutrals

The way to wear fur for fall: shade on shade. THIS PAGE: Sheared beaver by Christian Dior for Yarrow Furs. The Fur Vault, NYC. Pants by Ralph Lauren Classics, about $590. Cashmere shawl, Mary Jane Marcasiano. OPPOSITE PAGE: Donna Karan is known for bringing a luxurious edge to sportswear. Here, her parka in sheared fox. By Donna Karan for Birger Christensen. Northern Lights at Bloomingdale's. Patricia Clyne wool leggings, about $270. Details, more stores, last pages.

OCTOBER

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TALKING FASHION

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

Jerry Hall: accused of being perpetually addicted to Chanel

Bess Myerson: went to any length to get her man

Adnan Khashoggi: wore green while in the red

Basia Johnson: got it all—even this cape

Imelda Marcos: thought court was a ball

Leona Helmsley: charged this pinstripe to her hotel

Zsa Zsa Gabor: arraigned for having a checkered driving record

Fawn Hall: forgot to shred her shoulder pads

Joan Collins: contested for leaving Holm

Closet criminals or fashion victims? In courtrooms throughout the world, **style is on trial**

THESE ARE TRYING TIMES FOR THE icons of style, and the fashion police are closing in. Hauled into court, the accused have been forced to defend their business practices, tax returns, driving records, ex-husbands, and, by extension, their personal taste. Whatever the outcome of their respective court cases, on the matter of style the verdict is in. . . .

TALKING...▶ 452

Top row SYGMA *Second row, right* GAMMA LIAISON *Second row left* BETTMANN ARCHIVE *Third row* GLOBE PHOTOS *Bottom left* WIDE WORLD PHOTOS *Bottom right* SIPA PRESS

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MARSHALL FIELD'S CHICAGO. PANACHE MILLBURN. PATRICIA MORANGE BERVERLY HILLS.

SARA FREDERICKS BOSTON. WILKES BASHFORD SAN FRANCISCO.
DIAGHILEV QUEBEC. GIORGIO DONNA QUEBEC. MONETTE'S BOUTIQUE ONTARIO.

TALKING FASHION

Mrs Munch Hasn't Got a Thing to Wear...

If fashion is art, is art fashion? Consider painter Sally Swain's imaginary masterpieces

ART AND FASHION HAVE SHARED A MUTUALLY INSPIrational relationship ever since Pisanello tried his hand at designing courtly costumes in the fifteenth century. These days, designers are turning the tables. For his spring 1988 collection, Saint Laurent borrowed Van Gogh's fragile *Irises* for his delicately sequined jackets. In the same year, Bill Blass embellished his summer evening blouses with elaborate Matisse interiors. And the trend continues. Could today's basic bustier become tomorrow's coveted collector's item? Could museums be the fashion emporiums of the future?

—**GISELLE BENATAR**

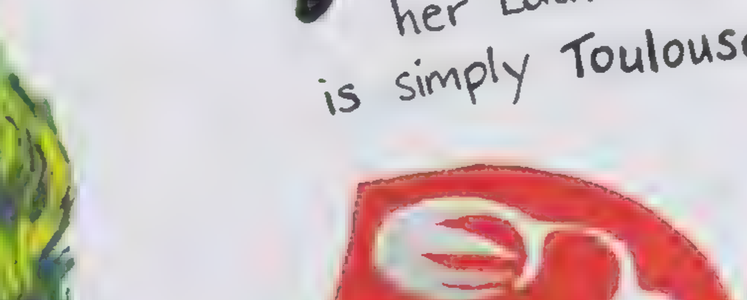
TALKING... ▶ 454

Paintings by Sally Swann, author of Great Housewives of Art, published in 1989 by Penguin Books

her Chagall jeans
are **floating** around
somewhere

her Mondrian suit
is too square

she always **pops** out of
her Lichtenstein swimsuit



her Lautrec dress
is simply Toulouse

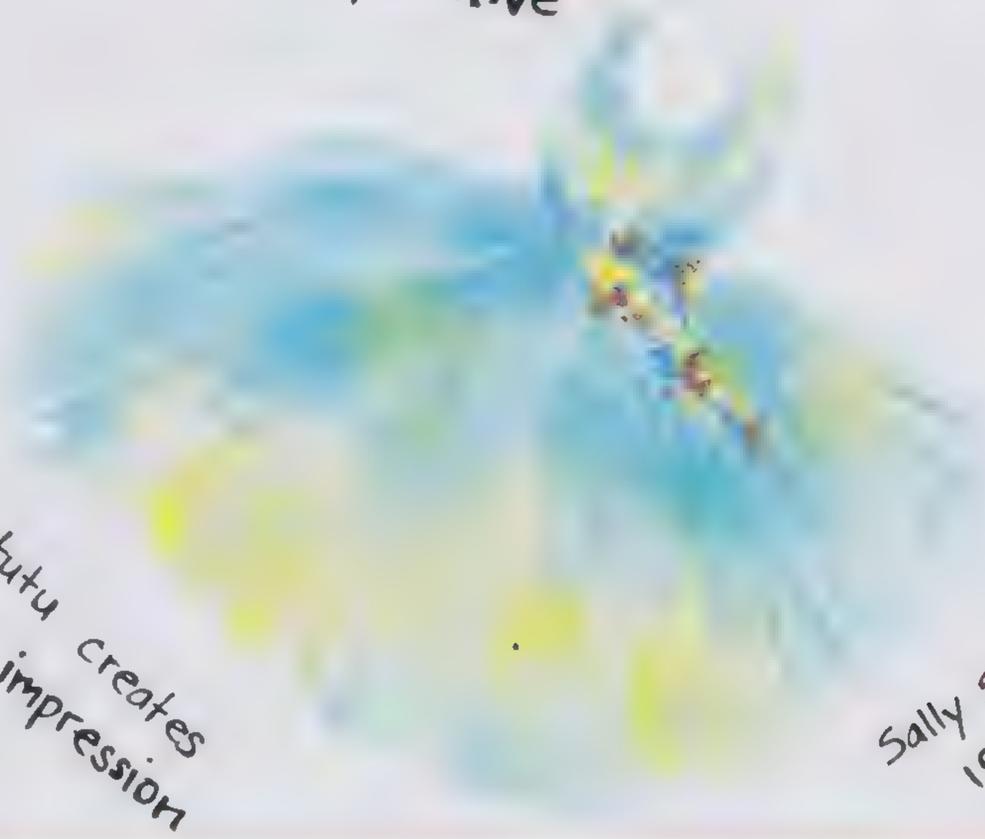
her Modigliani
coat has stretched

her Van Gogh hat
keeps falling down
around her ear

her Gauguin scarf is a bit **primitive**

she's not
dotty about
her
Seurat
dress

her Degas tutu creates
the wrong **impression**



Sally Swain
1989

TALKING FASHION

The pick of Pauline: five decades of outstanding fashion from the perpetually outspoken Miss Trigère.

VICKI WOODS crosses paths with the eccentric **Pauline Trigère**— and comes away with an earful

PAULINE TRIGÈRE, WHOSE FIFTY-TWO YEARS IN THE business make her the doyenne of New York fashion, is famous for 1) her longevity in a fly-by-night arena; 2) her perfection of cut; 3) her outspoken Gallic wit and charm; and 4) her collection of turtles. We didn't, in her Seventh Avenue office, discuss her age or the turtles, but Miss Trigère gave me a whole bouquet of outspoken Gallic charm.

Epigrams tripped from her tongue. "I read that shoulder pads have to go. I find that very silly. Shoulder pads balance the dress. On the hanger, and on the wearer." And: "Form a collection of clothes the way you form a collection of snuffboxes." And: "Everything inspires me. The ugly people I saw at lunch, with their ugly dresses, teach me something—not to do them."

She can talk very tough. "We take orders for women shaped like pears." "Mrs. Bush? She's got to be a sixteen, that woman." But fortune favors the brave, and Miss Trigère is as brave as a lion. Everyone in the fashion business remembers her Dear John letter to John Fairchild, editorial director of *Women's Wear Daily*. "Mr. Fairchild had stopped mentioning us for over five years. So I sent him a love letter. . . . 'Dear John, after all these years and so many terrific collections, is it really over between us? You don't call. . . you don't write. . . . But I still love you.'" She signed it "Pauline" on her own letterhead and whammed it into *The New York Times* as a full-page ad. The publicity fallout was terrific. So terrific, in fact, that she used the idea again, running another letter, this time to her friend Martha, in which she said, "*Still* haven't heard from John!"

On perfection of cut, Trigère spoke with passion. "In France, where I come from, the couturier never sketched. Mme Lanvin, Mlle Chanel—*non*. Molyneux, Patou, no one ever sketched. They would drape. Today, the young designers will sketch a garment, but how do they know how it will ever come out? They hand the sketches to an assistant designer, who makes the garment for them. I never worked like that. No more than Ungaro today."

"Oh, I *can* make a sketch," she shrugged. "It will have shoulders, a bust, a waist. It is not a sketch I would ever show you.

"I work mostly late in the afternoon. That is when I drape. When the telephone stops. I take the fabric and work with it. The creation comes through the fingers." Trigère, fingers and cigarette flying, took an imaginary bolt of expensive cloth and draped it in the air. "I pull and twist it, and work it and drape it on the model. A live model. She has to stand still. The model has to be with me for hours and understand me. I walk up and down in front of the mirror working with the fab- ▶ 456

The artist and her bolts: Trigère drapes but, in the tradition of great French couturiers, *never* sketches.

Top: Courtesy of Pauline Trigère; bottom: CHRIS SANDERS

valentino

Furs

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TALKING FASHION: trigère

Trigère's bons mots: a jilted designer never forgets.

ric. Sometimes she looks down [Trigère pulled a bored little face]. . . so I move something, pull something. Then she looks up.'' Miss Trigère, having given a few corrective twitches to her imaginary drapery, clapped her hands with satisfaction. ''So I know that now it is better. Then I cut—cut straight into the fabric with my scissors. I will cut and pin it. Half the garment. Only half. Then I will give that to my assistant.'' [I looked puzzled.] ''To make the other half,'' said Trigère.

I immediately wanted to know which half she makes. It struck me as a dumb question, but she gave a straight answer. ''The right. Always the right. That dress there, I cut straight from the fabric.'' Trigère indicated a ball gown of crisp blue and gold encrusted with crimson roses from her fall collection; it's called Queen Victoria. She continued. ''I took the fabric in my hand and draped the pleats. Not every single thing in the collection is done like that. I work for the House of Trigère, and I know I have to have six little black dresses to sell. I cannot drape everything myself. But the evening clothes I drape. It is not right every time. Sometimes when my half of a dress comes back with its other half, I say, 'OK,' and start again. At the end of six or seven weeks, I have to produce something. For three weeks, I will play. Not play, exactly. But change, experiment, not finalize. Then one evening, a silhouette emerges.''

For Pauline Trigère, the toiling, perfectionistic process of creation hasn't gotten any faster during her five decades in the business. How could it? There are no corners to cut—only fabrics. Each bolt of stuff is new, seen for the first time, to be worked and worked until ''a silhouette emerges.'' She is famously scathing about the quick-draw fashion students who want to be designers ''five minutes after they leave college.''

I said, ''There's a very telling line in one of the interviews I've read about you.'' Trigère fixed me with her eyes and said, ''You're only as good as your next collection.'' How did she know I was going to say that? Trigère shrugged and kept talking. The fact that she's psychic as well as articulate, witty, and talented didn't slow her for a second.

▶ 458

Advertisements created by Pauline Trigère in September 1988.

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TALKING FASHION: trigère

"Balenciaga was really a master. Probably more than Chanel—who, though she understood the Frenchwoman of her epoch, was not as adventurous as Balenciaga. He worked with the fabric." She called for a visual aid.

"Betty! Fetch me the green Trigeen!" Betty, who has been with Trigère for thirty-seven years, came out of the workroom wearing glasses, Cuban heels, and a fake-fur coat in silver and charcoal striped like a skunk's tail. (Trigère said it was chilly in the workroom.) Betty held out a very fitted, sage green wool dress on a hanger. It had a flared skirt and narrow sleeves, and the entire front bodice was a chevron of slender Vs, slash-cut from shoulder seam to waist. The fit of the dress was all in the profligate cut of the bodice, and it was quite wonderful. Trigère, rubbing the dress between her fingers, said that Trigeen, a type of wool crepe, was her own invention and trademark. She added that the dress had been made in 1943. I get very excited by old clothes, so the interview from that moment on was punctuated by regular little cries from Trigère of "Betty! Fetch me the first sleeveless coat! The jersey jumpsuit! The gray suit! The coat with the embroidered cuffs!" And Betty would walk heavily on her Cuban heels around the room holding a tiny size-six frock to her body to demonstrate the cut.

Betty treated the clothes with deep affection, patting them as though they were freshly bathed children in clean pajamas. She pointed out details: "These seams are all cut, not sewn." And "These beads were all embroidered onto the dress after it was cut." Betty and Trigère had the occasional spat about where such-and-such a dress was. Miss Trigère (waving an imperious hand toward the workroom door): "Fetch it! It's there." Betty (flatly): "No, it ain't. It's out on exhibition, along with my black suit."

At one point, Miss Trigère called for the dress with feathers from the new collection. A black evening dress

Trigère's daily fitness regime keeps her body agile and her brain "rinsed."

trimmed with feathers was brought out. "No, the other one," said Trigère. Another longtime assistant, Lucie, gritted her teeth and said, "It's not there." "*Of course* it is there. I want to show Miss Woods. Fetch it." "It's not there." "I was working on it this morning! It was there then!" "Well, it's not there now." "Don't tell *me* it's not there," said Trigère, stubbing her cigarette out with rising fury. (Trigère is famous for her rages.) Lucie lowered her voice in deference to me and said, "It's in pieces." "In pieces!" Trigère yelled, fortissimo. "I was working on it this morning! And it was not in pieces!" "Well, it's in pieces now." Her voice getting more Gallic by the minute, her eyes snapping with French rage, Trigère told Lucie that she wanted the dress with feathers and she wanted it this minute. Now! Minutes passed, during which time we looked at other dresses . . . until, voilà! The dress with the feathers appeared. Black silk chiffon and marabou, it was laid gently on the rug at my feet, the feathers waving, to be exclaimed over. Trigère, purring, ran her fingers over the silk of the bodice and couldn't fail to notice that the waist seam was a-prickle with hastily placed pins. Her head shot up quickly to meet Lucie's eyes. "In pieces," said Lucie. "I told you." A theatrical pause. And then Trigère burst out laughing.

TALKING...▶ 460

SCAVULLO

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THE SALON

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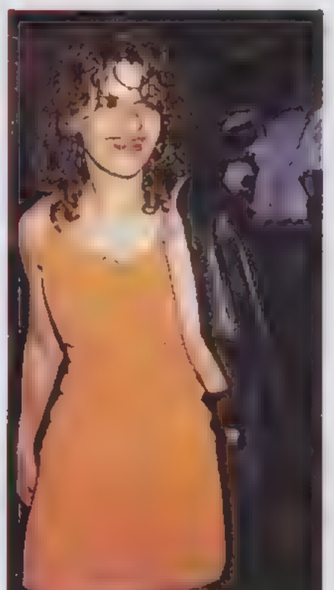
TALKING PARTIES

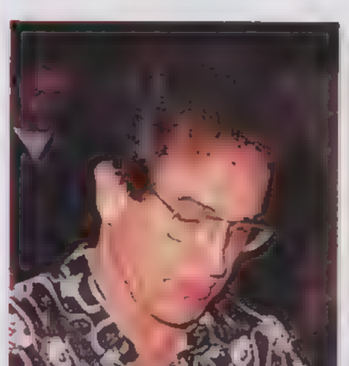
Julia Roberts and Richard Gere



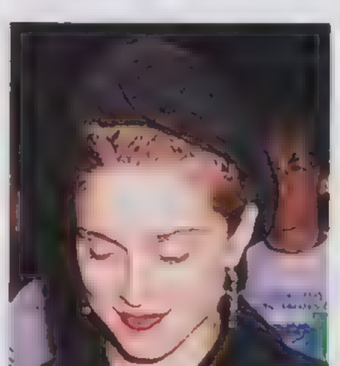
Sandra Bernhard

Ritzing it

Herb Ritts isn't getting older; his birthdays are just getting bigger. This year Ritts celebrated with more than five hundred friends in a packed Hollywood studio. Not a bad way to turn "uh . . . thirty something."



Warren Beatty arrives.



Madonna materializes.

"sex symbol": Andie MacDowell

Hair-raising: Yahoo Serious

Jenny Lumet and Patrick McMullan

Sex appeal

So where did Andie MacDowell, Peter Gallagher, and Steve Soderbergh head after the premiere of their critically acclaimed film, *sex, lies, and videotape*? To the post-premiere party at the tropically decorated M.K., of course, for dancing and Cajun hors d'oeuvres. There the entire cast was unwittingly upstaged by the arrival of Aussie star Yahoo Serious, or rather, his hair.

Peter Gallagher and wife Paula Harwood

Social classic

For the equestrian set, this year's Hampton Classic featured plenty of horsing around. The main event was in the Grand Prix tent, where Calvin and Kelly Klein held court. Between toasts, Mrs. Klein saddled up for several events where, fans say, "she placed well." TALKING... ▶ 464

Bianca Jagger; Christie Brinkley and Linda Horn; Calvin and Kelly Klein; Jane Holzer

Herb Ritts birthday: RON GALELLA; *sex, lies, and videotape* premiere: RON GALELLA; Hampton Classic: *left and two center pictures*, PATRICK McMULLAN; *right*, RON GALELLA

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TALKING PARTIES

Aging gracefully: birthday girl Iman with Grace Jones

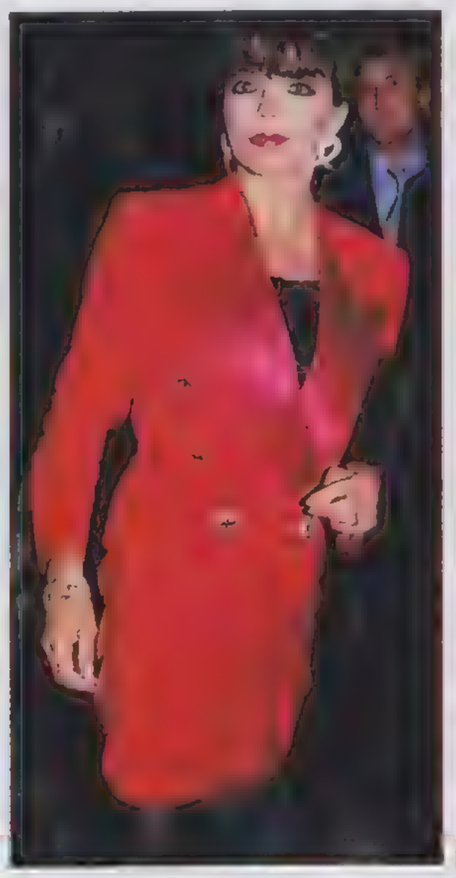
Imanophiles Naomi Campbell and Patrick Demarchelier

Helmut and June Newton at Lagerfeld's villa

Karl Lagerfeld; Princess Caroline; Marc Bohan

Margaux Hemingway makes the rounds.

Paloma Picasso at Dior



Joan Collins at Versace

The D'Or award left Gianfranco Ferre in stitches.

Post-couture

Dined by Dior, cocktailed by Versace, the couture set reveled in Paris this summer. Even after the collections ended, the stylish round continued. Following the ultrahot Lacroix party, sweltering guests stripped for a dip in the Piscine Deligny. And at the Les Bains birthday bash for Iman, Grace Jones, dressed in a cutaway tuxedo and fishnets, legged the mad celebrations on.

Close shaves

When Chanel asked FIT's exhibit department to create a funky atmosphere to launch Coco Eau de Toilette, the faculty took the job seriously . . . and "Chaved" their heads. What Chic! TALKING... ▶ 480

FIT's Anne Kong and Robert Balavender

ROXANNE LOWIT; *bottom:* ERIC MICHELSON

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FAT PEOPLE

(Continued from page 439)

could never be too rich or too thin. When I told her there wasn't much danger of my being either one, Dale didn't laugh. She printed her duchess of Windsor line out in computer-graphic caps and fastened it on the side of my filing cabinet with two pineapple magnets.

The next thing Dale did was persuade me to see a doctor to make sure I was healthy, the way they tell you to do in the diet books. Then she started organizing my life. She got me enrolled in an aerobics class and set up a schedule for me to jog every day after work, regardless of the weather. Then she invited herself over to my apartment and cleaned out the cupboards and icebox. Bags of pretzels and Fritos, butter and cream cheese and cold cuts, a loaf of cinnamon-raisin bread, most of a pound of Jones bacon—Dale packed everything up, and we hauled it down to the local soup kitchen. I kind of panicked when I saw all that lovely food disappearing, but I was hopeful too.

The next day Dale brought in a calorie counter and planned my meals for a week in advance. She kept a chart, and every day she'd ask how much I'd weighed that morning and write it down.

Only the scale still stuck at the same number. If there was nothing in the apartment, there was always plenty in the grocery. I'd go in for celery and cottage cheese and Ry-Krisp, but when I was pushing the cart down the last aisle it was as if the packages of cookies on the shelves were crying out to me, especially the chocolate-covered grahams and the Mallomars. I could almost hear them squeaking inside their cellophane wrappers, in these little high, sugary voices: "Ellie, Ellie! Here we are, Ellie!"

When I confessed to falling off my diet, Dale didn't lose her cool. "Never mind, Ellie, that's all right," she said, "I know what we'll do. From now on, don't you go near a supermarket alone. I'll shop with you twice a week on the way home."

So the next day she did. But as soon as she got a little ahead of me in the bakery section, I began drifting toward a tray of apricot croissants. Dale looked round and shook her poodle curls and said, "Naughty, naughty"—which kind of made me feel crazy, because I hadn't done anything naughty yet—and then she grabbed my arm and pulled me along fast.

There'd been several fat people in the P & C that day, the way there always were lately. When we were in line at the checkout with a load of groceries only a rabbit could love, I noticed one of them, a really heavy blond girl about my own age, leaving the next register. Her cart was full, and a couple of plump bakery boxes, a carton of potato chips, and a giant bottle of Coke were bulging out of the brown paper bags. As she came past, the fat girl picked up a package of Hershey bars and tore it open, and half-smiled in my direction as if she were saying, "Come on, Ellie, have one."

I looked round at Dale, figuring she would make some negative comment, but she didn't. Maybe she hadn't seen the fat girl yet. The funny thing was, when I looked back I didn't see her either; she must have been in a big rush to get home. And she was going to have a really good time when she got there too, I thought.

Another week dragged by full of carrots and diet soda and frozen Weight Watchers dinners, and no news from Scott. My diet wasn't making much progress either. I'd take a couple of pounds off, but then I'd go out to dinner or a party and put three or four back on. Instead of losing I was gaining.

I was still seeing fat people too, more and more of them. I tried to convince myself it was because they weren't disguised inside winter clothes any longer. The only problem was, the people I was seeing weren't just heavy, they were gross.

The first time I knew for sure that something strange was going on was one day when I was in the shopping plaza downtown, sitting on the edge of a planter full of sticky purple petunias and listening to a band concert instead of eating lunch, which had been Dale's idea, naturally. I was feeling kind of dizzy and sick, and when I touched my head it seemed to vibrate, as if it wasn't attached to my body too well.

Then I happened to glance across the plaza, and through the window of the Home Bakery I saw two middle-aged women, both of them bulging out of flowered blouses and slacks as if they'd been blown up too full. I couldn't make out their faces well because of the way the light shimmered and slid on the shop window; but I could see that one of them was looking straight at me and pointing to a tray of strawberry tarts: big ones with thick ruby glaze and scallops of whipped cream. It was as if she was saying, "Come and get it, Ellie."

Without even intending to I stood up and started to push through the crowd. But when I reached the bakery there weren't any fat women, and I hadn't seen them leave either. There'd been a moment when I was blocked by a twin stroller; but it still didn't make sense, unless maybe the fat women hadn't really been there. Suddenly I started to feel sick to my stomach. I didn't want a strawberry tart anymore; I just wanted to go somewhere and lie down, only I was due back in the admissions office.

When I got there I said to Dale, making my voice casual, "You know something funny, I keep seeing all these really fat people around lately."

"There are a lot of them around, Ellie," Dale said. "Americans are terribly overweight."

"But I'm seeing more. I mean, lots more than I ever did before. I mean, do you think that's weird?"

"You're just noticing them more," Dale said, stapling forms together bang-bang. "Most people block out unpleasant sights of that sort. They don't see the disgusting rubbish in the streets, or the way the walls are peeling right in this office." She pointed with her head to a corner above the swinging doors, where the cream-colored paint was swollen into bubbles and flaking away; I hadn't noticed it before. Somehow that made me feel better.

"I guess you could be right," I said. I knew that Dale was getting impatient with me. She'd stopped keeping my weight chart, and when we went shopping now she read the labels on things aloud in a cross way, as if she suspected I was cheating on my diet and had a package of shortbread or a box of raisins hidden away at home, which was sometimes true.

It was around that time that eating and sex started to get mixed up in my mind. Sometimes at night I still woke up hot and tense and longing for Scott; but more often I got excited about food. I read articles on cooking and restaurants in a greedy lingering way and had fantasies about veal paprika with sour cream and baby onions, or lemon meringue pie. Once after I'd suddenly gone to a pushcart and bought a giant hot dog with ketchup and relish, I heard myself saying half aloud, "I just had to have it." And that reminded me of the way men talked in tough-guy thrillers. "I had to have her," they always said, and they would speak of some woman as if she was a rich dessert and call her a dish or a cupcake and describe parts of her as melons or buns. Scott isn't really the macho type, but he's always liked thrillers; he says they relax him on trips. And when he got on the plane that awful day he'd had one with him.

He'd been gone over six weeks by then, and no news since the telegram from Delhi. Either something really terrible had happened to him or he deliberately wasn't writing. Maybe while I was cheating on my diet, Scott was cheating on me, I thought. Maybe he'd found some Indian cupcake to relax him. As soon as I had that idea I tried to shove it out of my head, but it kept oozing back.

Then one sunny afternoon early in June I came home from work and opened the mailbox, and there among the bills and circulars was a postcard from Scott. There wasn't any apology for not writing, just a couple of lines about a beautiful temple he'd visited and a scrawled "love and kisses." On the other side was a picture of a sexy overdecorated Indian woman and ▶ 468

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FAT PEOPLE

(Continued from page 466)

a person or god with the head of an elephant, both of them wearing smug smiles.

As I looked at that postcard, something kind of exploded inside me. For weeks I'd been telling myself and everyone, "If only I knew Scott was all right, I'd feel fine." Now I knew Scott was all right, but what I felt was a big rush of suspicion and fury.

Pictures from the coffee-table books on India that Scott had borrowed from the library crowded into my mind. I saw sleek, prune-eyed exotic beauties draped in shiny silk and jewels, looking at me with hard, sly expressions; and plump, nearly naked blue gods with bedroom eyes; and close-ups of temple sculptures in pockmarked stone showing one thousand and one positions for sexual intercourse. The idea came to me that at that exact moment Scott was making out in one thousand different positions with some woman who had an elephant's head or was completely blue. I knew that was crazy, but still he had to be doing something he didn't want to tell me about and was ashamed of, or he would have written.

I didn't go on upstairs to the apartment. Instead I got back into the car, not knowing where I was going till the Honda parked of its own volition in front of a gourmet shop and café I hadn't been near for weeks. There were five other customers there, which wasn't unusual at that time of day. The unusual thing was, all of them were fat; and not just overweight, humongously huge. And all of them looked at me in a friendly way when I came in, as if maybe they knew me and had something to tell me.

For a moment I couldn't move. I just stood there stuck to the indoor-outdoor carpeting and wondered if I was going out of my mind. Five out of five; it wasn't reasonable, but there they were, or anyhow I was seeing them.

The fat people knew about Scott, I thought. They'd known all along. That was what they'd been trying to say to me when they smiled and held out cones or candy bars: "Come on, honey, why should you deny yourself? You can bet your life Scott isn't."

A huge guy with a grizzly-bear beard left the counter, giving me a big smile, and I placed my order. A pound of assorted butter cookies, a loaf of cinnamon bread, and a date-walnut coffee ring with white sugar icing. As soon as I got into the car I tore open the box and broke off a piece of the coffee ring, and it was fantastic: the sweet, flaky yellow pastry and the sugar-glazed walnuts; a lot better than sex with Scott, I told myself.

For the next four days I pigged out. I finished the cookies and coffee ring that same evening, and on Friday afternoon I sneaked over to the grocery without telling Dale and bought everything I'd dreamt about for weeks: bacon and sausages and sliced Virginia ham, butter and sour cream and baking potatoes, pretzels and barbecue potato chips and frozen french fries. And that was just the beginning.

When I went to work on Monday morning with a box of assorted jelly doughnuts, I let Dale know I was off my diet for good. Dale tried to shove me back on. It didn't really matter about the weekend binge, she yipped. If I skipped lunch all week and cut way down on dinner and jogged two miles a day I'd be back on track.

"I don't want to be on track," I told her. "Eight weeks Scott has been gone, and all I've had from him is one disgusting postcard."

Dale looked pained and started talking about self-respect and self-image, but I wasn't having any. "Leave me alone, please," I said. "I know what I'm doing."

Two days and a lot of pork chops and baked potatoes and chicken salad and chocolate-almond bark and cherry pie later, I walked into my building, steadied a bag of high-calorie groceries against my hip, and opened the mailbox.

Jesus, I practically dropped the bag. The galvanized-metal slot was crammed with fat white and flimsy blue airmail letters from India. Most of them looked as if they'd been opened and read and crumpled up and walked on, and they were covered with stamps and cancellations.

An hour later, sitting on my sofa surrounded by two months' worth of Scott's letters, I faced facts. He was dieting: his second letter said so, mentioning that he didn't like to walk through a village full of hungry people looking overfed. All right. I had three weeks, which meant—I went into the bathroom and dragged out the scale from the bottom of the cupboard where I'd shoved it on Friday—which meant, oh God, I'd have to lose over four pounds a week just to get back to where I was when Scott left.

It was an awful three weeks. I had cereal and skim milk and fruit for breakfast and lunch, to get through work, but otherwise I didn't eat anything much. Pretty soon I was blurred and headachy most of the time, in spite of all the vitamins and minerals I was scarfing down, and too tired to exercise. And I was still behind schedule on losing weight.

What made it worse was the fat people. I was seeing them again everywhere, only now they didn't look happy or friendly. "You're making a big mistake, Ellie," they seemed to be telling me at first. Then they began to get angry and disgusted. "Sure, he wrote you, stupid," their expressions said. "That doesn't prove he's not helping himself to some Indian dish right this minute."

I quit going out after work; I didn't have the energy. Mostly I just stayed home drinking diet soda and rereading Scott's letters, kind of to prove to myself that he existed, I guess, because there hadn't been any more. Then I'd watch a little television and go to bed early, hoping to forget about food for a while. But for the first time in my life I was having insomnia, jolting awake in the small hours and lying there starving.

The day Scott was due back, I woke up about 4:00 A.M. and couldn't doze off again even with Valium. For what seemed like hours I thrashed around in bed. Finally I got up and opened a can of diet soda and switched on the TV. Only now, on all the channels that were still broadcasting, everybody was overweight: the third-string newscasters, the punk MTV singers, the comics in an old black-and-white film. On the weather channel I could tell that the girl was hiding thighs like hams under the pleated skirt she kept swishing around as she pointed out the tornado areas. Then the picture changed and a soft, plump guy smiled from between chipmunk cheeks and told me that airports were fogged in all over Europe and Scott would never get home.

I turned off the television, dragged on some jeans and a T-shirt, and went out. It was a warm June night full of noises: other tenants' air conditioners and fans, traffic out on the highway, and planes overhead. There was a hard wind blowing, which made me feel kind of dizzy and slapped about, and it was that uneasy time just before dawn when you start to see shapes but can't make out colors. The sky was a pale, sick lemon, but everything else was lumps of blurred gray.

Pine Grove Apartments is surrounded on three sides by an access road, and I'd just turned the corner and was starting toward the dead end. That was when I saw them, way down by the trees. There was a huge, sexless person with long, stringy hair waving its arms and walking slowly toward me out of the woods, and behind it came more angry, fat, gray people, and then more and more.

I wanted to run, but I knew somehow that if I turned round the fat people would rush after me the way kids do when you play giant steps, and they would catch me and, God, I didn't know what. So I just backed up slowly toward the corner of the building, breathing in shallow gasps.

They kept coming out of the woods in the half-light, more and more, maybe ten or twenty or fifty, I didn't know. I thought I recognized the women from the bakery and the big guy with the beard; and then I realized I could hear them too, kind of mumbling and wailing. I couldn't take it anymore; I turned ▶ 470

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FAT PEOPLE

(Continued from page 468)

and raced for home, stumbling over the potholes in the drive.

Well, somehow I made it to the apartment, and slammed the door and double-locked it and put on the chain, and leaned up against the wall panting and gulping. For what seemed like hours I stood there, listening to the sounds of the fat people coming after me, crowding up the stairs, all gray and blubbery, and roaring and sobbing and sliding and thumping against the walls and door.

Then the noises started to change. Gradually they turned into the wind in the concrete stairwell and the air conditioner downstairs and the six-thirty plane to New York flying over the complex and a dog barking somewhere. It was light out now, nearly seven o'clock. I unbolted my door, keeping the chain on, and eased it open a slow inch. The hall was empty.

I still felt completely exhausted and crazy, but I got myself dressed somehow and choked down some coffee and left for work. On the way I took a detour in the Honda round the corner of the building. At first I was afraid to look, even though I was safe inside the locked car. At the edge of the woods where the mob of fat people had been there was nothing but some big old spirea bushes blowing and tossing about.

That evening Scott came home, ten pounds overweight. A couple of days later, when he was talking about his trip, he said that Indian food was great, especially the sweets, but the women were hard to talk to and not all that good-looking.

"A lot of Indians are heavy too, you know," he told me.

"Really?" I asked. I wondered if Scott had had some spooky experience like mine, which I still hadn't mentioned: I didn't want him to think I was going to crack up whenever he left town.

"It's a sign of prosperity, actually. You notice them especially in the cities, much more than in this country. I mean, you don't see many fat people around here, for instance, do you?"

"No," I agreed, cutting us both another slice of pineapple upside-down cake. "Not lately, anyhow." ◆

IMAN

(Continued from page 373)

is why Iman, at the top of her profession, is commanding unimaginable fees ("If they have to ask, I say they can't afford me") for catalogs, advertisements, and commercials worldwide: "I work all the time. I couldn't make a living if I just did the collections." (Although she nets about $100,000 every time she does.) "I don't do all the collections," says Iman. "Some of them, they can't afford to pay me; some of them, I'm not their type; some of them, they're not *my* type!" Who's not your type? "Let's not be mean," she giggles.

"But at the beginning," remembers Peter Beard, "people treated her in an un-understanding way. She got lots of pressure from the Black Panthers, who said they didn't need any immigrants from Africa. Art directors despoiled her." Iman suffered the indignity of having her exoticism diluted. In a Garfinckel's catalog for 1977 there are, improbably, photographs of her smiling sweetly with her hair in puffy ponytails; wearing jumpers and Shetland sweaters and riding a bicycle. That she agreed to do it at all is a symptom of Iman's sturdy pragmatism. She has never been other than very proud, very African, according to anyone who knows her. To a black journalist in Chicago, whom she found rather slow, she said tauntingly: "Excuse me, but *are* you black? Because this is the dumbest interview I've ever had in my whole life." A friend remembers Iman dealing with her daughter Zulekha, who, seeing the city of Nairobi for the first time when she was seven, was surprised to find skyscrapers rather than mud huts: "I said to the kid, 'What *are* you, some kind of ignorant *white* person?' "

Iman is very Olympian (she'd say Somalian). Diana Vreeland's description of her as Nefertiti reborn contains an important clue to the collective unconscious of the fashion business. Race makes people nervous in America. It is questionable whether, in 1975, Iman's beauty alone would have been enough to cause editors, designers, and advertising types to suspend their possibly unintentional prejudices (usually masked as pragmatism) had not Iman herself been beyond race. That the world's top model is black is something no one makes a fuss about now. The top model is Iman: Iman is black. But the top model is Iman not because she is black, but because she is Iman. This has been very important to black models. Iman's transcendence of color has made it no longer an issue. "She broke the barrier," says the young, very successful model Naomi Campbell, whom Iman has taken under her wing. "She was my role model long before I met her, when I saw her in London on a TV commercial. Now she's really like a mother figure to me, and she's taught me so *much*. She taught me how to walk and how to take my jacket off in a show. She's helpful to everybody. Not just black models, white models too."

Iman *is* practically perfect. Beautiful, clever, kind, and a great comedienne. When she comes out with things—really wrapping herself around those jokes—she cracks everybody up. (Iman herself hoots with laughter better than anybody: she's got a range like Yma Sumac.) In the old days, when there were clubs in New York and everybody hung out and stayed up all night, Iman could often be found sharing a joke on the stairs with Fran Lebowitz. Says Fran, who knows a thing or two about the fashion business: "Iman's cheekbones are a cultural resource. When she was in the accident [Iman broke the left side of her face when her taxi turned over], it was like Einstein having brain damage. She is the great beauty of my generation, a great presence on the runway." Iman: "I don't know why people talk about my walk. I just *walk*! So what's the trick? I guess just comfort. I make sure the clothes are not wearing me. Even when I'm wearing a Montana that looks like a costume I make it look like this is what I wear every day, you know?"

Fran on the subject of Iman and men: "Her attitude to men is like a man's attitude to women. She's interested in *sex*. She talks about her men all the time—and I've certainly never heard her say how smart any of them are." (Here follows a Fran Lebowitz wicked chuckle.) "She likes WASP-y men. For her, that's exotic. Stockbrokers, which are, of course, a model's idea of an adult."

Iman says, "I am always looking to have the same type of home life I grew up in. My parents' marriage is a major love story. They are still in love and always have been; they hold hands all the time. My mother (who is myself, who made me what I am) eloped with my father—who was absolutely penniless—when she was fourteen, although she had been brought up to marry someone very important in my country. If it weren't for them I'd have given up on the whole idea of romance and love. But their marriage is unique."

Iman (who doesn't talk about her divorce from Spencer Haywood; friends say they had a "wonderful relationship") is not forthcoming to strangers about her romantic life, only going so far as to say: "I always seem to be attracted to young, good-looking men." That sounds pretty normal. And when she embarks on the subject of lingerie, it is clear that she is happily frank about her sexuality. Sex and lingerie are very important to her—and distinctly connected.

"You know what I do when I get to Paris? The first thing I want to do is go out and buy lingerie. Where? At Chantal Thomass. And that's the first thing I do—just go out and buy some lingerie." (Wicked laugh.) Well . . . how much can a person have, one wonders; and can it actually wear out at that rate? "I like little bikinis." And a bra? "Definitely. No *waaaay* if there is no bra: it's not lingerie! You know," she continues, "I didn't have the breasts done for my *work*. I had them done because I *wanted* to, so that I could wear lingerie in my private life. I ▶ 472

MARY JANE

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IMAN

(Continued from page 470)

used to be only a thirty-two. Now they get in the way. (Laughs.) They move, they have all the sensitivity. It's just an implant underneath—the top part, where you feel—it's you."

Iman loves shoes almost as much as lingerie. "Manolo [Blahnik] gives me shoes at a *major* discount. Great shoes. I have maybe two hundred pairs of shoes. But I've given all the high-heeled ones away to friends. I've given everybody shoes, now that I'm going to L.A. I've gotten rid of all my clothes; the only thing I've kept are my flats. I have one suitcase of clothes left. I wear the same things every day." These are the jeans she's wearing, which she's had since she was twenty; and as she speaks, she's pantherine in flat shoes.

Well, if Iman, down to one suitcase and a few comfortable shoes, is stepping westward, she must be serious about this California business. "I'm serious. You know it's very interesting how I have changed. But every ten years I feel I have to change something. This time I'm changing everything. I think I'm in hot pursuit of finding out about myself. Maybe it's turning thirty-three. I want to have complete hold on myself. I don't want to give the excuse of people doing wrong to me. New York is high pressure, high competition, high everything—to the point that when you achieve it, you're top. And then you're saying, 'What's next?' and there is always something higher, a constant procession of hot-air balloons. I'm just saying, 'I'm not going to fall for this.' I used to get so depressed, for weeks, and I never knew what about. You feel life is passing you too fast, you haven't achieved what you wanted to. . . and then I ask myself, 'What is it that you want to achieve?' You know? My mother has always been true to herself, and she's one of the happiest people I know. So—I have no idea what I'm going to do. I'm just going to L.A. It's just going to be wild. To me, the biggest problem is not being given the opportunities. It's going to be hard because I'm black, I'm a woman, and there are not good scripts."

Well, never mind about that. Iman makes her own opportunities. We just heard from her. In L.A. for less than a week, she has not yet found a house but already has a project: "I've decided to write a TV miniseries about Michelle Duvalier, *The Rise and Fall of Michelle Duvalier*. Then I'll sell it and star in it. There's a writer in Florida who's helping me research it, and I found the decorator of the Duvalier house in Monte Carlo. . . . I'm going to get in touch with him. . . ." ▼

A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME

(Continued from page 410)

operations)—comparable to discovering penicillin and seeking FDA approval for a mixture of 35 percent penicillin and 65 percent sugar water. For another, they have unwisely used soybean oil as olestra's base, rather than a more delightful fat. P&G have confirmed that they could create a no-calorie, no-cholesterol, no-fat butter or lard instead. Such an achievement would turn P&G into the richest company in the galaxy and more revered than Dr. Salk.

Second Runner-up: Phanerochaete chrysosporium and Dr. J. Michael Gould. The former is a wood-rotting mold, and the latter is an engaging scientist from the USDA's Agricultural Research Service in Peoria, who, by studying how the mold breaks down cell walls in wood, was able to devise a process for doing the same to many varieties of indigestible fiber, like soybean hulls and corn bran. The result can be substituted for 40 percent of the flour in chocolate cake and 25 percent of the flour in bread, cutting the calories and adding fiber to your diet. The National Cancer Institute tells us to double our intake of dietary fiber to about twenty grams a day, a truly revolting amount—most baked products high in bran are dense and gritty. "No one would consider eating a bran Twinkie," Dr. Gould confided to me. With alkaline-softened fiber, you can fill your daily quota simply by eating most of a nine-inch single-layer chocolate cake.

Third Runner-up: Coffee beans naturally free of caffeine, a project of DNA Plant Technology in Cinnaminson, New Jersey.

More Food

Laurels go to the pili nut. They are pale green, more than an inch long, and half an inch wide, tapered at both ends and slightly flattened. I place one in my mouth and chew. It has a soft and creamy texture, a delicate sweet taste somewhere between a macadamia and an almond. Indigenous to the Philippines where it grows wild, the pili has never been commercially cultivated.

Since childhood I have dreamed of the wealth of undiscovered yet edible nuts that must, I felt, secretly inhabit the earth. God, I reasoned, had created numberless species of fruit. Yet most of us can name only ten nuts: almonds, brazils, cashews, chestnuts, hazelnuts, macadamias, peanuts, pine nuts, pistachios, and walnuts. It seemed improbable that He would stop at exactly ten edible nuts. The pili is my proof.

I learned about the pili from Dr. Francis Zee of the National Clonal Germplasm Repository in Hilo, Hawaii, one of eight federal centers that collect, grow, and preserve plants that may have commercial value or at least lend a useful gene to the breeding of other plants. My pilis were shelled and hand-roasted by Cathy Cavaletto, generous chairman of the horticulture department at the University of Hawaii at Manoa, which has a small pili orchard. Dr. Zee also has a terrific pineapple called Cayenne that is 50 percent sweeter and has an exquisite acid-sugar balance. This year's crop had been eaten by the time I located Dr. Zee.

The pili epitomizes the wealth of edible plants out there just waiting to be savored. There are 250,000 species of plants in the world, of which 80,000 are edible, according to Noel Vietmeyer of the National Academy of Sciences. Yet most of our food comes from only twenty: wheat, rice, corn, millet, sorghum, potatoes, sweet potatoes, cassava, peanuts, soybeans, sugar beets, sugar cane, coconuts, bananas, and a few other beans and fruits. Eighty more make a less dramatic but still significant appearance on the global dinner plate. This leaves 79,900 edible plants for us to eat.

Better Food

This year's winner is the Calgene Vine-Ripened Tomato. Supermarket tomatoes are picked hard and green; are gassed with ethylene in railroad cars or warehouses, which merely turns the outer layers red, unlike the natural ethylene produced in tomatoes as they ripen on the vine; and are not worth eating. Anybody who does so is simply fixated on finding some reddish mealy wedges in his or her salad regardless of the season. Calgene, of Davis, California, has identified polygalacturonase as the enzyme responsible for the tomato's softening as it ripens, and has spliced in a new gene that turns off the enzyme. Their magical tomato, now in field trials, grows sweet and tasty and ripe and red on the vine, but stays firm enough to ship until three or four weeks later—without the nasty refrigeration that breaks down sugars in many fruits and vegetables. Calgene could not send me any samples before USDA approval, because tomatoes are filled with seeds, which theoretically could propagate, cross-fertilize, and wreck the nation's $3 billion worth of other tomatoes.

First Runner-up: Plugra. This is a delicious, high-fat (*plus gras*) butter from Hotel Bar Foods, 82 percent fat like European butters instead of the usual American 80 percent. It is not better for you but much better to bake with, as pastry chefs at Le Cirque and Bonté in New York City will attest.

Novel Food

This award is given *in absentia* to pork tartare, pork carpaccio, and pork sushi. They do not exist and might not even taste good if they did. But their absence is silent testimony to the limited imagination of the food-processing industry. Low doses of irradiation—amounts already approved by the FDA— ▶ 474

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A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME

(Continued from page 472)

can rid pork of trichinosis, the specter that makes us overcook it and keeps us from enjoying it raw. But the industry has grander plans. It wants to blast all the microorganisms that make food spoil with massive doses of radiation; raw meat, poultry, and fish could be stored for years without costly refrigeration or nasty preservatives. Detractors warn that irradiation leaves behind traces of radiolytic elements and encourages the growth of highly carcinogenic aflatoxins. The debate has grown bitter. The irradiators will get my vote if they drop their hopeless love affair with infinite shelf life and bring us some new and tempting foods.

Runner-up: Cultured plant tissue. Still at a primitive stage, this will some day be much bigger than pork tartare. The idea is that food plants waste lots of time and money growing roots, stems, leaves, trunks, and flowers, when all we want from them is their edible flesh. If cell differentiation were understood (why some cells choose to become leaves, others stems or roots), we could switch off these unproductive tendencies and simply propagate the food itself in giant vats—peach pulp, say, or tomato sauce.

Dr. Joe Goodin of Texas Tech has successfully multiplied cotton fibers in the laboratory, not by engineering cells or transferring genes, but by manipulating the hormones and nutrients in their little dishes. Dr. Brent Tisserat of the USDA has done comparable work with citrus vesicles, the elongated, flame-shaped juice sacs you see when you cut an orange or lemon in half. These are breakthroughs of incredible importance: until now only leaves and buds were thought capable of regenerating and reproducing, not the fruit structures themselves. Goodin thinks he can harvest yards of pure cotton from his vats within a year or two. The only hitch is that plants without leaves and roots cannot photosynthesize sugar from sunlight and air and must be spoon-fed from some other source. One visionary suggests growing sugar-maple orchards next to our future food factories or building a nationwide network of glucose pipelines.

This year's awards have been conferred with a heavy heart. Does America really need year-round tomatoes or naturally decaffeinated coffee? Haven't the decaf crowd caused enough trouble already? Why not create instead a new strain of coffee bean that flourishes in the United States, tastes like Jamaican Blue Mountain, and costs two dollars a pound? The Calgene tomato may be a brilliant piece of biotechnology, but I for one would gladly limit my tomato consumption to six weeks each summer and eat cabbage the rest of the year if scientists would unshackle their imaginations and create something truly delectable—a macadamia the size of a baseball, a brown-fleshed melon that tastes like a Fudgsicle, or a plum that tastes like a plum.

Three months ago in Italy I ate an abundant quantity of tree-ripened plums. They were large and salmon-colored, sweet and succulent from skin to stone, exquisitely flavored, and translucent when I held them up to the sun. In this country plums are picked sour, hard, and fibrous and never recover. Why is so much of our dining science devoted to increasing yield, transportability, shelf life, and mechanical harvesting, and so little to creating crops that simply taste terrific?

When I telephoned the assistant secretary of agriculture for science and education to voice my concerns, he was in a meeting. His staff was very patient, but even after four long conversations, I still don't know who has the power to pull all twenty-five hundred federal agricultural scientists off lettuce and tomato research and onto ripe plums and crunchy edible nuts. The Agricultural Research Service is administered by twenty-six "national pro-

gram staff leaders," one for each area that government and agribusiness care about: animal health, food safety, weeds, soil, and the like. There is no national program leader assigned to care about taste and succulence. Their User's Advisory Board of twenty-five private citizens includes a catfish producer, a California plum grower (shame!), an economist, a dairyman, and so forth. What they should have are a distinguished cookbook writer, a dazzling restaurant chef, a very old person who remembers how food used to taste, somebody who cooks three meals a day at home from scratch, and a food writer from Vogue.

I asked an old hand at the USDA how I should launch my campaign for membership. "Pretend you're a Republican," he replied, "and send a letter to the secretary." The letter was easy, but I'm still working on my imitation of a Republican. ♥

TOUGH GUISE

(Continued from page 437)

guess I inherited my toughness from that. When we were kids growing up, my father was always saying, 'Hit me in the stomach. Go on, hit me in the stomach.' So we lined up, one after the other, and *pow*!, we'd hit him in the stomach. It was a great way of getting rid of your hostilities. It's funny, but I found myself doing the same thing with my son. Well, he's only ten, but he's a yellow belt in karate. He gave me this shot the other day . . . ." Douglas leaps to his feet and doubles up in pain. It is, he agrees, a perfect Carson moment—Kirk Douglas's movie-star son getting his comeuppance from a ten-year-old. In the distance, you could already hear Ed McMahon snorting with delight. ♥

STARFACE

(Continued from page 419)

celebrity status than in furthering their artistic development." When she read those words, she was crushed. "The next day I had to go back up on that stage, and it was the last thing I wanted to do. I prayed the whole way to the theater. I prayed for forty days and forty nights of rain. But I got up and did a great show, and the audience was fabulous." I asked how she felt when she read a favorable review. She explained that she felt *Married to the Mob* contained her best work, and that the critics seemed to agree. "The day it opened, though, I sort of stayed home and wept. I don't know why really. It was just kind of over. We are conditioned to believe that that's the big deal—that the movie coming out and getting good reviews and all of those things is what means something. Then it happens and you don't feel anything."

At one point in the evening, Pfeiffer pulled out a gift that she had bought Goldblum, who had played Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*. It was a small lithograph of two clowns riding a bicycle. Then she dashed into her bedroom and came out clutching a large book. "I was feeling really jealous because Sam Cohn gave Mary Elizabeth this beautifully framed print of an actress holding a viola. But the next day, I got *this* from Ed [Limato, her agent]." A foot by a foot and a half, and about four inches thick, the volume is, she explains, "a second-edition Shakespeare folio. I started crying when he handed it to me." The publication date was 1909, and although I felt fairly certain that a second edition of collected seventeenth-century plays had most likely been printed prior to the twentieth century, I found myself so caught up in the moment that I oohed and aahed along with her. After the whole bowling letdown, I thought, why say anything that could ruin the moment? A gift such as this from an agent such as hers is probably the stuff that Hollywood dreams are made of. ♥

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IN THIS ISSUE

Page 6 (cover): Pink and black wool crepe suit. Pink fabric by Gandini. Black fabric by Petillault. **99:** 1) Velour dress, $935. Alaïa Boutique, NYC. Suede boots, Azzedine Alaïa. Alaïa Boutique, NYC; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. Gloves, Azzedine Alaïa. 2) Viscose, polyester, and elastic coat, $1,995. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's. Boots, Jean Paul Gaultier Pour Stephane Kélian. 3) Velour stole, $960. Alaïa Boutique, NYC. Earrings, Amy Jo Gladstone. Cignal, NYC; Accessory Lady, Dallas. Gloves, Philippe Model. Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus, Los Angeles. 4) Scarf, Amicale Industries. Jenny B. Goode, NYC; I. Magnin. 5) Cotton and silk sweater, $480. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Gazebo, Dallas. 6) Cotton and silk sweater, $550. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Glasses, Alain Mikli. Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; I. Magnin. Choker, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. Elizabeth Arden The Salon, NYC; Chevy Chase MD. **108:** 1) Wool sweater, $1,400. Corset, $215. Bagutta, NYC; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. 2) Merino wool sweater and tube skirt, $240 each. Both at Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Sweater at Bergdorf Goodman. 4) Cloak, $1,565. Charivari, NYC; Serenella, Boston. 5) Satin coat, $6,500. Silk dress, $4,850. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. **134:** 1) Coat, $6,000. The Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Thomas E. McElroy Furs, Chicago. Sunglasses, Eyevan Collection from Peoples L.A. Earrings, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. Left arm: Ring, Janis Savitt for M+J Savitt. Watch, Audemars Piguet. Bracelet, Valentino. Right arm: Gloves, LaCrasia. Bracelets, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux, Valentino. Bag, Paloma Picasso. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. 2) Polyester and polyethylene coat, $1,820. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Jacket, $1,585. Saks Fifth Avenue; Susan of Burlingame, Burlingame CA. Cotton and Lycra jumpsuit, $132. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Sunglasses, Persol for Euroframes. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Belt, Edouard Rambaud. 3) Coat, $1,310. Bergdorf Goodman; The Gazebo, Dallas. Sunglasses, Persol for Euroframes. Earrings, Deanna Hamro. Necklaces, Edouard Rambaud. 4) Polyester coat, $1,815. Chanel Boutique, NYC; Saks Jandel. Sunglasses, Alain Mikli. Earrings, Chanel. Necklaces, Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux. Rings, Janis Savitt for M+J Savitt. Bracelets: Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux; Chanel; Citra Trading Corp. 5) Cotton velvet coat, $595. Jaeger, NYC, San Francisco. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Watch, Audemars Piguet. Bracelets, Antigona, Maria Snyder, Edouard Rambaud. Bag, Prada. **146:** 1) Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection jacket, blouse, and skirt. Accessories, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. 2) and 3) All from Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. 4) Tassels from Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection. 5) All from Yves Saint Laurent Couture. 6) All jewelry from Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **154:** 1) Cotton and Lycra dress, $110. Fertility, NYC. Earrings, Tacque. Canadians, NYC; Madigans, Chicago. 2) Wool jersey jacket, $1,100. The Gazebo, Dallas; Madeleine Gallay, Los Angeles. Cotton and Lycra leggings, a.b.s. California.

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$104. Marly's, Newton Centre MA; Entrée, Port Washington NY. 3) Nylon and spandex top, $28. Patricia Field, NYC; Tiziana, Los Angeles. Cotton and Lycra leggings, $95. Charivari, NYC; Tiziana, Los Angeles. Moiré jacket, $1,640. **160:** Silk, polyester, and elastic dress, $1,160. Charivari, NYC; Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove FL. Necklaces, Erwin Pearl and DKNY, a division of Erwin Pearl. **166:** 1) Bag, $220. Bloomingdale's; Etc . . ., Mountain Brook AL. 2) Suede boots, $450. Bally of Switzerland Shops, NYC; Dayton. 3) Tights, Fogal of Switzerland, $53 each. Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Chicago. Stuart Weitzman blue pumps, $145. Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Charles Jourdan rust pumps, $195. Charles Jourdan, Boston, Atlanta. Diego Della Valle plum pumps, $230. Diego Della Valle, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Charles Jourdan olive pumps, $195. Charles Jourdan, Manhasset NY; Hess Shoes, Baltimore. Stuart Weitzman plum pumps, $195. Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Charles Jourdan navy pumps, $195. Charles Jourdan, NYC, Chicago. Bag, $320. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. 4) Oscar de la Renta wool suit with blouse (not shown), $2,500. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Wool bodysuit, Genny. Sunglasses at Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; Bullock's. Bag, $240. Jill Stuart, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Gloves, $260. Bergdorf Goodman. **177:** Camel hair sweater and shawl. Sweater, $530; shawl, $520. Both available at Bergdorf Goodman. Sweater at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Gloves, $85. Neiman Marcus. Necklaces, Alexandra Solowij Watkins for Atelier Janiyé; Butler & Wilson, Jay Feinberg. **178:** Inset far left: Wool coat, $1,350. Bergdorf Goodman; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Tights, Trimfit. Shoes, Maraolo. Maraolo, NYC, Beverly Hills. Watch by Rolex. **178:** Clockwise from top left: Dress and accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Couture. Dress and accessories, Guy Laroche Couture. Jacket, skirt, and accessories, Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. Coat, hood, and skirt, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection. Accessories, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. **179:** Both outfits and accessories from Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **250:** Clockwise from top left: David James, Tri-Star Pictures, Zade Rosenthal © 1989 Carolco, Touchstone Pictures and the Samuel Goldwyn Co., Elliott Marks, Jon Gardey, Warner Bros., Tri-Star Pictures. **324:** Left, clockwise from top left: Penn, no photo credit, Hiro, Peter Lindbergh, Hiro. Bottom, left and right: Guy Marineau. Right, clockwise from top left: Frances McLaughlin, Penn, Hiro, Peter Lindbergh, Penn. **325:** Left, clockwise from top left: Balkin, Bert Stern, Penn, François Halard. Bottom, left and right: Guy Marineau. Right, clockwise from top left: Penn, Horst, Penn, François Halard, Wayne Maser, Penn, William Klein.

Couture report

358: Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld wool jacket and wool tweed skirt. Jacket fabric by Gandini. Skirt fabric by Burg. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban Dekko by Bausch & Lomb. Earrings, Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **360:** Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld wool jacket; fabric by Burg. Silk chiffon skirt; fabric by Hurel. All accessories, Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **361:** Both photos: Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. Left: Wool jacket; fabric by Gandini. Wool crepe skirt; fabric by Petillault. Right: Wool tweed jacket; fabric by Burg. Silk skirt; fabric by Buche. All accessories, Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **362:** Jacket, shirt, and skirt from Christian Dior Haute Couture by Gianfranco Ferre. Silk jacket and skirt fabric from Projetys. Embroidery by Kahn. Silk blouse fabric by Taroni. **363:** Top left: Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld wool jacket and skirt; fabric by Burg. Trim by Petillault. Accessories by Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. Right: Wool velvet suit and accessories by Valentino Couture; fabric by Taroni. Bottom left: Christian Dior Couture wool suit and scarf; fabric by Agnona. Embroidery by Lesage. Earrings, Christian Dior Couture. Bottom right: Wool suit; fabric by Gandini. Accessories by Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **364:** Left: Emanuel Ungaro Couture suit; fabric by Schlaepfer. Right: Emanuel Ungaro Couture brocade and lamé suit; fabric by Abraham. Earrings, Emanuel Ungaro Couture. **365:** Inset above: Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection wool jacket; fabric by Moreau. Embroidery by Montex. Velvet dress; fabric by Foster Willi. Accessories, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. Inset below: Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld silk jacket; fabric by Taroni. Embroidery by Lesage. Silk chiffon skirt; fabric by Taroni. Large picture: Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection top. Velvet fabric on back, Hurel. Velvet fabric on front, Lelievre; embroidery by Lesage. Accessories, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. **366:** Left: Yves Saint Laurent Couture wool coat; fabric by Agnona. Suede skirt. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Couture. Right: Yves Saint Laurent Couture dress; fabric by Abraham. Accessories by Yves Saint Laurent Couture. **367:** Yves Saint Laurent Couture jacket; fabric by Abraham. Blouse fabric by Clerici. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban Dekko by Bausch & Lomb. Earrings by Yves Saint Laurent Couture. **368:** Top left: Jean Louis Scherrer Haute Couture silk chiffon dress; fabric by Abraham, Embroidery by Lesage. Pearl fringe by Lanel. Accessories by Jean Louis Scherrer Haute Couture. Top right: Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection jacket; fabric by Garigue. Embroidery by Lesage. Olive velvet by Redaelli, burgundy velvet by Buche. Silk, wool, and Lurex skirt; fabric by Clerici. Accessories, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. Bottom left: Valentino Couture jacket. Embroidery by Taroni. Velvet dress; fabric by Clerici. Accessories, Valentino Couture. Bottom right: Emanuel Ungaro Couture polyacrylic, silk, wool, and metal jacket and skirt. Brocade by Abraham. Silk trim by Bucol; lace by Schlaepfer. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro Couture. **369:** Yves Saint Laurent Couture brocade suit; fabric by Abraham. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Couture.

Iman

370: Earrings by Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld. **371:** Velvet and lamé sweater by Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection. Body of sweater: viscose and cupro by Schlaepfer. Sleeves: polyester and polyester metal by Abraham. Necklace, Christian Lacroix Haute Couture. These pages: hair sculpted with Phyto Plage products. **374:** Paloma Picasso glasses. Scarf, John Jacobus. Boots at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Shot at La Vigée, Monte Carlo. **375:** Chanel Haute Couture by Karl Lagerfeld wool crepe jacket; wool crepe fabric by Gandini. Embroidery by Lesage. White satin by Bianchini. Azzedine Alaïa sunglasses. Paloma Picasso bag. I. Magnin. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back view, yardage, details, page 403.

Page 403. Dress: Vogue Pattern #7389, View C. Sizes 6–16. Size 10: 3⅜ yards 45" fabric or 2¾ yards 60" fabric. $8.50. Canada, $11.35.

7389

True west

377: Rubberized cotton raincoat also at Hermès Boutiques, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu. Boots by the Justin Boot Company. Billy Martin's, NYC; Alcala's Western Wear, Chicago. **378:** Skirt also at North Beach Leather Stores, Bal Harbour, FL, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Honolulu. Scarf, Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Boots by The Justin Boot Company. Billy Martin's, NYC; Alcala's Western Wear, Chicago. Saddle from Cody Saddle Co., Cody WY. **379:** Pants and shirt also at B. Barnett, Little Rock AR; Aversa, Milwaukee. Shirt at Neiman Marcus. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Code West boots. Plaza on 8th, NYC. **380:** Shirt also at Toujours, San Francisco. Jodhpurs also at Perkins Shearer, Denver. Shoes, L.L. Bean. Call toll-free 1-800-221-4221. **382:** Hat from H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery, NYC. **383:** A. Sulka & Co. cotton voile pajamas, $150. A. Sulka & Co., NYC. L.L. Bean camp moccasins. For stores, call toll-free 1-800-221-4221. **386:** Inset, top right: Ralph Lauren Country coat. For stores, see page 383. Pajama under coat, A. Sulka & Co., NYC. Inset, center right: Orvis vest. Inset, bottom right: Cotton and polyester vest, $65. At Orvis, Philadelphia, Manchester VT, San Francisco. Cotton denim jeans, J. Crew. For stores, call toll-free 1-800-932-0043. Boots, L.L. Bean Wellies. For stores, call toll-free 1-800-221-4221. **387:** Inset, top left: Shirt, Basco by Lance Karesh. Inset, top right: Stores for boots, call toll-free 1-800-937-2263. Bottom photo: Sunglasses, Ray-Ban Olympian Aviator by Bausch & Lomb. Cotton flannel shirt, $62. At Benetton stores. **388:** Scarf, Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Gloves, Prada, NYC. Boots from The Justin Boot Company. Billy Martin's, NYC; Alcala's Western Wear, Chicago. **389:** Cotton jeans, $62. Also at Bloomingdale's. Hat from H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery, NYC. Gloves, Prada. Boots, Code West. Plaza on 8th, NYC. **390:** Coat, $2,000. Ralph Lauren Classics rayon and wool shirt, $145. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Pittsburgh, Beverly Hills. Boots, Code West. Plaza on 8th, NYC. **391:** Hat from H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery, NYC.

400

The velvet touch

393: Rayon, Lurex, and silk scarf. **394:** Necklace, José & María Barrera. Martha. Belt, Ruza Creations. **395:** Rayon and acetate bra and pants. Pants, $2,400. Rifat Ozbek earrings. Jay Feinberg bracelet. Bergdorf Goodman. **397:** Left arm, wrist to cuff: Bracelet, Karl Lagerfeld Limited Edition. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's. Gerard Yosca cuff. Bergdorf Goodman; Left arm: Gerard Yosca cuff. Bergdorf Goodman. Bag, Jill Stuart, NYC. Shoes, El Vaquero. El Vaquero, NYC, Beverly Hills. **398:** Jacket, $2,190. Silk and metallic pants. Jay Feinberg earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; I. Magnin. José & María Barrera necklaces. Martha, Trump Tower NYC. **399:** Silk and viscose velvet dress, $2,000. Coat, $7,000. Dress also at Sharon Batten, Canada; Claire Dratch, Bethesda MD. Coat also at I. Magnin. Jay Feinberg earrings. Bloomingdale's. Necklace and pin, José & María Barrera. Martha, Trump Tower NYC. Bracelet, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

Black velvet

400: Jeans also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Lee Allen, Jacksonville FL; Raffles, Encino CA. Shawl also at L. H. Rogers, Salem MA; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **401:** Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Richard Serbin. Jay Feinberg chain bracelet. Bloomingdale's. Braided bracelet. Saks Fifth Avenue. Chanel bag. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills. **402:** Viscose and silk velvet dress. **403:** Acetate and rayon velvet fabric available at Minnesota Fabric Stores. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Bag at Prada, NYC. Richard Serbin earrings. **404:** Acetate, polyamide, and elastic dress. Jay Feinberg necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue. Christian Dior Hosiery. DKNY Footwear. **405:** Rayon and silk jacket. Silk organza shirt. Rayon pants also at Gail Beth's, Avon CT. **406:** Top to bottom: Hair by Recine for Recine New York; makeup by Craig Gadson. Hair by Ronnie Stam for Nubest & Co., Manhasset NY; makeup by Marie-Josée LaFontaine. Hair by Recine for Recine New York; makeup by Craig Gadson. Hair by Oribe for Oribe at Parachute; makeup by Marie-Josée LaFontaine. **409:** Manicure, Sheril Bailey. **416:** Jeans by Levi's Womenswear. Cotton shirt by Esprit Collection. **418:** Cotton terry cloth robe by Boutique Descamps, $205. Descamps, NYC, Philadelphia, Washington DC, Miami, Dallas, Los Angeles, and Costa Mesa CA.

Furs: city states/ country side

440: Scarf, $7,900. **441:** Coat, $80,000. Also at William H. Harris, Warwick RI; Gartenhaus Furs, Chevy Chase and White Flint MD; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland; Furs by Roberts, Birmingham MI; Roberts Furs, San Francisco. Jeans, $425. Bergdorf Goodman; The Gazebo, Dallas. Paloma Picasso sunglasses. Tootsies, Houston; Macy's San Francisco. Ring, Janis Savitt for M+J Savitt, Chicago. Chanel bag. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. **442:** Coat, $12,500. Sunglasses, Donna Karan Eyewear by Bausch & Lomb. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Gloves, LaCrasia. **443:** Coat, $16,500. Fendi shoes. Fendi Store, NYC. Hat by Stephen Jones, London. Barneys New York. Shalimar Gloves. Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati. **444:** Coat, $17,500. Pants at Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC. Andromeda watch by Breil. Portolano gloves. **445:** Coat, $10,500. Also at Nan Duskin,

445

Philadelphia. Sunglasses, Ziari by Vuarnet. Bloomingdale's. **446:** Coat, $7,000. Leggings also at Bergdorf Goodman; Sharon Lynn, Edgewater NJ; Mario's, Portland OR, Seattle. Sunglasses, Frizon for Mikli. Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC. Bag, Prada, NYC. Gloves, Donna Karan New York Accessories. **447:** Coat, $4,995. Shawl at If Soho, NYC; Ennis Kerry, Niantic CT; L'Animale, Englewood NJ; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Naples FL, Evansville IN; Weinstein's, New Orleans. Lambsuede pants at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Manhasset NY; Neiman Marcus. Chanel scarf in hair. Sunglasses, Alain Mikli. Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; Bullock's. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Billy Martin's, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Corrections:

The painting *Blue Canoe,* 1988, by Andrew Spence, Collection W.S.B. Foundation, courtesy of Barbara Toll Fine Arts, was reversed on page 214 of the August issue. We regret the error.

In the August issue, a photo of Donna Karan at the bottom of pages 296-297 was miscredited. It is the work of Barbra Walz.

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TALKING FASHION

Sticker shock: women who spend $20,000 for a dress balked at Dior's $5,000 pants.

More than one woman took home this $17,500 Lacroix. Will it go to the same party?

Jayne Wrightsman, redecorator of the Met, redecorated herself with this $39,000 Chanel.

Just what the broker recommended: a $25,000 YSL. *That's* investment dressing.

Everyone cheers the **couture,** says ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY, but only a special woman puts her money where her mouth is

TWICE A YEAR A FAITHFUL BAND OF FANATICS FLOCKS TO THE French capital for *l'air de Paris* and the haute couture. Although these shows attract SRO crowds, the loyal group that actually orders and pays for couture numbers in the dozens. How do the New New-Money American women shop for couture?

As early as 8:30 A.M., you can find Judy Taubman, the wife of shopping-mall tycoon Alfred Taubman, at Yves Saint Laurent, calmly going over try-ons and orders. Most women, however, will sweat it out in the front row in their $5,000 white linen suits, then jockey for position in the mirror-lined fitting rooms. This season, the arrival of Gianfranco Ferre at the helm of Dior caused tongues to wag for weeks. "What will we do now that our friend Marc Bohan isn't there to give us the conservative clothes we all need?" lamented the blond Mrs. Taubman before jetting off to Paris. But there in the front row at Dior, taking notes, was Taubman. With four homes and a Palladian villa by the sea in Southampton, she needs a lot of dresses.

Another serious American customer was seduced by Ferre's fine black wool trousers with cuffs, similar to those Marlene Dietrich wore for years. But when quoted a price of $5,000 for a pair of pants, the potential customer flinched and retreated to Lacroix.

One Lacroix favorite was his witty orange satin dinner dress, cut like a denim skirt and inspired by Anne Bass's request last January for a short evening skirt. Attached to a gold scrollwork velvet bodice, this jean skirt brought $10,500. Another hit was a long lace evening dress with four overlays of tulle edged in gold and black lace, the bodice swagged like an Empire curtain and held with a rope. The price tag: $17,500. At Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld's spencer jacket in wool crepe with gold arabesque embroidery was ticketed at $20,000. At YSL, floor-length, vividly colored satin sheaths, with short satin boleros, went for $25,000. The prices may have singed the hair follicles, but still the die-hard ladies bought.

"I've done the damage," said one dashing, intelligent New Yorker who avoided the fashion rat race by taking the Concorde the week after the openings, checking into the Plaza-Athénée, and racing up the hill to YSL, where she spent $170,000 one morning before lunch. But since this same woman had persuaded her husband to spend $5 million on an antique desk only last year, this new bill will probably fade into insignificance. Susan Gutfreund, keeping a low profile these days, ordered her YSL in advance of the show, then spent the eve of the Chanel opening with Lagerfeld on one side, Alain Wertheimer, the owner of Chanel, on the other, making her orders from Lagerfeld's sketch board. One dress Lagerfeld suggested for the serious at-home hostess with an intellectual side: the ankle-grazing, full-skirted black velvet dress right out of a Cecil Beaton portrait. The price of $12,000 is nothing for someone who gave her friend Liliane de Rothschild an original Marie Antoinette letter picked up at auction for $16,000.

Gutfreund's friend and style counsel Jayne Wrightsman immediately ordered Lagerfeld's hand-embroidered gold tulle evening redingote to be worn over a gray tulle dress, light as a whisper at $39,000 and worth it for the cut alone. Wrightsman has an especially developed eye for the decorative—she and her late husband practically single-handedly transformed New York City's Metropolitan Museum into a splendid reserve of eighteenth-century decorative arts.

When you add in the cost of round-trip Concorde tickets, a week at the Ritz, tips, coloring appointments at the hairdressers, new jewels, and the requisite accessories, it's safe to say that most couture clients can spend up to half a million or more a year on their Paris clothing budget. But there are alternatives. One New York custom is to have a gal pal pay your couture bills. Jayne Wrightsman has been known to pay a bill or two as a grand gesture. Gutfreund elevated the art of giving with that Marie Antoinette letter, however, so for the moment, couture as a gift is considered a bit déclassé. Still, there are women who dream of the days when Jane Engelhard would fly to Paris, order Hermès Kelly bags or YSL couture clutches as Christmas gifts, and then enhance them with the final surprise: a crisp check for a large sum tucked within. Just to tide a girl over a bad season. That's what friends are for.

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